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BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

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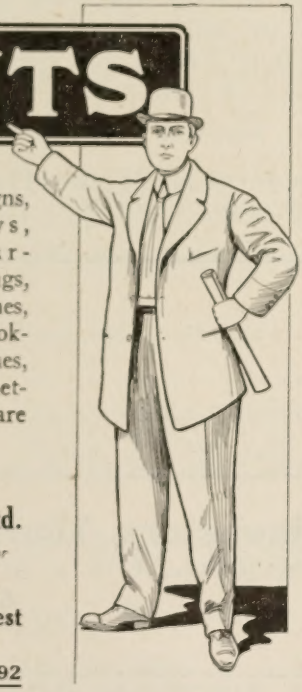

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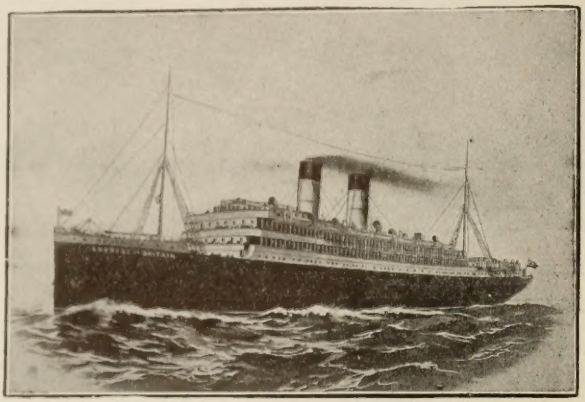

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN
EDITOR

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British Columbia

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

Land of last hope and latest victory,
Great warden-warrior of the Western gate,
Holding with steel-shod hand the sea in check
To lead it, humbled, to thy harborings
Conceived in torment of Titanic strife,
Rugged of feature, but gentle heart,
For in each deep division of thy hills
Lie haven-valleys, hope and happiness.
Long was the treasure of thy heritage
By the elusive, unguessed twilight veiled,
For at the cloudless dawning of thy day
In the dull East old Gaspe's sunset dies.
Last art thou, latest born and loveliest,
Where, as a giant child, thy body lies
Blue-bathed in the Pacific, crowned above
With sun-gold gossamer on silver snows.
God guide thee onward! Thee, the latest born!
And from the mighty marble of thy youth
Chisel a manhood, stalwart and serene,
Worthy to bear the sceptre or the sword.
Let it be strong and virile, tender too,
Filled with the spirit of thy gentleness,
Eternal justice and eternal truth,
As, age by age, time's tireless legions pass!

—*The Canadian Magazine*

NATURE ATTENDS TO HER EAVE-TROUGHING ON A LARGE SCALE

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

Seattle to Hazelton: Path-finding for the Pacific Highway

By P. E. Sands

WHEN Frank Fretwell, secretary of the Seattle Automobile Club and the Pacific Highway Association, walked into my office on August 10 and said he wanted me to go to Hazelton overland with an automobile, I asked him, "Where is Hazelton? What do you want me to go for, and what is it all about?"

I was told that Hazelton was in British Columbia, and that it was to be the northern terminus of the Pacific Highway that was projected along the Pacific coast through Canada and the United States to Tia Juana, Mexico.

I was also told that the route of this proposed highway from Seattle north had never been laid out, and that if someone could be persuaded to undertake this trip and show that such a road was feasible, it would greatly stimulate the good-roads movement, and probably bring this part of the Pacific Highway several years nearer a realization.

The trip would be a hard one, I was told. There would be mountains to climb, streams to bridge, and trails to cut. There was one section far in the north of British Columbia, farther north than some parts of Alaska, where there were no roads and all attempts at seeking information regarding this part of the country had been fruitless.

The reward for such an undertaking, if

TOPPING A HILL IN SNOQUALMIE PASS

MR. SANDS RECEIVING LETTER FROM MAYOR DILLING TO GOVERNMENT AGENT ALLISON, OF HAZELTON, SENDING GREETINGS FROM SEATTLE TO THE PEOPLE OF HAZELTON

successful, was a little wheel of gold, a medal engraved with these words:

"FIRST TO HAZELTON—PACIFIC HIGHWAY"

"I am a hired man," I said. "I'll wire my boss." The boss answered "Go."

We left Seattle at 2:30 p.m. on August 28, and were escorted from the city by Mayor George W. Dilling and other public-spirited men, who give up their time and money to the advancement of the northwest by the building of good roads.

To many who saw us start it was a fool's undertaking, and I doubt if anyone who knew anything about the matter thought we would ever get to Hazelton.

Every day that we delayed our departure brought us fresh advices that there were some parts of the route that wagons had never been over, and that anyone attempting it with an automobile was crazy.

Two days before the start, when all was in readiness, I received this comforting telegram from a friend in Victoria, B. C.:

"Victoria, B. C.

"P. E. Sands, Mgr.
"E. M. F. Studebaker Co.,
"Seattle, Wn.

"Government officials here advise impossible to make trip.

"(Signed) Archie M. Shields."

So before all my courage oozed out through the toes of my boots, I started, taking D. F. Bacheller as mechanician and Will T. Curtis as photographer, with his camera and ten dozen plates.

We reached North Bend, Washington, that night, and the next morning began our climb across the Cascade Mountains, through that bugaboo of trails, the "Snoqualmie Pass." We started at 6 in the morning, and at 8 o'clock that night reached the summit, a distance of 28 miles, averaging something better than two miles an hour during the day.

Judge Ronald and his Pacific Highway Association have said that some day, and not very far distant, we will have a road through Snoqualmie Pass. That settles it; the road will be built.

Describing the scenic beauties of Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascades is absolutely beyond one whose main object in life is to sell more benzine buggies tomorrow than he sold today, one whose sphere is in the sordid business world; and the giant firs that have stood for ages, the mountain streams with their waterfalls clear as crystal and cold as ice, the snow-capped peaks, and, most of all, the vastness of the

DELIVERING MAYOR DILLING'S LETTER TO GOVERNMENT AGENT ALLISON IN FRONT OF HAZELTON HOTEL

magnificent solitude of this spot, defy the pen of a "shoffer."

Isn't it strange that you meet someone wherever you go? At Laconia, the summit of Snoqualmie Pass, we met a good soul who had been over the trail south from Hazelton to Fraser Lake three years ago, and he comforted us exceedingly with the information that the road was simply a pack trail, and that when it rained even the horses could not go over it. He also volunteered, "This is about the rainy season up there."

This was more food for thought. We did most of our thinking at night, our working during the day, our sleeping—when we arrived in Hazelton.

Climbing down a mountain is less arduous than climbing up, and our progress to the good road leading to Easton, Cle Elum and Ellensburg, Wash., and over this road to these towns, is only an incident of the journey.

Climbing over Dead Man's Hill from Ellensburg to Wenatchee was not an incident. This is a sage brush country, and the roads are bad and infrequently travelled. The elevation reached in this short climb is 5,270 feet.

The exploitation of the good roads movement gained us friends everywhere we went. At the towns of Wenatchee, Orondo, Waterville, Brewster and Oroville, where we crossed the Canadian boundary, we were most royally received and entertained.

The whole section through which we passed seemed to realize the fact that good roads, more than anything else, will develop this northwest country and increase the value of its resources almost beyond estimation.

We crossed the line at Oroville. Customs officers are a queer lot. You can't argue with them. They have no imagination; they have no day dreams; and they build no castles in the air. It's "You show me, or come across with the duty." We did not come across, for we were a little shy; but we had to show him, and

IN THE SAGE-BRUSH COUNTRY, SOUTH OF INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY IN WASHINGTON

after we had done so he wished us God-speed, and gave us a letter that allowed us to travel over King George's roads, which are much better at this point than those of our own Uncle Sam.

We were in a country of another flag —our first visit—and we were interested, delighted, with the people, who showed so much interest in us and our undertaking. We followed the Okanagan River to the lake of the same name, thence to Keremeos, up the Similkameen River to Hedley, Allison, Princeton, Tulameen, Aspen Grove, Coulter, Merritt and along Lake Nicola to Kamloops—all over good roads.

From Kamloops we made the longest drive of the trip in one day—to Ashcroft, 158 miles. We arrived in Ashcroft at 11 p.m. on September 7, and here our bridges were burned behind us. At Ashcroft we were to leave that feeling of being in touch with home, friends and supplies. We were leaving that one great mark of progress and civilization—the railroad.

We had, however, the rare pleasure of anticipating our drive of 220 miles over the old Cariboo road from Ashcroft to Quesnel—the longest stretch of good road it has been my pleasure to see, and I believe the longest piece of continuous good road in America.

We had heard of the Cariboo road—who hasn't?—and of the old days when millions of gold came out over it from Barkerville.

We made the best of its smooth surface and stopped the first night at the historic 150-mile House. We stopped only to take pictures; we could have taken one every few minutes. The country was getting more interesting to us every day, and we ought to have enjoyed it more, but wherever we went we ran across the wise fellow "Hazelton"—and he laughed and pitied us, and we laughed, but ours wasn't on the square. "Wait until you strike the Blackwater country"; and he shook his head. We did not feel like laughing any more so we lit a cigarette—all good "shoffers" smoke cigarettes.

At 150-mile House we were told that

TRAIL AROUND FRASER LAKE

the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Charles Beresford and Lord Desborough were only one day's journey behind us on the Cariboo road.

These gentlemen were touring the country and we had a great desire to add their pictures to our already fine collection, so we decided to wait at 150-mile House for them to come up to us. We waited all day, but they did not come, so we decided to go back and meet them. We learned they were stopping at 141-mile House, and the next morning we drove back and arrived at 141-mile before they were awake.

Duke! Lord! We never had occasion to think of what we would do or how we would act even if we should be properly introduced to a titled person; and to have to break the slumbers of three at once and ask them to have their pictures taken in the interest of good roads—and get them to do it—was not so much of a task as it was a problem. We had been on the road ten days, and were not the most prepossessing bunch. However, in anticipation, I had bought myself a new khaki uniform at 150-mile House, also some leather leggings, and Archibald Forbes or Henry M. Stanley never had much on me for looks on this eventful morning.

When they began to stir about I picked out a man whom I thought looked least puncture-proof in the party, and asked him to point out his grace and give me an introduction. He couldn't see it that way, but did introduce me to Captain Hutton, of London, who seemed to be top, bottom and sides of the titled group. The captain presented me to "the Duke," as well as Lord Charles and Lord Desborough. His grace was not as enthusiastic as I could have wished on such an important occasion, but consented to be photographed after deciding that it was "most extraordinary." After all, they were men no different from other men, and not nearly so exclusive as many others I've met who have not the right to be.

Lord Charles was very jolly and inclined to joke.

Lord Desborough is tall, handsome, athletic and very democratic. He was

INDIAN VILLAGE OF STONY CREEK

STATE ROAD LEADING TO SNOQUALMIE PASS ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE CASCADES

TWELVE MILES NORTH OF QUESNEL ON OLD TELEGRAPH TRAIL

very much interested in a little car, and insisted on knowing all about it and about the trip, its purpose and destination.

We made two exposures of the party and turned again up the Cariboo to 150-mile House with the most pleasant impression of English nobility. We considered the photographs the most valuable in the collection; but alas! I have mentioned the unimaginative customs officer. We expressed two dozen undeveloped plates from Soda Creek to Seattle, which included all the pictures taken above Ashcroft, and wrote on the box "Photographic plates. Do not open," so large one could hardly see the box itself. Customs officers are all alike. This box went through the Sumas custom house and the officer into whose hands it unluckily fell reasoned thusly: "This package is marked photographic places, and the boxes are plate boxes, hence the contents cannot be plates. It must be opium. I'll not let this package go to Seattle in bond, where it should go; I'll open it here, uncover a deep plot, and get my picture in the paper." He opened the box, ruined the plates, sealed the box up with lots of red wax—and our pictures were lost. Long live the customs officer. May his brains increase.

We left 150-mile House that morning in good spirits and made a splendid drive to Quesnel that day, arriving at 6 p.m.

By that time the undertaking had gained more and more publicity, and everyone along the Government telegraph line which we were to follow to Hazelton was waiting our arrival. As Quesnel, which we found was a very live town, bets were being made as to whether we would get through or not. We only found one man who had the nerve to bet on us, and he put up ten dollars. I do not know what the odds were, but I hope they were two to 1 and that he got his money.

No automobile had ever been beyond Quesnel. Fraser Lake is 158 miles from Quesnel, and there is a recently-cut wagon road the entire distance. There is a similar wagon road about a hundred miles from Hazelton, down towards Fraser Lake, through the Bulkley Valley. The link between Fraser Lake and the Bulkley Valley, 110 to 120 miles, had never been traversed by any kind of wheeled vehicle—

CROSSING FRASER RIVER AT QUESNEL, ENTERING A COUNTRY NEVER BEFORE TRAVELLED BY AN AUTOMOBILE

ONE OF THE FINE ROADS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—LAKE NICOLA

CARIBOO COUNTRY SOUTH OF QUESNEL

nothing but a pack trail; and this was the route we must take.

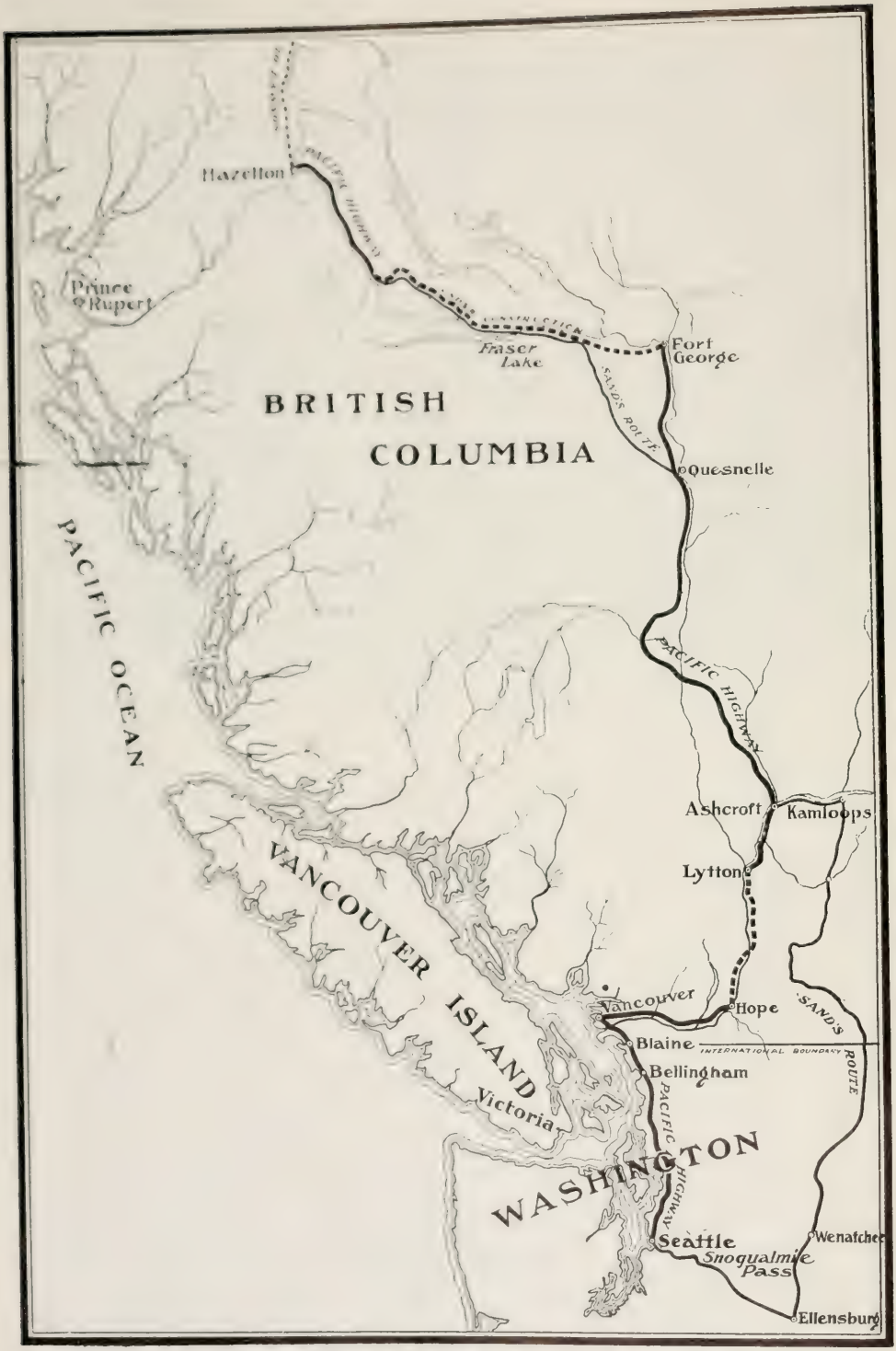
I shall never forget the interview in my room at the hotel in Quesnel with Sheriff Peters, a former Hudson's Bay agent at Fraser Lake. Our arch enemy, the rain, was pouring, and everything was a sea of mud. Mr. Peters was authority on the Fraser Lake country. He tried to give encouragement; his words were cheerful but his expression was gloomy. He was sorry for us, so we gave him a ride in our machine, his first in an automobile, to cheer him up.

We had been informed that we could get accommodations all along the trail, but were more than surprised and chagrined to find that for 375 miles out of Quesnel we would have to camp every night, carry all our supplies, and do our own cooking. None of us had ever put up a tent or fried a piece of bacon or boiled a bean in our lives, and we had no idea what to buy for a camping outfit. We went to the biggest store in town and bought whatever the clerk told us, and drove on the ferry at 2 o'clock, September 12, into a country where we were very conscious of being the pioneer automobile party. We made twelve miles before dark, put up our tent after many tries—it stayed up; ate some hard tack and bacon, went to bed (but not to sleep) on the cold ground, and waited for morning.

Our trip nearly ended at Quesnel. As I drove the car off the ferry the boat drifted out from the bank probably two feet. By this time the rear wheels were going over the gap. I knew nothing of it, merely being conscious of a hard bump as the car dashed off the boat up the bank. "Butch" and "Curt" say they were so scared they did not take a breath for a minute after the car was ashore.

We made Blackwater the next night; Bob Tail Lake the next, and Fraser Lake the next, passing the telegraph cabin at Nechaco and the Siwash Indian village at Stony Creek.

There are 300 Indians at this village and the machine was a great curiosity to



MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY SANDS AND HIS COMPANIONS

FORDING A STREAM IN SNOQUALMIE PASS

them. Some were afraid, some curious, and some were bold enough to demand a ride. We invited a few for a short ride, and about 15 piled into the little car. We had to shoo them out. For half an hour we ran the first and original "Seeing Stony Creek" automobile.

At Fraser Lake, of course, we were expected, and the whole population—seven white men and several Indians—greeted us as we drove up.

We had come this far entirely on our own resources, without assistance of any kind, but for the next 110 miles we needed all the help we could get—and got it.

Our car loaded should weigh 2,400 lbs. When we left Quesnel it weighed 3,300. It was out of the question to carry this 1,200-lb. overload over the trail, so we engaged to help us Jack McAmis, Basil Rorison—two of the squarest, whitest men in British Columbia; and Pius, an Indian, whom we named the Pope, to guide us on the trail, and enough horses to carry our load.

We left Fraser Lake Monday, September 18, and on Sunday, October 1, we arrived at the end of the 110-mile stretch of trail, averaging better than eight miles a day for the thirteen days.

We did not mind the labor, inconvenience or fatigue, but the anxiety day after day as we went farther into the wilderness, lest we should break some part of the car and have to abandon the whole undertaking, was about all we could stand; the car had a perfect right to break in a dozen places every five minutes of this period.

It will not be difficult to build a road over this 110 miles. The timber is small, and while the hills are steep, they are not long. Our difficulties were mostly bog and mud holes, side hills, sharp pitches and fallen timber, the side hills being worst of all. The car turned over on one of them, putting me under it; but luckily I was not hurt and the car was uninjured—excepting the body, which was badly smashed.

We rested a day at the end of the trail, driving to Aldermere on October 3, where we slept in a bed for the first time in three weeks. The next day we "set sail" for Hazelton, expecting to reach there at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but the roads were

worse than we expected and we did not arrive until 9:30 at night, after they had given us up.

The sensation of safe arrival after 1,281 miles over such a route, covering a period of five weeks, is hard to describe. Added to this was the hearty, sincere and spontaneous welcome and reception given us by the people of Hazelton—something we had not expected, and enjoyed on that account all the more.

Shall we ever forget Hazelton? It was all new to us. We have read about such places, such people, such scenes in books, but never expected to see them. We were acquainted with the whole town in an hour and were calling people by their first names. Our money wasn't good—we couldn't spend any. The banquet, the speeches, the dance, made us glad we came. The vastness of the country, the broadness of the people, awed us.

It is a great country. In a few years its mines will equal those whose names today are synonymous with untold wealth. Hazelton is destined to become a big city, the northernmost reached by the new Grand Trunk Pacific railroad; and such names as "Pea Vine" Harvey, "Dutch" Klein and "Ground Hog" Jackson will linger in our memories for years to come.

We stayed in Hazelton three days. We believe they were sorry to see us go. They escorted us to the boat and turned us over, car and all, to Captain Busey, of the steamer Port Simpson, and we began our journey home—down the Skeena River 200 miles to Prince Rupert, where we took the boat for Seattle, arriving October 15, having been gone seven weeks.

We thought we had done something that would hold the Pacific Highway Association for a while; but they refuse to be held, and now they have offered another little wheel of gold, marked "First to Dawson—Pacific Highway," and I expect a call next summer from Frank Fretwell or A. E. Todd regarding this little run over to Dawson. Well, maybe we will be riding in aeroplanes by that time!

The Dawn of Peace

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and court,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Dollard

By JOHN MAY

In the days when the forest, wolf-haunted and dread,
As a rough ragged rug over Canada spread,
Was the lair of the Red Man or prairie and plain,
His wigwam hung round with the scalps of the slain,
When the "Pale Faces" numbered a few scores in all,
On a sudden the war-whoop arrests Montreal—
Then a village—no more—but a few decades old
And its denizens quail as the tocsin is tolled.

Young Dollard, who knows not at peril to blench,
Hears the Iroquois muster to wipe out the French—
At the Richelieu River eight hundred or more,
And four hundred up the wild Ottawa shore—
And he knows if they meet in one murderous host
His people are butchered, the country is lost.
That a union so dreaded may never take place,
Brave Dollard resolves the four hundred to face,
With sixteen companions, all young like himself,
Not thirsting for glory, adventure or pelf,
But, banded, their homes and their people to save,
Aware the adventure must end in the grave!
At the altar the thrice-hallowed compact is sealed,
And with breasts swelling high they set out for the field.

In an old Indian fort at the foot of the Sault,
Ill-sheltered, they wait for the down-coming crew;
Not long. For anon two canoes are espied
(Five Redskins aboard) shooting over the tide.
Four are instantly shot. The fifth paddles away
To announce to the horde the result of the fray.
Not far does he paddle. A sky-splitting yell
Proclaims the approach of the legions of hell!
See! the swift-rushing stream is alive with canoes
Impelled by the tide and the rage of their crews!
Breathing slaughter they come. They are checked.
They retire,
They build a rude fort, out of reach of the fire.
Anon they advance; and again; and again:
Three times driven sweeping back to their pen.
After vainly essaying to fire the stockade!
And now they establish a weary blockade.
Did the stars ever witness before such a scene—
Four hundred nonplussed by a bare seventeen!

Meanwhile, in despair, they despatch a canoe
To summon the "braves" from the far Richelieu.
Five days pass away. Here they come in their boats!
Mad, belching out vengeance from eight hundred throats!
Like a wave of the sea they roll on the stockade!
But, amazed at the gaps by the musketoons made,
The shattered eight hundred soon halted and fled!
No!—not the eight hundred—heaps dying or dead!
Yet they rally again: and three cruel days more
Advance and retire, crimsoned over with gore!
Till weary, disheartened, confounded, amazed,
They all but decided that the siege must be raised;
And the stout little garrison, staunch, undismayed,
Prayed on as they fought, and fought on as they prayed!

But alas for the fate of these consecrate men!
The baffled rallies, and charges again.
'Neath huge wooden shields they advance to the fray;
The sheltering pickets are splintered away:
In hand-to-hand conflict brave Dollard is dead:
The life-blood of each of his comrades is shed;
Overwhelmed, trodden down by a juggernaut host,
Each fights to the last, and each dies at his post!
Thus was Canada saved. For the savages fled
To their far-away wigwams to howl for their dead!
Dispirited, broken, amazed at the wrench,
They drop their design of outrooting the French:
And the angel of peace hovers over the land
Preserved by that dauntless heroical band!

What deed rivals this on historical page?
Has it parallel in any nation or age?
A monument? Certainly. Build it. And yet
What tribute in stone can extinguish the debt?
Let the story be told in the ears of the young:
Down the ages to come let their praises be rung
By the hearth, in the hall, at the board, in the toast,
Who so long held at bay the fell Iroquois host!
And let every Canadian remember the debt
He owes to these heroes; and never forget
They were sons of old France, who thus welcomed the grave;
That immortal Sixteen led by Dollard the brave!

Vancouver Island Timber and Reforestation

AMONG the many visible sources of wealth in British Columbia, the supply of timber is one of the most important. The forest resources of North America have been most wastefully dealt with in the past; and in the United States, while there is not a universal timber famine, the supply of milling timber has been obliterated in a great many States, and very seriously depleted in others. On Vancouver Island the present supply of merchantable timber has been estimated as being capable of supplying one billion feet a year for the next one hundred years. This is an under-estimate rather than an over-estimate, the fact being that there are many thousands of acres containing a considerable amount of merchantable timber which have as yet never been trodden by either the foot of the white man or the red.

Taking the map of Vancouver Island from north to south and from east to west, it will be found that, while a distribution of the Douglas fir is almost universal, the spruce is confined mostly to the wet slopes of Vancouver Island on the west coast, the hemlock and the red cedar being distributed generally throughout the island; while balsam, yellow cedar, alder, white maple, oak, white pine, cottonwood, arbutus, dogwood and aspen make up in greater part the remainder of the forest growth of Vancouver Island.

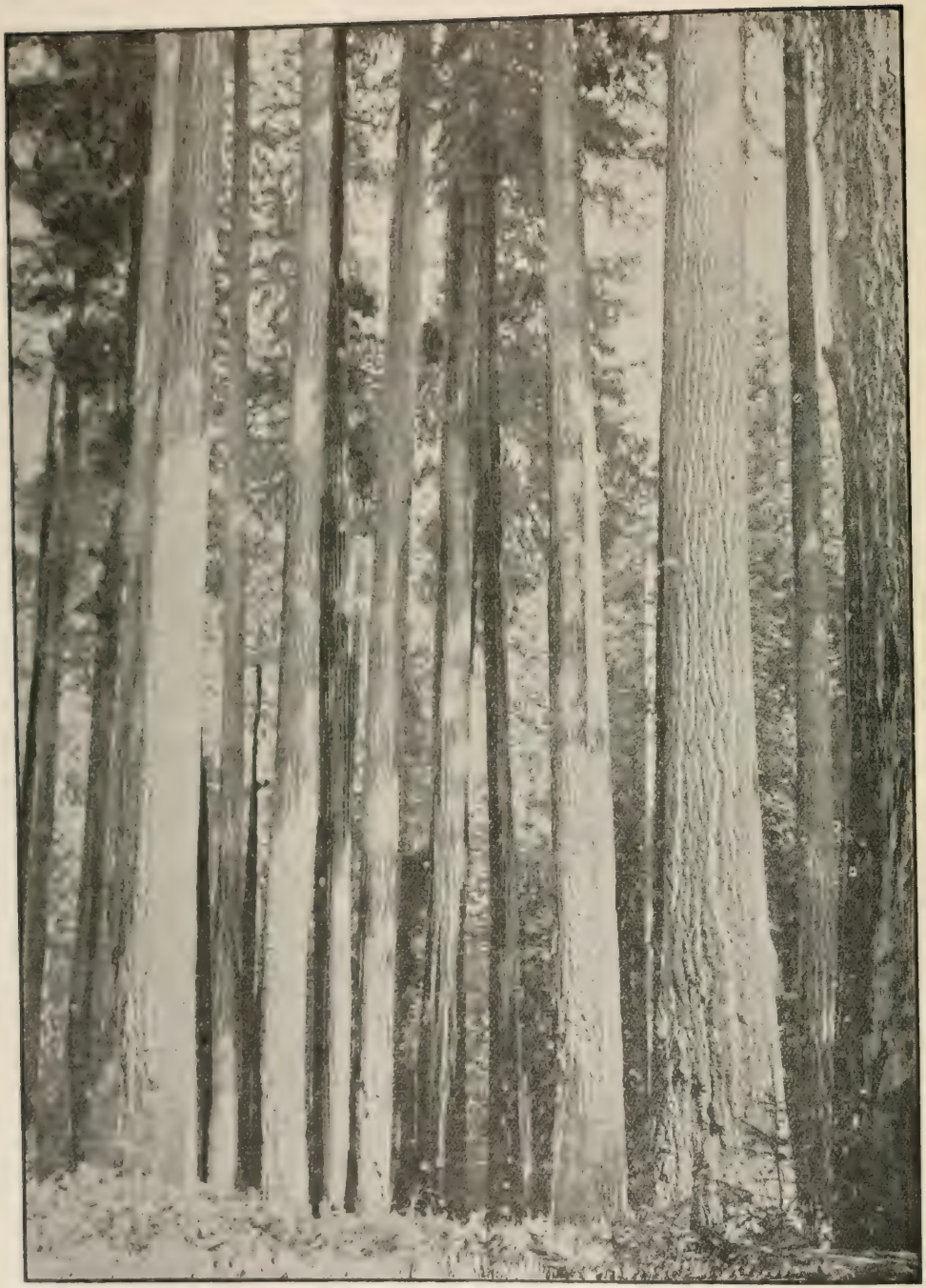
The Douglas fir is the most valuable of all this forest wealth, both from its size, its plentifulness and the comparative ease with which it is manufactured into timber. Trees of this variety 15 feet in diameter and standing 300 feet in height have been found on Vancouver Island. Douglas fir matures at about 600 years, and under favorable conditions makes a growth of 12 inches in about 33 years.

The Douglas fir, while it is being used for all sorts of rough work, will in the no distant future take a high and deserved rank as an inside finish wood, and a wood capable of the finest possible results in furniture of all kinds. It is capable of taking a marvellously beautiful polish, and for the panellings of dining-rooms, the building of staircases, banisters, etc., it not only has no superior, but it is doubtful if its equal can be found in any timber in the world. Only an inspection of its beauties in the homes of those who recognize its superiority, and have taken advantage of it by using it for inside decorations, can give any idea of its rare beauty.

It takes on an exquisite polish, and the grain and markings are of an infinite variety. There is something particularly solid and almost marble-like in its texture, thereby giving the impression of the utmost solidity, together with a shell-like finish which is really remarkable. The finish of the curly maple, the hemlock, the oak and the red cedar, while capable of many combinations and extremely pleasing effects, lose class instantly when compared with this king of all woods. There is really no comparison between other woods and the Douglas fir when it comes to elegance of finish and artistic effects in the mass. Inside finishings in oak and other woods, however skilfully done, tend rather to the sombre. But in the interior decorations which have been carried out with the various combinations of which the Douglas fir can be arranged, there is a happy blend of light and shade which is at once restful and beautiful.

The distinguishing attributes of inside panelling and doors finished artistically in the Douglas fir is an effect which instinctively reminds one of running water, or of the effect of sunlight sifted between the leaves in midsummer.

The fact that this wood is used to build pig pens and cow sheds does not take away from the fact that it is today, when



VANCOUVER ISLAND DOUGLAS FIR, SHOWING HEIGHT

skilfully handled, the most beautiful wood in the world for interior decorations.

Another form of the Douglas fir, taken from the bottom lengths of the tree, and commonly designated as "curly fir," is capable of really marvellous effects in the construction of newel posts, banisters, inside finishing of all descriptions, and particularly in the manufacture of high-class furniture. This exquisite wood has been pronounced by the best experts as infinitely superior to bird's-eye maple, or any of the native woods, or even the woods imported from South America, Australia and elsewhere.

One of the most decorative woods in the way of furniture-making in plain styles, such as the Mission and other patterns, is the yellow cedar. Remarkably handsome effects can be produced in this wood, although it is of a solid pattern, without the stripes, waves, curves and convolutions which make the Douglas fir so noticeable. Red cedar is being used on the Island now, principally for the manufacture of shingles.

Hemlock as a merchantable timber has a high value, and usually springs up on burnt-over areas where the Douglas fir formerly grew. Black cottonwood, the largest of the poplars, which grows in the river bottoms, is a very valuable tree commercially, particularly for the making of fruit boxes. Spruce and aspen are the chief pulp trees.

The Menzies or Sitka spruce (outside of the red cedar) is probably the largest tree in diameter found on Vancouver Island. Specimens 16 feet in diameter have been found, and it has been claimed that one or two specimens are in existence on the Island now which will run 21 feet in diameter. A small specimen of this tree from the San Juan valley exhibited in the Provincial Exhibition at Victoria this year measured 9 feet 3 inches in diameter and 29 feet in circumference. This was, comparatively speaking, a sapling, but even at that was an indication of the fact that very large trees of this kind are likely to be found on Vancouver Island.

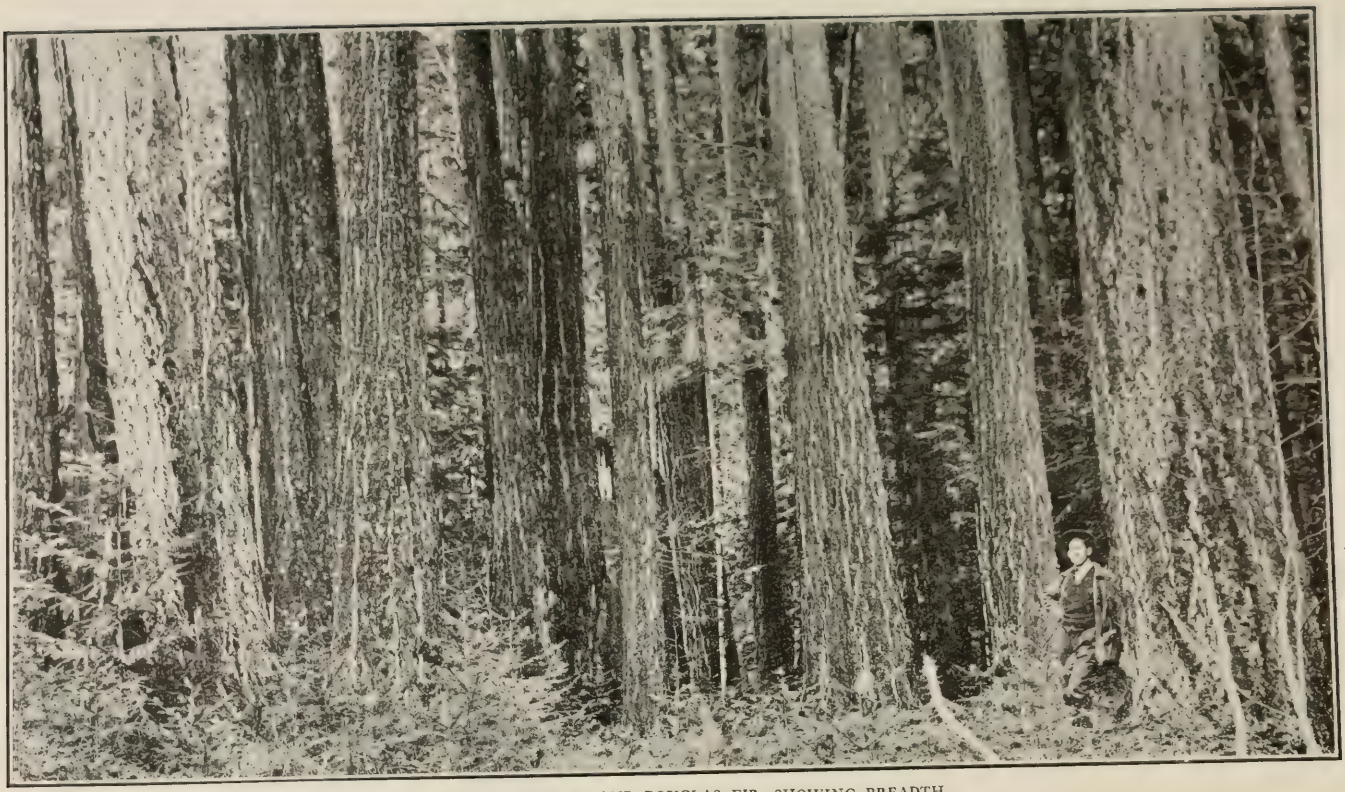
In some parts of Vancouver Island, particularly in the belt which will soon be tapped by the railway from Crofton to Cowichan Lake, there are a number of acres where the timber will run 500,000 feet to the acre. Large belts where the timber runs from 100,000 to 300,000 feet to the acre are not uncommon. The average yield to the lumberman on fairly good Douglas fir acreage is 50,000 feet to the acre.

Red cedar sometimes attains a growth of 20 feet in diameter measured as high up as 4 feet from the ground. These big cedars may well dispute the record for size with the giant spruce. There are some magnificent acreages of red cedar on Vancouver Island, on the west coast, between Otter Point and Nootka, and also in the Alberni region and in the neighborhood of Courtenay.

The lumbering carried on now on Vancouver Island, as is the case in all comparatively new countries, is conducted with extreme wastefulness. Many thousands of tons of odds and ends, sawdust and timber refuse, which would make good pulp for various grades of paper, are burnt annually.

The clearing of land (much of it conducted on the primitive plan of pulling down, burning down or cutting down the timber and then burning it up bodily) is responsible for the destruction of millions of feet of first-class merchantable timber every year. Notwithstanding this fact and the fact that millions of feet of good timber are being burned up in every direction within a short distance of the city of Victoria, firewood for use in a kitchen stove costs from $7.50 to $8 a cord delivered.

There is a great opportunity for someone with sufficient capital and energy to engage in a wholesale wood business in or near Victoria, with a certainty of excellent profits. The roads are excellent the year round, and many farmers would only be too glad to give the timber on their ground free to anyone who would take it off. With portable sawmills to reduce the wood to cord wood; with a powerful motor truck to convey a number of other trucks loaded with wood to the city, and to sell the wood at from $3.50 to $5 a cord, would, in my judgment, be a very profitable undertaking. At present the wood is being burned up in every direction, hundreds of thousands of feet being burned up directly along the right-of-way along the railways, where



VANCOUVER ISLAND DOUGLAS FIR, SHOWING BREADTH

the sawed sticks could be pitched on flat cars from the side of the track.

Great changes have taken place of late years in the handling of logs by the lumber companies, new and improved systems having been introduced in many districts. The old-fashioned skid road methods have been supplanted by so-called "flying machines," whereby heavy logs are gripped and swung in, to be loaded on the cars, thus obviating the necessity of using either horses, oxen or skids. The sawmills of Victoria are thoroughly up to date, aggressive and alert in their methods, and they are able to fill any order from a bunch of shingles to the largest bridge timbers in the world.

Among the principal mills in Victoria and Vancouver Island may be mentioned the Canadian Puget Sound Lumber Co., Lemon, Gonnason & Co., Cameron Lumber Co., James Leigh & Sons, Moore, Whittington Lumber Co., Ltd., Shawnigan Lake Lumber Co., the Taylor Mill Co., Ltd., all of Victoria; the Westholme Lumber Co., Westholme, the Victoria Lumber and Manufacturing Co., Ltd., at Chemainus, Grant & Mounce, Cumberland, Barkley Sound Cedar Co., Ltd., Alberni, the Ucluelet Mercantile Co., Ucluelet, Fraser River Logging Co., Comox, and many others, thereby testifying to the steady growth of this industry throughout the Island and its various districts.

To travel through such districts as the Cowichan Lake country and the Cameron Lake district, through miles and miles of magnificent forest trees, towering to the clouds, would give the looker-on an impression of an inexhaustible supply of timber. But even now the necessity of reforestation throughout the province and on Vancouver Island has impressed itself upon the minds of thoughtful men, and steps have already been taken by the Provincial Government to provide for the future in this respect.

The records of the United States have shown what can be done in the way of destroying a supposedly limitless area of merchantable timber. There is nothing in the world to prevent the same thing occurring in British Columbia and on Vancouver Island. All that is necessary to obliterate the present supply of merchantable timber is to keep on in the same extravagant, wasteful and utterly reckless course of the past fifteen or twenty years. Forest fires have burned up many millions of feet of first-class timber, and forest fires can be depended upon, despite the utmost vigilance, to destroy many millions of feet of timber in the future.

The Provincial Government is now expending many thousands of dollars more than in the past in protection, but it would be simply impossible to guard against all loss from this source. The ruinous practice of burning the timber to clear the land, while deplorable in the extreme, has been justified by those engaged in it from the standpoint of absolute necessity. There is no other way to fit the land to the plow. There is no transportation to be had for the timber when felled, so as to reach any market. There is no way to reduce the timber to cordwood except by the long-drawn-out and exceedingly laborious process of saw and axe. Therefore the timber is reduced to ashes, and a considerable portion of the top soil as well is very often burnt with it, to the great detriment of the land.

In many portions of Vancouver Island the burned and fire-swept tops of barren mountains show where a scientific system of reforestation could be inaugurated and a gradual reclaiming of these waste places begun Timber is a crop the same as clover, and this fact has long been known to the people of Europe and they have acted accordingly.

In some European countries a man is compelled to plant two trees when he cuts down one, and a most rigid care and supervision is exercised in the selection of the cutting of any and all timber. Here the motto seems to be, "After us the deluge." And it is high time an awakened public spirit made itself manifest in the general attitude as regards the preservation and continuation of the forest wealth of the country.

It is not nearly enough to say that the Government should do this and do that. The Government is doing a great deal, and the hunter, farmer, fisherman and citizens generally are just as much integral parts of the Government as the heads of the Government, and some semblance of sanity should be shown by them in con-

nection with the timber wealth of the country. Destructive forest fires are often started through sheer carelessness, and the average man is so generally absorbed in his own immediate desires that the question of any protection for the future, or any public spirit as regards the preservation of natural sources of wealth for the future, seldom enter into his calculations.

The railway companies, too, are prime offenders in this respect. Rather than use the very latest appliances in the way of spark arresters and other devices to prevent the spreading of fires, they go gaily on, burning up a certain number of million of feet of timber every year, and taking comparatively little precaution in many cases to prevent the spread of fire. This is a matter which interests every citizen of the province. Every man who has at heart a wish to see this magnificent natural crop protected and kept up should be willing both by word and deed to do something in the way of holding up the hands and lending support to the men in public office and in private life who are doing what they can towards this end.

INLAND RIVER TIMBER, VANCOUVER ISLAND

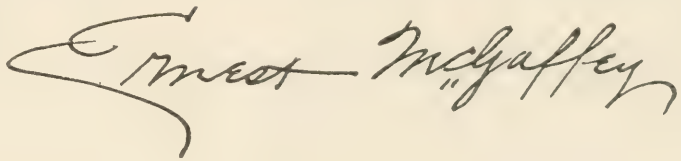
Vancouver Island has today the greatest area of valuable merchantable timber in the world. Fifty years from now, when this generation has passed away, or practically stepped aside from the active duties of life, this vast wealth will have disappeared to a very appreciable extent. If there remains in its stead a promise for the future in the shape of reforested districts; a system of rigid fire protection and control; a new and potent influence manifesting itself for the preservation and not the destruction of the forests, it might be one of the greatest revolutions in sentiment and practice that could possibly be imagined.

Let no man imagine, as he travels the vast forests of Vancouver Island, that these wooded cathedral aisles are eternal. The history of the Michigan and Wisconsin white pine timber is the history of the buffalo and the wild pigeon. And that was the annals of indiscriminate slaughter. Even now the rails are being extended from Crofton to the Cowichan Lake district; within the month direct rail communication between Victoria and the Alberni district will have been established, tapping one of the greatest timber belts in the known world. Within four years the Canadian Northern will have extended its lines from Victoria to the Alberni district, through a very remarkable timber belt, and will probably, nay undoubtedly, extend its lines further north.

The Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway is at present extending its lines to Union Bay; thence to Courtenay and Comox district and on to Campbell River, traversing and reaching magnificent acreages of wonderful timber. From Campbell River it is intending to strike northward to Hardy Bay, reaching and tapping the splendid timber adjacent to Quatsino, the Nimpkish Lake districts, and other timbered areas. All this means that inside of ten years at the furthest, especially in view of the opening of the Panama Canal, the timber area of Vancouver Island will be hawked at from all sides for its visible supply of merchantable wood. After this follows, too, as a

corollary that reforestation must be inaugurated and that now is the time for reforestation.

"Security is mortals' chiefest enemy," and it will not do for the citizens of British Columbia to lay the flattering unction to their souls that this magnificent timber crop, which took all the way from two to six centuries to mature, can be born again overnight when once it has been cut away. Today the forests of Vancouver Island, towering to the skies, mark one of the greatest commercial assets, as well as one of the most sublime of Nature's pictures. Let the present generation see to it that a sensible and conservative course of reforestation and protection is pursued in regard to this great heritage, so that future generations may rise up and call them blessed.



Fragment

By M. ELIZABETH PALMER

Give me that sphere wherein the mystics read,
And from its crystal holding let me steal
Some vision of the years awaiting me.
Deep, deep, I gaze, with my whole soul intent.

Alas, vain search! No answer to my plea;
Naught but a dimness on the glass: where my
Impetuous breathing played, some Power has cast
A veiling mist for my too eager glance.

The War on the Whale

By Alfred Hustwick

PART I—STEAM WHALING OFF THE PACIFIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA

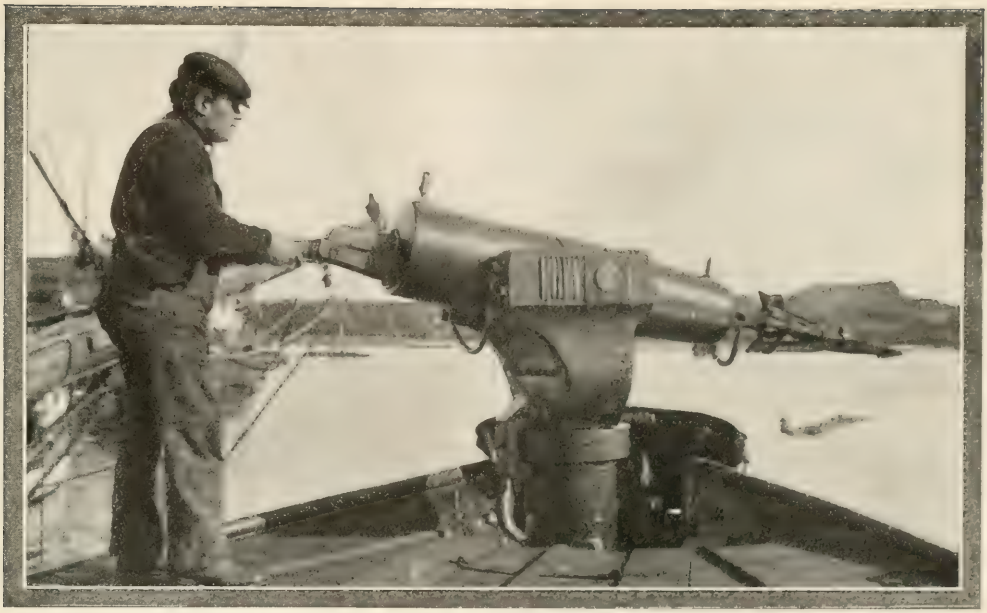
FOR the purposes of history it is safe to assume that the whale first swam into the limelight of publicity when the shipping reporter of the Ninevah *News* scooped his rivals with the story of Jonah's journey in the steerage compartment of a certain "great fish." Were Jonah, the son of Amittai, alive in the present year of grace he would undoubtedly rank among the star members of the Ananias Club, in company with the celebrated Louis de Rougemont and Dr. Cook. Certainly his own account of what befell him during his three days in the accommodating submarine monster is as tersely written and nearly as full of generalizations as the American doctor's story of his Polar peregrinations. And, unlike Cook, Jonah has yet to be discredited by an indignant Peary. His own particular field of exploration has not yet been encroached upon.

Very little was known of the whale in Jonah's day. Witness the fact that the Biblical scribe called it a fish, whereas science has long since established that the whale is as much a mammal as a horse or cow, and that it was formerly an amphibian, as the tiny hind legs which still grow inside its body seem to prove conclusively. Centuries after man had witnessed, and assisted, the extinction of the dinosaurus, the mastodon, and their abhorrent contemporaries of prehistoric times, he still baulked at combat with the mightiest of the sea's denizens. But eventually Time brought such conquests to the hairy descendant of the ape that engendered in his breast a supreme contempt for all else living. Then, armed with primitive spear and harpoon, he set forth in his tiny boats to do battle with the leviathan. The Norwegians were expert at this perilous business a thousand years ago, but it was not until the eighteenth century that the war on the whale assumed really interesting proportions, and not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the great whaling fleets of Scotland, Norway and the United States came into being.

Then, from Dundee, in Scotland, and from Bedford and San Francisco in this country, stout square-riggers used to set out on cruises lasting from two to five years, and covering many thousands of miles, in search of the sperm and right whales. The former is the most valuable and easiest to take of the whales frequenting temperate waters, while the right, or bowhead, is the rarest of his species, and is found only in Arctic seas. In their methods these whalers had improved but little on those of early days, the whales being taken from small boats with hand harpoons and lines, and lanced to death whenever the opportunity offered. Great danger attended the hunting, and the catches varied from one to twenty whales a year. Each vessel carried a boiling plant, the blubber being taken from the whale, for oil, and the huge carcase then abandoned to the shark and the gull, scavengers of the ocean.

In 1864 a Norwegian whaleman, Swend

"THE WHALER IS A HANDFUL OF A CRAFT"



THE DEADLY WHALING GUN. IT FIRES A STEEL HARPOON FITTED WITH AN EXPLOSIVE HEAD, WHICH BURSTS INSIDE THE WHALE

Foyn, invented a harpoon gun which completely revolutionized the industry of whaling. Steamers were fitted with these weapons to engage in shore-whaling, and stations built to treat every type of leviathan taken. The war on the whale was turned into a massacre and the off-shore fleets dwindled away to almost nothing. Except for the few sailing vessels which yearly seek the right whale in Arctic waters, where steam whaling has not yet been successfully inaugurated, the whaler of today is a throbbing, machine-filled thing of steam and iron, working within a fifty-mile radius of her station.

Steam-whaling, first tried in Norway, spread eventually to Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to Japan. Six years ago the Pacific Whaling Company, of Victoria, commenced operations off the Pacific coast of Canada. A year later a Seattle concern established a station at Admiralty Inlet, in Alaska, and a few months ago the first steam-whaling station in the United States was opened at Gray's Harbor, Washington.

During the summer of the present year the whim of circumstance threw me into the company of whales and whalers at the Naden Harbor station, a lonely place in the extreme north of the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the British Columbia coast, where I had an excellent opportunity to study the condition of the whaling industry in the North Pacific. In company with a Canadian Government engineer, I secured passage in one of the whalers, witnessed the taking of a whale, and obtained the photographs with which this article is illustrated.

A DAY ON A WHALER

When the engineer and I reached Naden —on a freighter bringing coal and supplies to the station—we were determined to see a whale captured. Fortune favored us. The two whalers had been unable to hunt for three days previous to arrival, on account of heavy weather, but as our captain reported the wind and sea outside the bar to be lessening, the gunners decided to try their luck on the following day. We lost no time in approaching one of the gunners with our request, and having evidently convinced him that we were not "greenhorns," received a cordial invitation to be his guest.

"Glad to have you come," he said, as he shook hands with us before retiring, "if you think whaling interesting enough to take a chance of seasickness. Every passenger I have so far taken out has been miserably sick during the whole day—and we haven't very comfortable quarters aboard the whalers for sick people."

"IT WAS AN ANXIOUS MOMENT." THE WHALE, WHICH JUST MISSED SINKING THE WHALER, IS SEEN SPOUTING ON THE PORT BOW

It was just half-past 3 on the following morning when the night watchman of our own steamer gave us a promised call and we tumbled out of our bunks with such alacrity that we found ourselves aboard the whaler before any of her crew, saving the second engineer, were astir. It was not yet daylight, and the harbor lay cold and silent under the waning stars as we stamped and shivered about the decks. Presently a sleepy Norwegian deckhand came up from the fo'sc'le rubbing his eyes with a grimy knuckle and greeted us with a grunt of surprise. "You bane go out?" he enquired, and, being answered in the affirmative, grinned at us sheepishly as he set about casting off the lines. Plainly, he could not understand why anybody should go whaling for the mere fun of the thing.

We followed him to the roomy bridge where, with one hand at the engine-room telegraph and one at the wheel, he started the whaler on her cruise. Soon after we left the pilot, a clean-cut young Norwegian joined us on the bridge, and after sniffing the air, announced that prospects for a good day at sea were excellent. The engineer and I found the bridge an excellent place on which to lose what remnants of slothfulness our early rising had left in us. The whaler was running, at a speed of ten miles an hour, into a chilly nor'east wind which tore over her bows, sang in the rat-lines of her stumpy foremast, and stung our cheeks until they glowed red with the reaction of the blood. We noted with satisfaction the coming of an ochre tint beyond the eastern hills which heralded the sun's rising.

Less than an hour from port the little steamer was across the bar and beginning to feel the force of the ocean swell. She pitched and rolled her way over the waves in a manner that occasioned us some misgivings. Remembering the gunner's warning, we wondered if even our experienced stomachs would stand the strain of being tossed about in this fashion the whole day long.

However, when the sun, which had been struggling behind a faint belt of haze, finally beat down the veil of vapor and showed full-orbed and flaming over the dancing whitecaps, we lost our apprehension in our enjoyment of the bracing wind and genial warmth. The last cobweb of sleep was swept from our eyes and our hearts filled with an eagerness for adventure that was as welcome to our blase souls as it was unexpected. So when the gunner came up we wished him early luck in his hunting.

A HANDFUL OF A CRAFT

In the first flush of the dawn we had an opportunity to examine our vessel. Like all modern whalers, she was a handful of

a craft. The design of every steam-whaler follows the experience of the Norwegians in what constitutes a safe, speedy and handy vessel, one that will weather all seas and can move as quickly as the whale himself under ordinary conditions. Her bows are high and "flaring"; that is, they curve outward, so that they break the force of the waves into which they plunge. Over the flares is the gun-platform, at the front of which, almost exactly on the stem of the steamer, sits the harpoon-gun. A short mast, to which clings the "lookout" barrel, stands midway between the bows and the housework, and behind this mast sits the mighty winch on which the harpoon lines are wound in with their monster catches. The bridge is large and well protected, and the gear which controls the steamer is so arranged that one man can manage her with ease. From stem to stern the vessel is so cleverly designed that every inch of space is utilized. The engine-room is a mere steel box in which a small, but powerful, set of triple-expansion engines throb unceasingly, driving the whaler at a speed of about nine and a half knots an hour. The coal-bunkers, crew's quarters and mess-rooms are arranged in a manner that would surprise even the architect of a California apartment house —not a cubic inch of space is wasted.

Except with the sea on her quarter, when the engine-room is too much exposed, the whaler is as fine a sea boat as anything afloat. Her flaring bows keep her forward deck, where the work of whaling is mainly done, free from water even in a heavy seaway. The after-deck is, however, very low and has no bulwarks. It is intended to offer no impediment to the force of the waves, which break over it even in moderate weather. Tested under all conditions, the steam-whaler has proved herself a veritable water witch. Ten of the twelve whalers in use off the British Columbia coast came out from Norway under their own steam, their hulls almost completely submerged with the weight of the extra coal supplies which they were forced to carry on deck. Yet in the face of a heavy gale off the South American coast the little steamers averaged seven knots an hour, and all reached Victoria without mishap!

THE WHALING GUN AND HARPOON

The whaling gun especially interested

"I SAW THE WHALE RACING AHEAD OF US WITH THE HARPOON IN HIS BACK"

us. It is a heavy weapon about four and a half feet long, with a bore of five inches. The charge used is a powerful black powder, which is exploded by means of a lanyard and a percussion chamber attached to the heavy wooden handle by which the gun is manipulated. For such an apparently unwieldy weapon the gun is surprisingly easy to swing on its swivel, and can be aimed with great speed and accuracy. The harpoon used is a steel bar five feet long, having a slit running through it for the greater part of its length, this slit permitting it to be placed in the gun without taking in the harpoon line. Large barbs, hinged and held in place by springs, are set about twelve inches from the head. These barbs are tied down with twine before the gun is fired, and upon entering the whale's body free themselves from the binding and open out, effectually preventing the harpoon from withdrawing. By far the most fiendish feature of the harpoon, however, is the "bomb," a cast-iron point which is charged with powder and exploded in the body of the whale by means of a time-fuse which ignites as the harpoon leaves the gun. The scattering of the iron in the whale's interior inflicts terrible, and generally fatal, injuries.

"THARE SHE BANE!"

Three hours from Naden harbor all hands were electrified by a shout of "Thare she bane!"—the Norwegian equivalent for "There she blows!"—from the lookout man. Over the starboard bow, not more than two hundred yards away, a big sulphur-bottom had come up to breathe, and his condensing breath showed in a feathery

"spout" fully twelve feet high. The gunner, who was talking with the engineer and I on the bridge, ran down the ladder and made his way forward with all speed. Meanwhile the man at the wheel headed the whaler toward her quarry, and I made all haste to open a little camera which I had brought with me in the hope of getting some pictures. It was too early to hope for good results, as there was a little haze over the sea and the sun was not yet very strong, but I took a snapshot of the gunner as he stood, alert and watchful, on the platform.

For a few seconds the whaler ran at full speed toward the sulphur-bottom and there seemed every prospect that she would get near enough for a shot. Just as she was slowed, within 150 feet of the whale, and while the gunner was taking aim, the huge leviathan became "gallied," or frightened, and sounded. We pursued him for fifteen minutes longer, during which time he came up twice, but could not get within striking distance, and the gunner came back to the bridge and set a course to the westward, a sign that he had abandoned the chase.

Noticing the expression of disappointment on the engineer's face, the gunner laughed heartily. "Don't despair," he said, "we'll get a whale later. That fellow was 'gallied' and it would have been wasting time to follow him any longer. A 'gallied' sulphur is the hardest thing in the world to get near to. Not only is the sulphur the biggest whale of all, but he's the fastest and the most cunning.

"There's a large element of luck in this business," he continued, "more luck than good management. Sometimes we see only one whale in a day—and get it. Another day we chase twenty and don't get a shot at any; sometimes we get four or five in a few hours, and at other times we don't even see one from daylight to dark. I think we'll have luck today, however, so we'll fill up with breakfast ready for the fun."

We went down to the poky saloon, a triangular compartment right in the stern of the steamer, and sat down to a heavy meal of ham and eggs, fried almost to a cinder, with doughy bread and vile coffee. Whaling cooks are renowned for their inability to cook, and ours was no exception. Yet the engineer and I found the steaming food most acceptable after our long vigil on the bridge. All fears of seasickness had disappeared, and we were more interested in appeasing our own enormous appetites than those of the fishes.

A "GALLIED" SULPHUR-BOTTOM

Scarcely had we returned to the bridge after our repast than the cry of "Thare she bane!" again told us that a whale was in sight. Away on the port side a big sulphur-bottom was proceeding leisurely along, taking short dives and blowing three or four times each time he came to the surface. We went after him at once, and the gunner showed every sign of eagerness. "He's over eighty feet long," said that worthy, after inspecting the whale through his binoculars. "That's the kind of whale I like to take into the station." Thinking I might get a picture of the harpoon gun being fired, I took my camera and went forward with the gunner, but found that the spray which burst over the platform prevented me from taking up an advantageous position. Returning to the bridge, I climbed a big life-preserver box, and holding on by the ridge ropes, waited for the drama of the leviathan's capture. The whaler was running at full speed, and we were rapidly gaining on the whale when the latter must have heard the beat of the propellers. He flung up his huge tail and sounded in a bath of foam. Immediately we headed in the direction he seemed to be taking. The gunner, standing at the gun, directed the control of the whaler by signals to the man at the wheel. Not a word was spoken by the crew, except when one of them caught sight of the whale's spout before the lookout man discovered it.

We would slow down at a spot where the gunner judged the whale would reappear, and after a wait lasting from five seconds to five minutes our intended victim would come up from three hundred yards to half a mile away from us. The way that whale dodged us was laughable. He led us for an hour in a wide circle, constantly changing his course under water, and never staying up more than half a minute. Finally, after we had been drifting about for nearly two minutes awaiting his twentieth reappearance, he turned beneath us and came up astern, rolling his great bulk in the trough of the sea and spouting continuously. The gunner took

a good look at the sulphur as the whaler was swinging around and suddenly grasped my arm.

"The son of a gun," he said, pointing to the wary whale, "he's got one of our harpoons in him already. You see that scar on his back? That's where I shot him two weeks ago. He carried away the line after we had played him for an hour." The gunner turned to the compass. "Nor'east by nor', half east," he said to the man at the wheel. Then, to us, "It isn't any use trying to get that fellow. Carrying around that harpoon as a reminder makes him pretty cautious."

The luck of the whale depends largely upon the number of times a whale spouts, or breathes, while on the surface. The sperm is the easiest of all whales to take, because it spouts anywhere from ten to thirty times between each dive. The humpback whale, a mongrel resembling both the sperm and the right whale, invariably runs to windward when chased. It is fairly easy to take at all times, but especially on a day when there is little or no breeze. Then it will swim in a circle, spouting desperately and snuffing for the wind, while the whaler gets near enough to harpoon it. Finback whales, while they stay up for several minutes at a time, are easily "gallied," and once aware of their pursuers, are very difficult to secure. But it is the sulphur-bottom which is the largest, the speediest, and the most cunning whale of all, as the engineer and I had learned during our two unsuccessful attempts to take sulphurs that day.

CHASING FINBACK WHALES

We sighted and chased at least four more whales before dinner time, but all proved too alert for our gunner. Once again hungry, the engineer, the gunner, the chief engineer and myself once more crowded into the little saloon and partook of a curious hash—hard potatoes and fibrous meat, some more of the doughy, soggy bread, with corncake and the mud-colored coffee as dessert. Then we went back to the bridge and lit our pipes, feeling the immediate need of a narcotic after our indigestible meal.

Except for occasional belts of fog which swept over the sea like hurrying wraiths, blotting out the sun and turning day into twilight, the weather was delightful. A

"THE WHALE, NOW MORTALLY WOUNDED, ROSE AND FELL ON THE WAVES IN HIS DEATH AGONY"

heavy sea had been running in the morning, but during the afternoon it decreased so much that there were even dry spots on the after-deck. We were running in a big circle, coming within seven or eight miles of the Alaskan coast, in an endeavor to locate a school of whales "on feed." As the whalers had been unable to hunt for several days, the gunners had lost track of the "feed" and the two steamers from the station were hunting in different directions in an effort to find it. Whales are most easily caught when feeding, as they are so occupied with satisfying their hunger that they pay little attention to the approach of a vessel.

As the afternoon wore on the gunner's enthusiasm began to wane. He constantly scanned the sea with his glasses between the spells of fog, and on several occasions swore softly. "The whales are out there," he finally announced, pointing to the westward, "but it is too foggy for us to go after them. I just saw the other steamer running in before the fog from North Island and she hadn't got anything alongside. Looks as if neither of us will get a whale today."

Hardly had he spoken before half-a-dozen cries of "Thare she bane!" drew our attention to three whales spouting in the distance over the port quarter. "Starboard," said the gunner to the man at the wheel, "and ring down for more speed." The whaler turned and headed after the trio of whales, which were fully a mile away, and every man aboard began to exhibit his first sign of excitement. Four days in port that

week had caused the crew, from the gunner down to the cook, to chafe and fret. As they are not paid wages, but "lay money," that is, so much to each man for each whale taken, they were anxious to take at least one whale back with them, and the three which had so suddenly revealed themselves to us seemed to offer the last opportunity for a shot that day.

Scarcely were we well away on our chase after the distant mammals when a light blanket of fog dropped on us. Almost simultaneously the lookout man sighted two whales, quite close to our starboard bow, which offered a still better opportunity than the ones we had first sighted. We swung after them immediately, and the gunner, before leaving the bridge, announced that they were finbacks. "We're almost sure to get one of 'em," he told us. "One is a cow whale and the other is her calf, although it's nearly as big as its mother."

A NARROW ESCAPE

In less time than it takes to tell, the swift whaler had lessened the distance between her and the whales so much that we could see almost every detail of their big bodies. They were rolling lazily over the waves, the calf playing about his mother in great glee. The gunner was at his place, holding the handle of the gun and bracing himself with widespread legs against the roll of the vessel. I saw his right arm shoot up and heard the clang of the engine-room bells as the signal to stop rang down. Then as he swung the gun and I poised my camera the cow became "gallied" and sounded. "Damn," said the pilot, who had come on the bridge unobserved, "the calf will dive, too."

But, contrary to our expectations, the calf did not sound. The sudden disappearance of his mother had alarmed him, and instead of following her below he took a very short dive and came up with his head pointed at the whaler's bows. I saw him turn his white belly upward as he swam along towards us only a few feet below the surface, and it showed through the water in a streak of light green. "Full astern," roared the gunner; "he's going to hit us." The bells clanged, the wheel spun hard over through the helmsman's fingers and the whaler began to quiver as she reduced her way. It was an anxious moment for all on board. If the whale struck the steamer he would surely sink her. Her light plates would not stand the force of the collision. I caught a picture of the gunner and the crew peering anxiously over the bows at the approaching whale, and was just winding the film of my camera when a cry from the lookout told us that the calf had swerved across the bows and missed us by a few feet. He came up a little way off to port, blowing a feathery spray of vapor. Like a madman, the gunner sprang to his gun, and just as the swinging bows of the whaler struck the finback the roar of the heavy weapon drowned the shouts of the seamen.

I pressed the camera bulb as the shot was fired, while I clung to the ridge-ropes of the bridge and trusted to fortune for the result. Swinging on my precarious perch, amid the excitement that prevailed I had little opportunity for careful photography. Looking up from the view-finder, I saw the whale racing ahead of us at a terrific speed, the harpoon buried in his back and the two-inch line hissing out from the rope-pan like lightning. The bomb had gone clean through his body and had burst in the water beyond him, so that he was but little hurt and tremendously flurried. The cow had come up a cable's length ahead, and towards her the calf was running.

"Full ahead," waved the gunner, and we took up the chase. But long before we had gathered way the two hundred feet of line on the rope-pan was paid out, and it was necessary to slack the brakes of the winch and give the finback more line. Fully four hundred feet of line flew over the bows before we dared to "take a strain" on it.

A PERTURBED PARENT

Then, the whale run being over, we went slowly astern and the winch began to rumble. The cow whale was fussing about its offspring in an agony of parental alarm, her great flukes lashing the water as she vainly endeavored to get him below, and now that the first thrill of excitement had passed, the engineer and I began to view the sanguinary conflict with mingled feelings. Between the whaler and her quarry a wide streak of foam and blood showed where the poor calf had dashed away to his

"HE LANCED IT WITH A LONG SPEAR THROUGH THE 'LIFE'"

mother. We could not help feeling a little sorry for the wounded animal and its perturbed parent even at this stage of the capture, when much remained to be done.

"Haul in," sang the gunner. The winch gathered in the line and the finback began to move toward us, resisting the pull of the rope with all his great strength as he rolled and spouted in the trough of the waves. The gun was reloaded and a plain harpoon, having no barbs to prevent its withdrawal, was hastily fitted with another bomb. Having failed to kill the whale, the gunner intended to take a second shot at it. Foot by foot the calf neared us and the cow lagged further and further behind. Frequently cow whales will follow their young right up to the bow of the whaler and themselves fall victim to the gun, but as this calf was about full-grown the cow did not display the same maternal solicitude as she would have done for an unweaned baby.

LANCING A WHALE TO DEATH

When the calf was within a hundred feet of us the whaler went slowly ahead, taking in the line as she moved, and a second shot was fired. Like the first, this was unsuccessful, the harpoon glancing harmlessly off the whale's back and the bomb bursting in the air. "Haul in, haul in, and bring the lance!" shouted the gunner, angrily. Inch by inch the struggling leviathan was drawn to the vessel, until it was under the bows, when the gunner leaned over the gun-platform and lanced it again and again with a long spear through the lungs—or the "life," as the whalemen term it.

Truly, it was a sickening sight, this slaughter on the high seas. The whale, now mortally wounded, rose and fell on the waves in his death agony, and from his blow-hole flung blood and small pieces of flesh in his last few dying spouts. The engineer and I were not sorry when his game struggle was ended and he rolled over, "fin up," and dead. The water about the bows was red with his blood and flecked with the foam which his struggling had churned up.

It was the work of only a few moments for the crew to cast a weighted bight of line about his head, to draw this line around his "small," as the junction of the tail and body is called, and to finally secure the carcase with a strong chain. Then the steamer moved slowly ahead until the big tail was on a level with the deck, and a seaman hacked at the tips of the flukes with a keen-edged spade. This removal of the tips is necessary to allow of the tail being well clewed up for towing, and as the portions cut away are not valuable, the opera-

"A SEAMAN HACKED AT THE TIPS OF THE TAIL WITH A SHARP SPADE"

tion does not lessen the value of the catch. While the gun was reloaded, on the off-chance that we might happen on still another whale, the steamer was headed at full speed for the station, which we reckoned to reach just after dark. Meanwhile the crew had brought out a wire-wrapped coil of rubber tubing and had attached one end to an air-pump in the engine-room.

INFLATING THE CARCASE

A spear-headed nozzle, with perforations in its sides, was screwed on the other end and then thrust into the whale's body. Rapidly, as the air inflated it, the carcase grew in size until it became a huge, shapeless bulk which danced over the waves like a toy balloon. The nozzle was withdrawn, the hole it had made was filled with oakum, and the day's work was over. Frequently the whalers take several whales in a few hours, each whale being inflated and set adrift with a buoy to mark it while the whaler chases another. As the afternoon was already spent, however, and the fog was threatening us, we headed for the station, which we reached at 9 o'clock. On the way back the engineer and I heard many stories of adventure concerning the west coast whalers. The gunner, having taken his first whale for several days, was in a most genial frame of mind, and handing over the navigation of the whaler to the pilot, he sat aft with us and swapped stories of adventures ashore and afloat. We ate supper by the light of an oil lamp, the whaler not carrying a dynamo, and whiled away the four hours which were required to make the station and fasten the whale to the slip. Then, worn out with our eighteen hours of hunting, my companion and I thanked our host and slipped away to our bunks, where, despite the pandemonium of working cargo, we slept soundly. In the morning we again rose early to watch the transformation of our whale into oil and fertilizer, as will be told in the succeeding article.

"THE CARCASE GREW IN SIZE UNTIL IT BECAME A HUGE, SHAPELESS BULK"

In the January issue Mr. Hustwick will carry his romance into the world of finance and will show the profits in the whaling industry. The story is even more interesting than the first article. It will be illustrated with photographs by the author.

The Horse Thief of Lone Rock

By J. H. Grant

THE broad reaches of prairie were dusking in evening as Chester Ferguson gathered together his carpenter's tools and surveyed with considerable satisfaction the lean-to which for the past week had occupied his unskilled hands. He was a young fellow —tall, with a good breadth of shoulder and a boyish face, and he wore a smock and "bib" overalls, the orthodox garb of the prairie homesteader. A feeling of exultation welled within him as he gazed upon his trim little house. Unconsciously he straightened himself and threw his head slightly back.

Four years had elapsed since he landed on the prairie. He was a mere boy then, in his 'teens. He hadn't much money, but he had enough to file on a homestead and buy a yoke of oxen. Now he had the title to that homestead, and the proximity of a new railroad made the land valuable. He had wheat in his granary and horses in his stable. He had done well. His was a just pride.

He walked into the house and lighted his solitary lamp. In the inadequate glimmer the pale face of the little alarm clock showed 6 p.m., but Chester didn't disturb the little pot-ridden stove. The old cat slept on unmolested in the centre of the grey-blanketed bed. The young man raised the light until it fell on a portrait which hung high on the unplastered wall. The picture was that of a woman—elderly, with silvery hair smooth-parted, and kind blue eyes, which might have been those of the boy now gazing into them.

"I'm ready for you now, mother," he said, addressing the portrait in a low but audible tone; "no more sewing and saving and greedy landlords for you. Sis won't need to worry her little head over T. Eaton's ribbon counter any more, either. You ought to get my letter about tonight. I can see you reading it to Sis when she comes home from work, and hear you praising me." His voice quavered. He paused and drew his rough sleeve across his eyes. In a moment he resumed with boyish exuberance: "I'll expect you by the end of next week. Then we'll invite the young folk of the settlement to a little dance and get acquainted." Acquainted! Something seemed to stab him as he pronounced the word. The light of enthusiasm faded from his eyes. He felt a withering insignificance. In the four years he had dwelt in Lone Rock district he had made not a single friend. When he first came some of the settlers called on him and offered to help him in any way they could. They invited him to their homes then, but he had never gone. He had never gone near the little red schoolhouse where once in every two weeks the people, old and young, from the settlement's four corners met for communion, both social and religious. He didn't know his nearest neighbors and, what was to prove more disastrous, they didn't know him. He had thought of but one thing—to make money and a home for his mother and sister. He had neglected his every duty as a member of a community, and herein made a mistake the knowledge of which was now for the first time borne in upon him with blighting intensity. He recalled with increasing chagrin the fact that people scarcely noticed him now. Even the girls of the district when he chanced to meet them either ignored his presence or passed him by with a toss of the head which bespoke contempt. Would they thus slight his mother and sister? He had never thought of that. The very possibility caused a twinge of physical pain. What a fool he had been!

To some men a friend is a superfluity —they can live just as happily without. With them this ostracism would have counted for nought. But Chester Ferguson's

was a sensitive nature and the situation scored it deeply. With the sickening feeling of one who has made a fatal error and sees it too late to avoid the consequences, he placed the lamp on the table and moved to the open door.

The long, straggling shadows stretched themselves into nothingness and a chill wind rustled the frozen grasses. One by one the scattered lights of the settlement flared like fireflies against the oncoming bank of darkness. Two horsemen came riding with the night. They rode toward the settlement and they came from the direction of the unclaimed lands where each autumn the stock from Lone Rock pastured until snowfall. They rode in silence and so close that Chester could smell the sweat from their reeking horses. As they passed through the shaft of light that shot from his shack door he waved a friendly hand. But there was no answering salute. The horsemen merely glanced grudgingly toward him and disappeared.

As Chester Ferguson stood staring into the night that had swallowed up the silent riders he felt a strange foreboding. He remembered vaguely and with a slight start that things had been queer about the settlement of late. He had seen no wagonloads of hay coming from the big marsh to the north of his farm to be piled in the farmers' yards for winter use. He had heard no hammering to bespeak the repair of barns and stables against the cold of approaching winter. He had seen no wagonloads of gay young folk nor heard their merry singing and shouting as they returned from the inevitable country dance. He *had* seen, almost every morning, groups of horsemen pass his shack towards the grassy deserts to the west and return late in the evening by twos and threes. He had attached no special significance to this. He had been blind to everything but his own affairs. Something must be amiss, something serious, that affected the entire settlement. No one had mentioned it to him. He was not considered a member of the community. What a mess he had made of things in general!

These bitter reflections were for the moment dispelled by the sound of a horse's step on the frozen sod. The click of a snaffle bit and the creaking of ample saddle leather proclaimed the rider one of the ranchers or cowboys from the north. For reasons which he could have scarcely defined Chester felt a sense of relief in the knowledge that the approaching horseman was not one of the homesteaders, who seldom use the big cow-saddles and almost never the snaffle bit. The stranger rode straight to the door and, after an abrupt request for something to eat, shook his long bechapped legs free of the stirrups and alighted from the saddle. He was a man past middle age, grizzled and weather-browned—a prototype of the denizens of open plain and mesa. He dropped the bridle-rein on the ground as a signal for the faithful bronco to stand, and followed his host into the shack.

As Chester, glad of even a temporary respite from the harassing thoughts of the past hour, busied himself with the frying of pancakes and bacon, his guest talked.

"Yuh maya heardda me: I'm 'Horseshoe' Smith. I'm runnin' a thousand headda broncos back by the river. If this here is section 19, then I'm six miles outta my way. Shouldda tuck the trail through 34. Reckon I tuck a little too much 'refreshments.' Say," he continued with a chuckle, "there's summa the old father-nesters from this here districtta yourn down town today interviewin' that Jackanapes they call a constable. They was all purty well ginned up when I hit them. Reckon yuh know about the hell uv a time they been havin'. No? Well, on 'counta the weather bein' so fine their stock has been grazin' way up in the sandhills. This was asuitin' them topnotch, for old Peters and Si Billings especially does hate to crack a haystack. But all uv a sudden their horses began to be missin'. One by one the critters go and it is always yearlin's an' two-year-olds, the bestta the bunch. Fer the last two weeks they been after the thief hammer an' tongs. Now they're blamin' some young feller as lives right in the district. They say he's been there four years an' not a soul knows a dingbusted thing about him; he never speaks to nobody—jist digs in with his mitts and seems ta be makin' money all the time. Now, they say, he's buildin' a new piece to his house and fixin' things up in general." Chester's heart was beating with great suffocating bounds, but he strove

mightily to maintain an air of composure beneath Horseshoe Smith's keen gaze.

The veteran rancher continued: "They think the young nester's in snooks with someone an' is gatherin' a buncha colts down by the Coffee-pot Springs ready ta drive acrost the lines. They made out a purty clear case agen the young feller, an' that little booze-artist av a constable he ups an' says very pompous-like, 'Well, me an' summa the boys'll jist ride out an' round up that young farmer first thing in the mornin'.'

"Now," concluded the self-invited guest, rising from the table and stroking his stomach, "if I was you—er—er—if I was that young chap," he corrected stammeringly, "I'd lose no time in makin' Uncle Sam's territory. Feelin' seems ta be mighty high agin him an' summa them young nesters might git a little previous with a rope. That popinjay of a constable'd be plum scart ta interfere. Well, so long," he said as he swung himself into the saddle. "Good luckta yuh, an' if yer ever near the Horseshoe Ranch don't go by with an empty belly."

It did not require the slip in Horseshoe Smith's speech to tell Chester Ferguson that he was the suspect, but it angered him to know that the rancher knew and also suspected him. He felt a mad impulse to spring upon his guest and throttle him, but suddenly he remembered that no quantity of "refreshments" could have sent Horseshoe Smith six miles out of his way in a country of which he knew every inch. It had been the way of ranchers before the advent of settlement to give a suspect a chance "to run for it." He leaned against the doorpost and without a word of thanks or farewell watched his friend depart. A feeling as of nausea almost overcame him. He staggered to the bed and threw himself down. Of course, he could clear himself in court. But would he ever reach court? The bare possibility was fearful to contemplate, but even its terrors were scarcely worse than the thought of his mother landing in a new country to find her son being tried for horse theft. He groaned aloud in an agony of distress.

Despite the turmoil of his mind, he must have slept. The lamp had burned low, and on the wan face of the little clock the hands had stopped at 2 a.m. The shack was cold. He rose stiffly and looked out of the window. A slight skiff of snow had fallen and the moon shone on it with a brilliant whiteness. Scarcely knowing why, he reached for his skeepskin coat and put it on. He went to the stable, and saddling his best horse, rode straight west toward the sandhills. His horse's feet made long, irregular troughs in the loose snow, but he never seemed to think of the circumstantial evidence he was piling up, nor of the fact that the constable's posse would be hard upon his trail in a few hours. Some way—it must have been while he slept—he had conceived the idea that he could find the missing horses. Though dim and indistinct, he had in his mind a picture of the place in which they were, and, foolish as it seemed to him at times, his eye was ever sweeping the moonlit vistas for some feature that would fit.

It was almost noon. The snow had disappeared and left scarce a trace of moisture. Chester still rode the winding stock paths —over sand drifts that looked like giant piles of threshed wheat and sifted for hours from the tread of a mouse; by alkali sloughs that bubbled ominously and gave off an odor like sulphuretted hydrogen; through miles of scrub and bitter sage; but not a head of stock did he find. The farmers had evidently driven in their herds to avoid further depredations. He rode aimlessly now, and his mind went back with cruel directness to depressing thoughts of his present plight.

Suddenly he came upon a small white tent. It was circular and it nestled close to the side of a great sandhill, its smoke-browned peak struggling up past a clump of chokecherry bushes. A little way in front stood a strongly-made two-wheeled cart and close by fed a small woolly-haired bronco, hobbled with a thong of rawhide. Chester at once recognized the outfit of Old Phil, the halfbreed, who hunted moose in the sandhills and peddled the meat about the settlements. Chester had bought meat from the old breed and on one occasion had given him a night's lodging. Maybe the hunter could give him some information. Anyway, he was hungry, and from the tent door the odor of frying moose-steak floated temptingly upon the fall air. He

tied his horse to a poplar sapling. The old moose hunter stuck his bronzed visage through the opening in the tent and grunted a grudging welcome. Without a word he motioned his visitor to a seat on an outspread blanket and handed him a tin plate with a large moose-steak and a piece of bannock.

For some time the two men ate in silence, the elder casting only an occasional glance upon the other as he assailed his steak with fingers and pocket-knife. Once or twice Chester thought he saw a sinister smile shimmer over the old breed's face, but always it passed under his glance and left the same countenance, stolid, expressionless, inexorable. He felt vaguely uncomfortable in the presence of this man of silence.

"You look for horse?" asked the hunter with sudden emphasis.

"Yes, Phil," answered Chester amiably, thinking he was about to receive some information, "have you seen any strays?"

"Umph!" grunted the other without answering. "Too much man look for horse. When I'm here dey eat my meat. When I'm away dey eat my meat and flour all sam'. Why don't you look some odder place? No horse here."

Ferguson felt the menace in the half-breed's tone and saw it in the snap of his black eyes, but he attached no special significance. He knew the young fellows from the settlement would not go hungry when there was any food to be found, and he appreciated Phil's vexation at having his larder thus assailed.

His meal finished, the half-breed ran slowly and looked searchingly about as though to see that nothing was amiss. One keen, scrutinous glance he bestowed upon his guest, who still squatted on the blanket in the centre of the teepee. He seemed satisfied with what he saw, for turning about he picked up a water-pail and left the tent.

Something in the breed's behavior and something else which might have been fancy or intuition made Chester suspicious. He was sure his host knew something of the horse thief. Maybe he was an accomplice of the mysterious man who was said to be guarding a bunch of colts in the vicinity of Coffee-pot Springs. He had gone to the well. Chester knew the position of the well, for he had passed it on his way in. He calculated that fifteen minutes would elapse before the hunter could return with the water. He began to search the tent for some clue. Scarcely had he taken three steps when crash! down he went into a pit the mouth of which had been carelessly covered with a horse blanket supported by willow brush.

Startled by the suddenness of the fall, Chester was about to scramble out of the mysterious hole and cover the traces of his hasty descent as best he could, when a peculiar odor arrested him. It was the smell of a coal-oil lantern burning low, mingled with that of freshly-killed meat. He had time to investigate. Phil could not return for some minutes.

He found himself in the mouth of a tunnel about twenty feet long by ten feet wide, dug beneath the sandhill. The roof was stayed with poles covered with brush and tarpaper and supported by props from the floor. A kerosine stable-lantern hung about half-way back on the middle beam and lighted the dugout with a sickly yellow glimmer. The floor was littered with straw, and on either side, hanging from racks rudely constructed of poplar poles, were several newly-dressed carcases of meat.

Chester could not repress a shiver as he peered into the dungeon meat-cellar, as hidden as the ways of its strange, silent designer, but he saw nothing to implicate the hunter in any foul play. Presently his eyes grew more accustomed to the inadequate light, and he noticed that the hoofs had been left on the carcases. He gasped in an ecstasy of surprise and swift comprehension. They were not the cloven feet of moose; they were the hoofs of horses.

Rejoicing in the discovery which would speedily remove from his shoulders the load of suspicion, and bent on carrying the news to the settlement as quickly as possible, the homesteader was turning about to make his escape, when he heard a slight rustle in the straw and saw the sinewy form of Old Phil, stooped low and creeping stealthily as a panther toward him. A bowie knife gleamed yellow in the hunter's right hand and the light of hell sputtered

in his black eyes. He could scarce have gone half-way to the well. Some subtle intuition seemed to have warned him that his secret was known and he hastened back to the tent to find his fears verified.

Chester Ferguson was no coward, but as he stared at the demoniac creature before him his heart leaped with painful throbs. He was trapped. The moose-hunter was between him and the hatchway. There was no hope of escape. It was a fight to the death. Neither man uttered a word. Swift as the respring of a bent bow, and unheralded as the attack of a stalking wild cat, the half-breed straightened and launched himself full at Ferguson's chest. Chester sprang backward, but too late. He felt the sharp sting of the weapon in his chest and again at his back, and he knew the thrust was deep. With the desperation of a doomed man he seized the other's knife-hand in a wrenching grasp. The weapon fell in the straw and the men clenched and went down together. A pile of rope halter-shanks, doubtless taken from the slaughtered colts, lay near, and with some of these the younger man, who was easily the stronger, bound his antagonist hand and foot.

But his strength was failing. He felt the warm blood trickle down his body and saw red stains at the knees of his overalls where it had oozed while he knelt by the horse thief. He was dizzy, and each breath stabbed him anew. What would become of his mother and sister? He made a desperate effort to reach the mouth of the pit and thrust his head expectant into the fresh air and bright light of noonday. But he saw only black, starless night. He reeled and clutched at the crumbling sand-wall.

Chester opened his eyes slowly. The lids were heavy and a sharp pain caught his breath. In his ears was the sound of voices. The posse had arrived. They had not seen him, for he had fallen into an alcove where the sandwall had caved behind the entrance to the pit. Several of the youths were searching about the dungeon. One had discovered a pile of hides and was laying them out one by one, excitedly naming the horse from which each had been stripped. The pompous little constable took no part in the search. He stood in the centre of the cellar, revolver in hand, the very incarnation of suspicious vigilance. A sudden startled exclamation burst from one of the boys and all fell back pell-mell. The staunch officer of the law gave a great start and his revolver barked three times at the sand-laden ceiling. Old Phil had worked himself to a dark corner and risen to his feet. There he stood, gnashing his teeth like a madman and glaring upon the intruders with eyes that seemed to burn red holes in his brown face.

"When you fellows have had as much to do with criminals as I have you'll know one when you see him. Can't you see the young fellow's been in snooks with the old devil and they've quarrelled over divijin' the profits? Here, some of you, help me to get this old red-skin on to a horse. Keep a fire in the tent. We'll be back with the doctor in about five hours. Guess he'll tough it through that long. Be about as well for him if he did cash in, for the judge will sure sit on them. I happen to know that Old Phil sold the judge a quarter of moose meat last month."

Chester heard dimly the loud voice of the garrulous constable, but he caught the full significance of the words. Would they never guess the truth? Was he to die under this ban of suspicion? He felt the frozen ground tremble as the constable with his prisoner and part of the posse galloped off. He heard subdued voices close about him, and, as though by a great effort, he raised his leaden eyelids. He was lying in the tent and it was night. A small fire of dry poplar crackled in the centre and about it sat several young men. Its red light, playing upon their weather-darkened visages, changed the stern, pitiless expression with which they regarded the prostrate man to one of almost savage cruelty. He tried to speak. His lips moved, but no sound came, and his heavy eyelids fell once more.

Something hard being forced between his teeth and the pungent heat of brandy aroused the wounded man. Again he heard the voice of the redoubtable constable. This time the words brought more relief than any medicine the doctor could give. In an animated and boastful tone the officer was now rehearsing the

confession which he had obtained from the half-breed on the way to town.

"Yes, gentlemen," he concluded, "we've bought about twenty of our own colts for moose meat since the moose season opened, and the old cuss had five more butchered ready for us." Then, forgetful or regardless of his former statements, he added: "The young chap had nothing to do with it. I knew all the time he hadn't. Anybody could tell that by the looks of him. He fell down that doggonned den by accident and the old devil tried to kill him, rather than let the cat out of the bag. How is he, Doc.?" he asked, without pausing to take breath. The doctor didn't answer immediately. He was administering another restorative. The boys gathered close around and waited anxiously for the doctor's verdict. Chester opened his eyes and saw the expectant faces all about. In his semi-consciousness he imagined they awaited something of him, and the thing which had so vexed his mind and soul again presented itself. "Boys," he began weakly, "I—I didn't mean to be selfish. I d—didn't know I was making such a mess of things. I was trying to get a home ready for my mother and little Sis, and—a—I—I guess I forget everything else. They'll be here next week. If—if I—I'm all in," he faltered, "you'll kind of help them a bit to get settled. And, boys," he whispered, "d—don't tell them you thought I was a—a horse thief."

The company pressed closer about the wounded man, some with big tears on their cheeks and all with eager apologies upon their lips. But the doctor raised a warning hand. "He's very weak, boys," he said slowly, "don't make him talk. He'll need careful nursing for a while, but he'll pull through all right."

There arose a mighty cheer which shook the mysterious little tent to its sandy foundation and startled the horses tied without until they reared and strained at their halters, but it was sweet music in Chester's ears and healing balm to his wound.

. . . . . .

It is some years since these events transpired. Old Phil is serving a term in Stonewall penitentiary, and the gallant little constable never tires of telling how *he* made the daring capture. Chester Ferguson, the man whom Lone Rock despised and accused of horse theft, is now their representative in the "Local House."

Paddy's Peak

A TRUE TALE OF POETIC JUSTICE

By A Kootenay Old-timer

PADDY'S PEAK is a great granite mountain at the head of Carpenter Creek, in the Slocan. It has been, from the earliest days of that rich region, a well-known landmark to the miners and prospectors of the Kootenay, and the story of its naming was a gleefully-hailed and oft-repeated jest throughout the roaring camps and beside the blazing camp-fires in the Homeric days of the Noble Five and the consequent Slocan rush.

Of a certainty it is not yet forgotten, and doubtless even now is retold from time to time to newcomers by survivors of the good old days still resident within the shadows of those mighty peaks and crests.

And right here I must make a reservation. It is a well-recognized and accepted fact that the epic deeds of all primitive heroes (not excluding heroines) have an irresistible tendency, when assuming the historic state, to crystallize within it in the Form Fabulous in degrees more or less pronounced.

I hand the yarn on to you, dear reader, as nearly as is possible to a faulty nature, in the form it came to me.

If, therefore, you have the misfortune to belong, by birth, to that suspicious race ever carping and hypercritical, dubious even of the gifts the gods in their generous moments provide for our relief—the tribe of that ilk who bite each coin to test its genuineness, and examine before a strong light, to ascertain if perchance it may not be a forgery, each bank bill that is tipped to them free gratis before returning thanks to the donor—and all the while with a leering, you-can't-play-*me*-for-a-sucker air, then, my dear reader, I would most particularly have you note the above parenthesis—that it is a reservation.

For well I know that some there must be amongst so many who will vainly demand (but I hope not in writing of the editor!) how I, even though personally acquainted with both the hero and the heroine of this true yarn, could possibly have had such intimate knowledge of them, of their thoughts, of the inside and outside of letters it is a thousand to one I never saw, and the numerous trifling licenses so freely granted to the airy fancy —fabricators known as authors, but by no means to be permitted at the disposal of autobiographers, reminiscence writers and persons of such duller fibre. All answer that I have to give to such I may as well make right here and now.

Reminiscences, my dear sir, are but appearances of past events reflected once more upon the mind by the aid of memory and imagination; and since it is well established that appearances are often deceitful, why, it follows, of course, that reminiscences may be so, too, at times. If, on the other hand, you are of that free and joyous, devil-may-care breed who cash a friend's I O U without looking to see if it is signed, and his cheque without bothering to know if there be any bank balance in existence to warrant its issuance and acceptance—why, then, beloved of the gods of mirth, you will cash this slight draft in their favor at sight with the jingling gold of a careless laugh, and possibly, for good measure to the company fortunate enough to possess you at the moment, the tinkling small change of an original reminiscence of your own.

And now, having expended sufficient effort in an endeavor to excite your curiosity and ardor for the yarn, and not, I trust (alas for verbosity!) having overdone it so that it may after all appear as an anti-climax, I will get busy with my story.

In the earliest days of the Kootenay

country, ere yet the primal fastnesses of lake and mountains had thrilled and reverberated to the multifarious disturbances of discord-breeding man in music louder than the rolling echoes of a steamboat's whistle or an occasional rifle's crack, or deep-tongued, baying responses to the growling, grumbling bowel-thunders of a few—a very few—workings in their midst, scarce worthy of the name of mines, an event of great human interest to the entire population of that rugged wilderness occurred.

This was the victorious and triumphal entry thereinto of Miss Bridget McCue, no less. Now, Bridget was the first unmarried lady without disadvantages to arrive in Kootenay all by her lonesome, and few indeed, either married or otherwise, had had the temerity to precede her and be there to give her welcome.

Of males, however, there was a fairly promiscuous sprinkling; but for such trifles as mere men, eligible bachelors though some of them might be in their own esteem, Bridget had a shrewd and haughty disdain. Naturally, this was not reciprocated by forlorn and mateless men, who also had a vast admiration for her pluck in thus daring the wilderness alone, so that, willy-nilly, she became a centre of great attraction and a highly popular favorite in short order.

Bridget had come to Kootenay for the purpose of rendering valuable assistance in household matters to a lady resident, the wife of a well-known and highly respected merchant of the Ainsworth Camp.

Having heard of the job whilst in the States, to which country she had first given attention on her departure from the Ould Sod, as was only natural and right, she had quietly grabbed her Hibernian courage, metaphorically, by the hind leg and dragged it after her (just like a dear Ould Counthry pig to market) straightway into the unknown and almost unheard-of wilderness. You see, she didn't need it with her in both hands, as some young ladies would, for such a little trifle as that, but seeing that it might come in handy at any time, she just took it along with her, anyway.

But, between you and me, I think she would have found it impossible to part with or get rid of at all, at all; for Bridget was a true pioneer, and true pioneers, male or female, are all *born*, and never—no matter what the emigration societies and immigration advertisements may tell you—never, never, *never made!*

They just happen so at birth; and if they do not happen so then, you may take the word of an old-timer for it, they do not ever happen so afterwards.

Well, after the stir made by the arrival of the first thoroughly eligible spinster had died down a bit, things went on in the even and slightly monotonous tenor of their way for some little time.

Then, one memorable day in the summer of '92, the mountains thrilled and the lake shivered and ruffled itself, and the little streams shrilled tremulously and gossiped madly to each other in suppressed and sybilant undertones, and the whole human community abruptly stiffened to attention, sat itself up, and took special notice.

For Rumor was in the air—the rumor of a vast strike!—a whole mountain of galena silver-bearing in values hitherto undreamed!—away back in the heart of the eternal snows, where prying foot of desecrating man had never trod before! And *then* the Noble Five, Hennessys, McGuigans and all, came down to record their claims—and the day of the Kootenay had come.

From east and west, from north and south, especially from the "Bull Pen" of the neighboring Cœur d'Alenes, they came—and the rush was on. Every day came the news of new and record-breaking strikes—sometimes of several. Since time began well had that serenely forbidding barrier of snow-capped peaks and snow-clad walls guarded the secret of its hidden wealth.

But now the reckless foot of dauntless man has scaled their heights, conquered their crests; his prying eyes have searched and seen; soiled and trampled lie their spotless robes; their treasures are known—raped and ravished are these virgins of the world.

Boiled down, all of which is to say that on every hand immense ledges of high-grade galena ore, running often into hundreds of, and scarcely ever less than one hundred, ounces of silver to the ton (and silver was then at 75c) were daily being discovered and staked; and the hills were fairly humming with a horde of eag-

men, chasing over them like ants out of a disturbed nest, all too crazily excited to prospect the ground beneath their feet if even the rumor of a man had passed over it before them, and only desirous of reaching limits beyond all others, where they might momentarily draw breath, and hurriedly search before others appeared for that unheard-of find which each one felt sure in his bones was awaiting him as his special reward upon some yet untrodden crest.

Just previous to this time there had landed at the old Castle Gardens, from the emigrant end of a huge liner, a simple Irish peasant lad, straight from the Ould Sod, and as green to the ways and wiles of this new western world as the emerald hue of that blessed sod itself.

Patrick McCue was his name, and he had "a sisther, Bridget, the saints preserve her, somewhere, annywhere, but divil take him it *he* knew where!" away off in the wild places of this vast and strange new land, while here was he fetched up in a place called Utica, N.Y. That he ever wrote to inform her of his arrival is unlikely, but Bridget had evidently had warning, through the priest at home, likely, of when he should be due. Anyway, time being pressing and the good things apparently being snapped up at an alarming rate, she did not waste time in enquiries.

With true pioneer decision, which is scarcely to be distinguished from action, so closely does the one follow the other, she sat down and wrote him her orders, and the following letter left Ainsworth by the next steamer, addressed:

Mr. Patrick McCue,
C|o Rev. Father O'Flynn
(Or Anny Other Father),
New York, U. S. A.

This missive, though some might think its address rather vague, apparently found no difficulty in reaching its object in good time.

Paddy, not being as good a scholar as Bridget appeared to be, requested the father to be good enough to read it to him, which he promptly did. It ran thus (more or less):

Deer Paddy.—I hope you are quite well as this leves me this is a grate counthry where they are striking mines all over anny fule can get rich here so you had betther come at once.

Your affect. sisther,
Bridget.

I will not answer for it that this was the letter word for word, but the address and the advice at the wind-up, together with the cogent reason thereof, I had, on the solemn assurance of one who should have known, and whose word I would not doubt. It is just possible that Bridget, being busy, may have employed an amanuensis.

Much more to the point, though, the letter enclosed a postal order for sufficient to well cover Paddy's expenses.

So Paddy came.

After the family greetings were over Bridget lost no time, but at once got busy on the main issue. It appeared that she already had her plans matured. A certain party of three men, experienced prospectors, were about to start for the bonanza district, and to them, being friendly acquaintances of her own, the newly-arrived tenderfoot was introduced.

"It's nothin' ye know of the bizness at all, at all," contemptuously remarked the commander-in-chief, "so yez may as well go along wid these min an' larn it as quick as ye can."

"I w-w-will that!" stuttered the Rank-and-File eagerly, for he was afflicted at times with a pronounced impediment of speech. "Mesilf will fit yez out an' put up the grub-stake, as they call ut," declared the Executive, "thin you and me'll be pardners, an' the half of whativer yez get'll me mine!"

No objections on this score being raised, for glittering lures of sudden wealth beyond dreams were already obsessing Paddy's inward vision, that matter, as far as the parties of the first part were concerned, was settled.

The Commander-in-Chief and Executive having thus easily accomplished their ends, an Ambassador now approached the parties of the second part with a view to promptly opening negotiations.

There proved to be no insuperable barriers to the same, though our heroine can

hardly be said to have acquitted herself as triumphantly in this last as in her two former roles.

This, however, was entirely due to natural feminine limitations, such as ignorance of the etiquette and custom obtaining amongst males in matters so entirely within their own province.

To this the assistance of the newly-imported secretariat, ignorant not only of the ways of the wilderness but of the customs of the whole continent, was, of course, of no value. The final compact that resulted was, therefore, that Paddy should be graciously permitted to accompany the three—Tom, Dick and Harry, we will call them—in the humble capacity of cook and general roustabout, at his own expense. In return for these menial services the expert three undertook to initiate him, as occasion served, in the practice of the mysterious art of distinguishing lumps of shining metal from their dull environment of country rock, which was about the sum total of expert knowledge needed by a Slocan prospector of those days.

Beyond this the tenderfoot was to be granted no privileges whatsoever, nor right, nor title, to share, portion or interest in any of the vast discoveries which it was a cinch the ripe experience of the three would secure for them on the trip. Now, since the tenderfoot was putting up his own expenses and rendering service for information imparted, this was not quite according to the rules of the game as played throughout the continent then and to this day. But herein lay the failure and crowning achievement of the Diplomat, to whom as General and Executive the faintest suspicion of the former had been unknown.

This may sound paradoxical, but contradictions are the salt of life, and a story without a paradox is a pudding without spice. If it were otherwise, O hypercritic! how could it always be the unexpected that happens? Answer me *that,* will you! Everything having finally been arranged thus to the satisfaction of all concerned, the explorers promptly fared forth into the vasty sea of mountains spread before them. It does not concern us to follow them too closely in the initial stages of their wanderings. Suffice it to say that after a period of the usual meed of toils, tribulations, excitements, disappointments, close calls and other common factors in the prospector's life, they landed one afternoon, after much hard and sweaty climbing, upon the broad shoulder of a mighty granite mountain, at the very head of what is now known as Carpenter Creek.

Finding themselves here beyond vision of even the scouting line of the general army behind, and nothing leading them to suspect the presence of a single human being between themselves and the lonely shores of the Pacific Ocean hundreds of miles ahead; the shining slopes of the bare mountain, also, looking hard and barren enough in all conscience to contain no possibilities of commercial worth, save in minerals alone, they unanimously concluded that the country looked good to them, and decided to pitch a more permanent camp than hitherto, with a view to prospecting the neighborhood as thoroughly as the scurrying crowd of intruders in their rear would permit.

There was only one thing the prospectors of those days feared. With hatred and unspeakable dislike they avoided the proximity of another of their kind, not a partner within even telescope range, if possible.

That evening, when camp was pitched, at which all lent a hand, Paddy the tenderfoot made the fire, cooked the evening meal, and humbly and conscientiously washed the dishes in readiness for an early breakfast.

By dawn next day the camp was astir and Paddy, as in duty bound, waited on the comfort and needs of his experienced tutors. When they were through and free, for once, of packs, had assumed their picks ready for business, they turned towards the tenderfoot, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, Paddy," remarked Tom, "we're going prospecting, and will be out for the day, so when you're through with your dishes and things you can take it easy an' please yourself."

"Shure, that's all right!" said Paddy, gazing rather wistfully at the backs of his departing tutors, "and at what toime will I have yer suppers ready for yez?" he called after them in louder tones.

"Oh, by half-past 5 or 6 o'clock," came back the answering word from Dick as he disappeared behind a projecting promontory of rock—

"And oh, Paddy!" came a ringing hail

from Tom, "don't wander off out of sight and lose yourself while we're gone! We'll be ready for a rest and a square meal when we get in, and looking for you half the night in the hills won't help us any!" And he, too, vanished.

"Right y'are!" yelled Paddy shortly, adding to himself, however, "To the divil wid yez all! Is it *this* is the way ye wud tache me prospectin', entirely? Oh, wirra! and how'll I find mesilf a claim at all, at all, and be gettin' Bridget, the sowl, her money back?"

Paddy's spirits were a bit damped by this exhibition of indifference on the part of his agreed instructors, but he was not of the breed to give way to discouragement; and no sooner had he washed up and done a few other trivial chores, than he seized his pick, and muttering "Bedad, then, it's a bit of prospectin' of me own I'll do, and show thim!" he started forth in the direction he happened to be facing at the moment, and at once began a search for the bonanza of his dreams.

This way and that he wandered for some hours, with little more purpose to guide his footsteps than was apparent in the zephyrs and light summer breezes that fanned him now on the one cheek and then on the other, and impartially stirred the curls on his brow, or rumpled his back hair, which by this time was of unorthodox length. He took care, however, not to lose sight of the camp. Also, many a barren and useless rock he broke within that time, but not a glimmer of even fool's gold did he get out of them—when suddenly, what was this?—this silvery stuff snaking in and out amongst the rocks and winking at him from crevices between?

Paddy's heart gave a great bound, and involuntarily he cast a quick glance around to see if he was alone—that no stranger with prying eyes had noted his discovery.

Casually, then, though his head was in a whirl, he stooped to examine it at closer range, and to break off with his pick, in a dignified and leisurely manner, a few samples of the glittering stuff.

Rising up in the same way, he produced a large clasp knife and commenced a critical inspection of them.

Now, when in Ainsworth Paddy had, of course, seen many specimens of galena, for what mining camp is not always stuffed in all sorts of odd corners, of shelves, and windows and such like with samples of its staple products? Therefore he was not long in reaching a conclusion.

"'Tis the pure quill," said he, judicially—you will note that he had already acquired a certain vocabulary of those correct technical and scientific terms which seem to come to every true prospector by second nature—"'tis the pure quill, shure enough! Bedad, and it's roight here, I'm thinking, I may as well be stakin' meself a claim. 'Twill do foine for me and Bridget! 'Tis the Utica, I'll call ut."

Forthwith, thereupon, he commenced preparations for erecting the posts required of him by law. By this time the afternoon was advanced, and whilst busily engaged in the erection of his No. 2 post, he was interrupted by a sudden hail and a chorus of gleeful laughter.

"Paddy! Oh, *Paddy!*" shrieked Harry, between explosions of uncontrollable mirth, "what in hell are you doing there? Come on, boys!"—turning round to his advancing partners—"here's Paddy staking a gold mine! He's struck the bonanza king of all the earth, while we've been wasting our precious lives looking for bum galena and silver! *Whoopee!*"—and with a laughing shout the three descended on him—to their Waterloo.

Paddy stuttered badly, as you know, and besides, he had a shrewd, cool head upon his shoulders. He glanced at the hilariously advancing creed, but said nothing—just went on giving the finishing touches to his No. 2. Immediately he became the centre of a babel of jests and witticisms of the brand invariably handed out by such old-timers to the tenderfoot.

"Where is it, Paddy?" "Have you staked the Peak?" (Here fable has it that the Peak, already attired for its christening in robes of purest white, *winked* to its fellow demi-gods across the miles.) "Is it a snow claim to make ice-cream from?" "What are you going to call it, Paddy?" "Why, Paddy's Peak, to be sure!" "No, it's a granite quarry Paddy wants. He's going to build himself a business block!" etc., etc., etc., *ad infinitum.*

In the midst of the uproar stood Paddy, a shrewd smile in his Irish eyes and unholy joy, not unmixed with a goodly spice of Irish devilment, in his heart.

At length the babel subsided somewhat, and in response to many-times repeated requests, Paddy at length slowly produced a glittering sample of his find.

Then silence fell.

Surprise, incredulity, covetousness, envy of another in the moment of his luck, besides genuine manly congratulation and rejoicing, and a thousand and one other conflicting emotions, held them speechless for a while.

Then in eager, subdued and almost awed tones, they broke out on him once more: "By all that's holy, it's galena, sure enough!" "Ay, and high-grade at that!" "But, where did you find it, Paddy, lad? —show us the lead!"

Thickly the questions and exclamations of wonder—some at greenhorn's luck—showered and fell as Paddy led the now admiring three to his discovery post.

They could doubt no longer. Indubitably it was a great showing, a wonderful strike, and ore of the finest grade. Hearty enough, to all appearance, now were the congratulations. It was the apotheosis of the tenderfoot.

"But, Paddy," at length came in wheedling tones from Tom, "where do *we* come in? What are you going to do about us, *your partners?* Aren't you going to give us an interest?"

"Yes!" eagerly panted Dick and Harry, "are you going to let us in with you?"

Soulfully they gazed into the eyes of the yearned-for benefactor, scarce daring to hope. Breathless they hung upon the halting words of his reply.

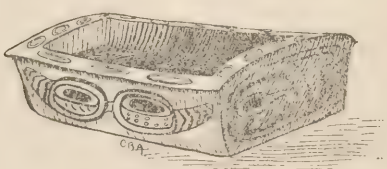
Slowly and painfully at first, but with little intermittent torrents in their midst, for his heart was very full, came Paddy's words of doom: "N-n-n-n-n-No! N-not-this-time! I-I'll g-g-go-out-tomorrow an' st-stake you fellows some more!"

. . . . . .

That evening three meek and humble-minded old-timers, each feeling like mere dimes in a paltry total of thirty cents, cooked, washed up the dishes, rustled wood, and generally, to the best of their admittedly poor abilities, endeavored to anticipate every likely wish and whim of a complacently condescending tenderfoot—millionaire mine-owner, and latest, and therefore greatest, addition to the already long roll of honor of (*perhaps*) Kootenay plutocrats.

Wherefore I did previously state without reserve that our heroine's only failure was her great achievement, thus, dear reader, did the mighty Peak of Paddy get its name. And if all or any one of you should feel inclined to doubt the veracity of this true yarn, I can but call to my aid the great Macaulay and borrow from him for my defence the argument wherewith he so ably defended himself when in a somewhat similar predicament with his hero, Horatio Cockles; to wit, that—

"There it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie!"



P. C. Knox, American Secretary of State

By Wm. Leavitt Stoddard

THE HON. P. C. KNOX, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is Secretary of State at Washington, D. C. Through his hands there passes all the business which the United States transacts with foreign governments. He is the one internationally important Cabinet officer. On him depends the prosperity or the failure of many of the dealings which the nations of the world have with the great republic to the south of Canada. It therefore becomes important to learn something about this man who, of all of Mr. Taft's official family, has thus far successfully kept out of the limelight.

Philander Chase Knox was born on the 6th of May in 1853, at Brownsville, Pa., the son of a banker, who named the child after Chase, the missionary bishop. Philander went to Mt. Union College at Alliance, O. At the age of 19 he left that institution and for a short time worked as a printer. But this apprenticeship did not endure and the law called him inexorably to her own. So did Pittsburg, and in that city, built on iron and steel, young Knox read law in the offices of H. B. Swope, until in 1875 he was admitted to the bar. Law was his trade. He worked hard and astutely, choosing his clients with unerring precision for big fees. In 1876 he was appointed United States district attorney for the western district of Pennsylvania. In 1897 he was president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, and McKinley picked him for Attorney-General in 1901. When Quay died Knox was given the defunct boss's senatorial seat at Washington. This he resigned to take the right-hand chair at Taft's Cabinet table.

Beyond this brief record of his public life, what else we know concerning Philander Chase Knox is little. He made no impress on his world-at-large. He was not a politician in the sense that he sought the votes of the people. He was a professional corporation lawyer to whom the holding of office came as an incident in his work. If it came he took it; he did not refuse. But for twenty years he practised law unremittingly. His field of operations centred at Pittsburg, probably no richer ground being available, for it was then the early juicy days of Carnegie, before the ironmaster found it advisable to feed an unwilling public with libraries, and before the supervising eye of disinterested justice and humanity began, however carelessly and politely, to scrutinize the way the profits were being made. Here, then, Knox went into the attorney game, and through H. C. Frick, became chief counsellor to the steel interests, a position which he kept for years. Other cases came his way, of course, but it was always the big cases with the big fees. Today temporarily in retirement, the active participation of Knox in the directorship of the Union Trust Company of Pittsburg, capital and surplus $29,000,000, attests the Secretary's astute success.

Ever since 1896 Philander Chase Knox has been in the pay of "us, the people," in three several capacities. As Attorney-General his best-known work was the conduct of the Northern Securities case, which, under the decision of the Supreme Court, he won for the Government, and which was the forerunner of that series of victories for the great commons to which the Standard Oil decree of the other day belongs. As United States senator, Knox, to use the words of a biographer, "did not join in the running fire of debate." His principal service in that body seems to have been his recommendation to the Judiciary Committee on a rebate law. Other than this task he shirked with Penrose the

pleasure of representing Pennsylvania satisfactorily to the powers inhabiting the expensive Harrisburg State House. An observer who dropped into the Senate gallery one sleepy, indolent day before Insurgents happened, thus describes the Keystone man in action:

"Presently the bored Mr. Knox gets up and wanders wearily about the place. You see that he is a little man, 5 feet 4 inches or thereabouts, with a large ovoid head, a head that seems to begin in a point below and end in a point above, a strange head but still powerful. On this strange head the features seem painted like a mask, a chill, immovable, impenetrable mask. Clean shaven, with thin, dark hair, a sloping but high forehead, thin lips, a mouth hard as an anvil—somehow he looks like a frozen-up preacher in a northern New England village; you think that even his face is frozen into one changeless expression of safe, sane and eminently respectable austerity. . . . . He cares nothing about the Senate, because it is none of his affair, and, perfectly well informed about such things, he knows it is one of the grandest old farces known to man; but if he ever encounters a subject in which he is really interested, capitalization, restrictive legislation, incorporation, franchise, taxation, convertible stock issues, railroad valuation—the curtain-like lids of his eyes lift and you may perchance look into the very remarkable grey eyes of the ablest corporation lawyer in the United States, and get a glimpse of the unusually alert and powerful mind that works within. . . . Otherwise he knows that his constituents, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Steel Corporation, did not require him to make an ass of himself. So he just sits there and looks bored."

Today at this hour, when the most powerful presidential candidates now visible in the field are Wilson and La Follette, it seems scarcely credible that Philander Chase Knox was ever seriously considered for the highest office in the land. Yet it is so. During that short and uncertain period when the Republican managers could not quite make up their minds for Taft, the little Attorney-General was actually set up for inspection. The usual magazine articles were written and press agent stuff circulated to show that he was the "logical" successor to the strenuous and undesirable Theodore; that, in spite of appearances, which were admittedly against the man from Pittsburg, he was nevertheless at heart a very swashbuckling roustabout of a fellow when it came to the then popular, only method of vote-getting, namely, attacking a trust; that his home life was simply ideal, his horses fine, and his golf the best that was played in his handicap class at Chevy Chase. Neither Knox nor these qualities attributed to Knox took, but it does not require a particularly vivid imagination to conceive what was going on in the minds of the powers when they proposed Quay's successor for the White House. Enough of dead history, however. The play failed. Taft was nominated and elected; Knox became his Secretary of State. Fully to understand the aptness of this appointment we must first consider for a moment what this amounted to, and what possibilities it held.

The State Department officially and diplomatically began its existence in 1789 as an office of Foreign Affairs. For the first century of its life its growth merely kept pace with the expansion of the country. Aside from a few odd jobs, such as looking after patents, taking the census, and some legal work, all of which has been transferred to other bureaus today, the Secretary of State had in the main "performed such duties as shall from time to time be enjoined or intrusted to him by the President relative to correspondence, commissions, or instructions to or with public ministers or consuls from the United States, or to negotiations with public ministers from foreign States or princes, or to memorials or other applications from foreign ministers or other foreigners, or to such other matters respecting foreign affairs as the President of the United States shall assign to the department."

Working along the lines thus clearly laid down for it, the State Department continued on down till the advent of Knox. Then, for the first time in American history, the existence of a commercial policy was officially recognized, and the entire institution was overhauled and reorganized to start in to do business on an international scale. Dollar diplomacy had felt the necessity for an adequate office; under

the direction of Knox the foundations for a new era were laid.

The growth of the activities which the State department had gradually been taking unto itself had been roughly commensurate with the growth of the foreign trade of the United States, which in the years from 1896 to 1909 had increased 78 per cent., or from $1,662,331,612, to the sum of $2,950,275,817. In other words, America had ceased to buy and sell at home and to home folks alone, and the commercial expansion of the country could no longer be confined to the bursting boundaries of the nation. The one spectacular event which advertised this truth to the world at large was the war with Spain. Suddenly we were recognized as a great and responsible international Power, now at last out in the open field of competition. Fresh problems arose; business interests must be urged to seek foreign markets, must be assisted to sell their goods abroad. To handle the many and utterly diverse problems which thus forced themselves upon the Government, the only available instrument was the State department. To be sure, it was not all that could be desired, but it could be perfected. It was Knox's task to instal and set going the machinery needed to cope with the situation.

Accordingly at the first regular session of Congress under the Taft administration Knox asked Congress for $100,000 for "defraying the expenses incurred in connection with foreign trade relations under tariff legislation and otherwise, and in the negotiations and preparation of treaties, arrangements and agreements for the advancement of commercial and other interests of the United States, and for the maintenance of a division of Far Eastern affairs, including the payment of the necessary employees." In less diplomatic language than that used to express thought at the State department, the Secretary wanted money and sanction to make the mare go. Congress as well as Knox happened to be Republican—a thing, it is worth noting, that is no longer true today—and so Knox got what he asked for. A tentative reorganization was effected, found satisfactory, and on this basis the department began to train itself in earnest for the purpose of stirring up business for American manufacturers abroad.

Today this commercial machine, which has come to be the envy of the Kaiser and his drummer-statesmen, is in full working order, planned out along the newest lines of business efficiency. The boss of the mechanism is Knox, whom we have described above. Next to him comes Huntington Wilson, the diplomatic Assistant Secretary of State, who acts as Secretary in the absence of his chief, and who would like to be called Under Secretary after the English fashion. A Second and Third Assistant Secretary of State, a director of the Consular Service, a chief clerk, a counsellor and a solicitor complete the list of the most prominent officials of this corporation. Under these gentlemen, and captained each by a chief, come the various bureaus and divisions of the department. They are as follows: The Bureau of Rolls and Library, the Bureau of Accounts, the Consular Bureau, the Bureau of Appointments, of Indices and Archives, the Diplomatic Bureau and the Bureau of Information, and the Bureau of Citizenship. Besides these, whose functions are at least indicated by their labels, there are those that interest us most in this particular study, namely, the Bureau of Trade Relations, supposed to collect tariff information and facts about foreign trade, published in the form of daily consular reports for the benefit of the American manufacturer, and also four divisions, which include the entire world in a kind of politico-diplomatico-commercial embrace. They are: The Division of Latin-American Affairs, the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, the Division of Near Eastern Affairs and the Division of Western European Affairs. These last-mentioned offices, together with the director of the Consular Service, handle perhaps most directly the business represented by the policy of dollar diplomacy.

In the not remote past, when much patriotism and not a little criticism was rife about the "open door," the Hukuang Railway negotiations, the reason why Mr. Crane, of Chicago, though acceptable to Taft, was not acceptable to Knox, and the Chinese loan for the benefit of certain American capitalists, the Division of Far Eastern Affairs burned their lights late of evenings. Today, with the impending and

not altogether academic study of Honduras and Santo Domingo affairs which a curious Congress is making, our thoughts are focused more on the Division of Latin-American affairs. And as its work is typical of the other similarly named bureaus, there is thus a double reason for considering it.

This division, we are told—can we not perchance recall the ever-delicious language in which dollar diplomacy clothes its most innocent thoughts?—"is charged with the duty of itself carrying on, or of giving directions to the appropriate other bureaus or divisions to carry on, the diplomatic, consular and miscellaneous correspondence on matters other than those of an administrative character in relation to Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies." That is to say, in newspaper style, it covers the region of explosive republics. Into this office, therefore, there pours a steady stream of Latin-American letters and telegrams having to do with the affairs of Latin-American and Yankee business men, financiers of all nations and races, and the dramatis personæ of mushroom revolutions. During the Mexican trouble questions affecting the enforcement of neutrality laws occupied the officials. Typical tasks performed here are such negotiations as the release of an American citizen caught being bad on foreign soil, boundary disputes, railway concessions, securing participation for American capitalists in the financial readjustment of a State, writing an extradition treaty, settling public and private claims against various Governments, and the protection of American interests during the overturn of an old order reluctantly and with many reactionary groans, giving place to new. In short, here is the hothouse of that fragile and delicate plant, the Monroe doctrine, here is it fostered and watered, here is it preserved, interpreted and from time to time exhibited to doubting Thomases.

That this magnificent set of business offices has been the work of forces greater than Philander Chase Knox nobody can deny. They were not Knox's creation any more than the Civil War was Lincoln's. The two "came simultaneous." But as it so happens that dollar diplomacy has at once its frankest and its ablest exponent in the Pittsburg millionaire, the people of the United States, who have not yet been consulted in the matter, are beginning to wake up to what is going on and are wondering if they want it to continue. The strongest argument in sight favoring dollar diplomacy is the same which has so long kept the tariff alive, namely, the cry that national prosperity is due to commercial expansion. If the Constitution in all its perfection is to be maintained, if its good health and soundness of wind and limb are to be kept healthy, it must take walks abroad, following the flag, and bring back home its golden profits. Looked at in a large way, international competition is inevitable; and this being the case, it was only a question of time before the United States would fall in and join the fun. But with the growing concentration of wealth in this country, and with the undiminishing abuses of the power which the money has brought its possessors, we, the people—the ordinary plain citizens, that is—have become a little more critical of affairs of which formerly we took no cognizance. As cash has been centralized in the hands of interests closely affiliated, if not identical, with many officials of the United States Government itself, there is natural alarm lest business and politics should become so firmly and lawfully married as never to be capable of divorce. The people are suspicious of this dollar diplomacy; they hail from Missouri; they want to know.

The case of the withdrawal of Crane is one instance of a good man refusing to do work which he did not conceive to be the work of a minister to a great nation. Possibly the resignation of Dr. Hill, Minister to Germany, is of the same color. No one knows. But at any rate, the instance of Dr. Hollander is one decidedly in point.

Dr. Hollander is an economist, a Ph.D. of Johns Hopkins, and a teacher there today. He was appointed by McKinley to the treasurership of Porto Rico, where he organized the finances of that island, installing a new system which bears his name. In 1906 his fitness for work of a similar nature was recognized by the State Department, when they sent him as confidential agent to investigate the public debt of Santo Domingo. Foreign creditors were pressing upon the "black republic," and the Monroe doctrine was frequently mentioned when the reporters went for their

daily scraps of news to Knox's Assistant Secretary. Hollander performed his task, and Uncle Sam stepped in, as a recent habit of his requires. For his work the doctor was paid by this country about $40,000. For other services, not those of a confidential agent of the United States, Santo Domingo gave him $100,000. Elihu Root began an inquiry into this double fee, but the matter was dropped when Knox came into office. Lately it has been revived with some gusto. Again the people want to know.

Another dollar diplomacy deal, the details of which were demanded by La Follette a month or so ago, was the Argentine shipbuilding matter. The facts are that the State Department had aided an American firm in securing a $22,000,000 contract for the construction of two battleships for the Argentine navy, as well as contracts amounting to about $1,000,000 for guns for Argentine torpedo boats building in Europe. La Follette wanted to lay his hands on copies of written communications and reports upon verbal communications, which had been either issued or received by the State Department, "pertaining to the construction and armament in this country of two battleships for the Argentine republic." Information more detailed was required from the Secretary of the Navy.

As it passed the Senate, the resolution read, "if not compatible with the public interest." Mr. La Follette's first draft had not included that admirable phrase. Mr. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, suggested that the omission was unprecedented, and moved to amend the resolution to the usual form. Thereupon Mr. La Follette said: "If the department officials of either of the departments referred to have disclosed to any foreign Government or the agents of any foreign Government any confidential documents or any documents treated or marked as confidential in the Department of the Navy, they have manifestly shown such a want of consideration of the public interest that it should not be left to them to judge whether this resolution calls for information which is incompatible with the public interest." Mr. La Follette put it strongly. He lost. The convenient phrase was inserted.

Five weeks passed. At the end of that period the Senate received seventeen printed pages in answer to its order. Four of these pages were from the Department of State. Knox had deemed it incompatible with the public interest to transmit any copies of any correspondence, and though he admitted that the department had been in communication with "all American shipbuilders who were known to be interested in these contracts," yet none of it was given. Not even the names of the firms approached were listed. Much stress, however, was laid upon the fact that the prestige of American industry had been greatly benefited. In explanation of the failure to obey the spirit of the resolution Mr. Knox said, in the usual vocabulary of the department: "The commercial, industrial and even political importance of such an international transaction is so great that the undersigned has thought it his duty to scrutinize with special care the question as to how far it is compatible with the national interests to make public the very extended correspondence involved, much of which possesses an inherent quality of reserve." . . . "To publish ancillary correspondence with American manufacturers would be scarcely fair, serving merely, as to matters of their foreign business, to compel them to disclose details which might in some respects tend to paralyze their future efforts. . . ."

A consummation devoutly to be wished in some quarters. But Mr. Meyer was not quite so strict in replying for the Navy Department, and a few business letters swelled the pages of his answer. It was perfectly apparent that confidential naval information had been sold to a foreign Power. Perhaps the fact that the foreign Power was also an American nation softens the harsh effect of such a disclosure. At any rate, the people today know little more of the essential motives and details of the transaction than they did before Mr. La Follette tried to get information for them.

Ever since 1903 the State Department has harbored a curious institution known as the Bureau of Trade Relations. It appears that all the consular officers of the United States stationed abroad are required "to gather useful information and statistics" and to send in the same to the central office at Washington. Thus the entire world is being combed for helpful suggestions for American manufacturers. This bureau,

which Knox regards as one of the most important of his organs, has grown tremendously since the formal inauguration of dollar diplomacy. In the last six years its cost has increased more than five-fold. The force of the bureau includes two "commercial advisers," both men who have travelled extensively abroad, "in the investigation of commercial conditions and practices throughout the world, and by reason of their own knowledge of practical business affairs in this country are well qualified to give advice in respect to the multitude of commercial questions, conditions and difficulties that are constantly coming before the department for consideration." A technical department of over 12,000 books and pamphlets relating to commerce, navigation, industries and tariffs throughout the world illustrates the scope and completeness of the equipment. The information thus streaming into this office is carefully scrutinized and edited before publication in the form of Daily Consular Trade Reports, which are then distributed to whoever wants them.

The Bureau of Trade Relations is a gigantic web extending over the whole world, and drawing to itself information without which dollar diplomacy might be groping in the dark. Each American consul is therefore practically agent-in-charge of the surrounding territory, and at the home office an "efficiency record" is kept of the work of these officials on the basis of their ability as shown in their reports. Undoubtedly many significant and important facts are ascertained in this fashion, but at this point we meet again with our old friend, the phrase, "if not incompatible with the public interest," for Knox "duly edits" out of these reports such matter as he conceives to fall under this head. Several interesting stories are current in Washington concerning the effects of this evisceration. One of them comes from a man whose study of government ownership and regulation of railroads is recognized as a real contribution to the scientific literature of the subject. It seems that the author, when gathering material in Europe for his book, learned that an American consul had reported at considerable length to the State Department on the status of the national railroads in the country in which he was stationed. His original report contained some exceedingly favorable statistics. But when it arrived in Washington at the aforementioned Bureau of Trade Relations, the blue pencil there, realizing perhaps the incongruity of a Republican Administration issuing facts and figures which would bolster up a Democratic argument, killed the dangerous parts of the document. It was not published in the form in which the consul wrote it. The censorship was strict indeed.

The Bureau of Trade Relations also collects data relative to foreign tariffs affecting American commerce and the domestic policy of the United States. These data, too, are edited, and the gentlemen of the predominant party in the Lower House, seizing upon this item, have begun to wonder to what extent the policy of protection is involved with the policy of dollar diplomacy; or, in other and blunter words, if, on the principle that a man sees chiefly what he is looking for, Mr. Knox's assistants have not been favoring high tariff arguments. It must have been in this bureau that the statistical work of the reciprocity agreement with Canada was carried on. The field for the free trade muckraker is indeed rich.

We have thus somewhat mildly indicated a few of the softest spots in the armor of Philander Chase Knox's marvellously constructed Department of Commercial Expansion. The worst thing that can be said of it, admitting for the moment that his general policy is one to which American people give hearty assent, is that there is a grave danger in letting big business interests associate themselves too closely with a National Administration. It is but a step from the legitimate to the merely permissible, and the stage from that to the doubtful and the undesirable is correspondingly easy. Men in the United States honestly believe that this journey has been taken more than once since Knox began to direct foreign affairs and encourage internal production for foreign markets. Whether this fault is due to Knox personally or to forces which he cannot control is an immaterial question—except possibly to Knox personally. The fact remains that his record is such that his plans do not meet with the unanimous approval necessary for their unhampered continuance. He appears to serve ends which are not popular and by means which

are less so. Therefore (I quote a Washington correspondent of a New England newspaper) the question which is pressing more and more to the front for indorsement or rejection is this:

We, the people, pay for the maintenance of a powerful machinery for the promotion of world-wide industrial expansion, necessarily partial to large-scale business, and administered by an able corporation lawyer whom Roosevelt, in a moment of mirth, described as a "sawed-off cherub." Do we, the people, find this profitable to our national honor and prosperity?

Beyond the Hills

Beyond the hills, where I have never strayed,
I know a green and beauteous valley lies,
Dotted with sunny nook and forest glade,
Where clear, calm lakes reflect the sapphire skies;
And through the vale's deep heart a river grand
Draws toward its home, fed by ten thousand rills
From fresh, pure springs; it blesses all the land—
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills, while here I faint from strife,
Are quiet homes that soothe men's minds to rest;
And peace and justice and the simple life,
With love pervading all, with knowledge blessed.
Life's purest joys and dearest hopes are there,
Unknown are sleepless cares and needless ills;
And men are leal, and women true and fair—
Beyond the hills.

Beyond the hills I yet shall surely go—
Some day I'll cross the farthest barren height,
And rest in dreamy forest glades, and know
Those placid lakes, and see the morning light
Silver the mighty river; and, to me,
The sweetest hope that now my senses thrills
Is of that land a denizen to be—
Beyond the hills.

By John E. Dolsen, in "The Outlook"

The Herring Situation

By W. J. Messenger

IT is very doubtful if one person in a thousand of those who see upon the marble slabs in the fish dealers' shops a silvery heap of herring ever give a thought to the wonderful boon they are to the human race. Their presence in the shops is taken as a matter of course, and no thought is given to the source of supply.

The waters of the Pacific are teeming with life, and the harvest which is annually produced is most wondrous and profitable. There is no ploughing, sowing and reaping. Nature does the work, and all we have to do is to gather in the harvest.

Among the living creatures who inhabit these waters, without doubt the herring is the most useful to man, not only in itself, but because its presence is the cause of that of other fish. Take away the herring, and the salmon and cod would also disappear.

From its earliest existence this bright little fish is beset by a multitude of foes. It is pursued in the waters by almost every other inhabitant of the deep. The cod has an unlimited capacity for them, the salmon never ceases its pursuit, and if to escape their rapacious maws it comes to the surface, the gull is waiting for its prey.

In spite of all the enemies, every year for perhaps centuries they have arrived upon our shores, bringing with them the lordly salmon, the profitable cod and the terrible dogfish, besides many others.

Their appearance is welcomed by every fisherman—the herring-fisher because of the fish itself, and the salmon and cod fishermen because they know they will bring the object of their pursuit in their wake.

The fecundity of these little fish is most remarkable; there seems to be no limit to the provision Dame Nature has made for mankind.

On an island far away from our shores there dwell a race of people who have been accustomed from time immemorial to fishing in the seas surrounding their home, and what they don't know about it does not amount to a row of beans.

The population of their island home having vastly increased, many of these people settled upon our shores, and perceiving their opportunity naturally took to fishing, and rapidly made their presence felt.

For a time their competition with the white fisherman was quietly submitted to, but at length it became so overwhelming that they applied to the Government for protection. This Government, which was composed of gentlemen residing two thousand miles away, and therefore what happened in British Columbia was of but limited importance, said, in effect, to the appellants: "These men are living here, so must earn their bread; if you don't like it, do something else for yours."

This state of things continued for some time. These brown men gradually absorbed all the fishing, and they said to themselves: "We catch more fish than we can sell here, so we will send them to our own people, who will pay good prices for them." Then they formed companies and sent away many hundred tons.

The Government in the East, urged thereto by petition, made certain rules and regulations as to the mode and times of fishing. The intruders smiled and said "No savee," and continued to fish how, when and where they liked. If the officials who were supposed to see the rules and regulations carried out took proceedings against them, they paid the small fines and went on again. The profits were so large they could well afford to run the risk.

A very few years ago at certain seasons of the year the herring came in Vancouver

harbor and its adjacent bays in such vast quantities they could be taken by the most primitive methods; but now not a fish is to be seen.

How is this brought about?

If the Japanese fishermen had confined themselves to the use of gill nets, which allow immature fish to escape; and if they had kept within the rules and regulations provided by the Fishing Acts, probably it never would have happened. Instead of which they fished in and out of season, using purse nets of immense length and depth and of such small mesh that nothing could escape. They paid no attention to the condition of the fish, taking them when full of spawn, so that the future supply was cut off.

Complaints were made to the fishing officials without avail, and the state of matters before mentioned has been arrived at. The Government made an order that licences were not to be issued to Japanese to fish for herring, and it was hoped that an end would come to the evil. What happened? Certain patriotic white men obtained licences, and for substantial remuneration handed them over to the Japanese companies, under the pretence that they were fishing for them. These licences are marked "not transferable."

If the fish taken had been landed at the licensees' premises, or at any time had been in their possession, there might be something to be said; but they are salted, packed and shipped to Japan entirely by the Japanese company which catches them.

The white fishermen of this province are being driven out of their employment. If they violate the rules they are severely punished, while their competitors are allowed to excuse themselves on the ground of ignorance and mitigated penalties only are enforced.

A change has recently taken place in the Government of the Dominion, and another party is in office. This, however, is not a party question—it concerns the very existence of the inhabitants of this province. Without the fishing industry they would be badly off, so the harvest of the sea must be preserved.

Destroy the herring, and what becomes of the salmon, cod and halibut? Deprived of their natural food they will prey upon each other and the inevitable consequences will result. What has happened at Vancouver and Nanaimo will extend still further north.

The question is: What is to be done? The present rules and regulations are not enforced. The Japanese defy them, they use any kind of net they please, and fish when, where and how they like. What do they care; it matters not to them if the fishing here is ruined. They have no interest in the welfare of the province; their only object is to get money, and when they have devastated the waters can pass away like a swarm of locusts.

The Government should order that no seine or purse net be used for the purpose of taking herring in any of the bays or inlets upon the coast by any fishermen, and see that it is rigidly enforced. Stop the issuing of bait permits during the spawning season. Insist upon the licence being used only by the licensee, and prohibit the exportation of fish unless caught by Canadian fishermen. Under the present circumstances hundreds of tons are sent away without the province being one cent the richer.

The resources of the country are being sapped to a perilous extent and must be preserved for the benefit of those who have settled upon the land and built the cities upon the shores.

Now, let me state a few facts in support of the matters already set forth. By the Dominion Fishery Acts,

"Licences are granted only to British citizens residing in British Columbia or to Canadian companies licensed to do business in British Columbia.

"Licensees must make a return of catch to fishery officers.

"Gill and drift net licences can be transferred only with the fishery officer's permission; all other licences only with the approval of the minister.

"The use of gill nets by anyone other than the licensee is prohibited.

"The herring is protected during the spawning season."

It has been usual for the fishery officials upon the termination of the regular fishing season to issue to the various bait companies special permits called "bait permits," allowing them to capture a limited quantity—fifty tons—for the purpose of providing the halibut fishing steamers with a sufficient quantity to carry on their pursuit. Last season by some means the Japanese com-

panies obtained these permits, and instead of confining themselves to the quantity specified continued to fish during the spawning season at Nanaimo and Pender, capturing immense quantities. These fish were in such a condition that the spawn and milt ran from them while in the net. In the store and salting houses it was many inches deep upon the floor.

The white fishermen at Nanaimo endeavored to get it stopped by reporting it to the official inspector, *but without result.*

These fish were not used for bait in any way, but salted and sent to Japan.

At the end of August, this last summer, a number of Japanese gasoline fishing boats, accompanied by a large scow, manned by fourteen or fifteen men, arrived at a wharf built upon a small island about a quarter of a mile from the entrance of Pender Harbor. They brought with them tons of salt and lumber cut in lengths, enough to make hundreds of boxes.

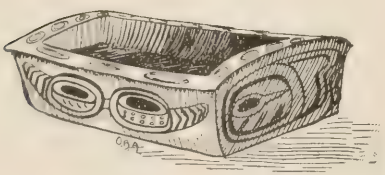
They at once commenced fishing. Every afternoon they would come into the harbor and begin operations as follows:

An immense net, between 200 and 250 fathoms in length and 13 to 20 in depth, of one-inch mesh, is stowed in two boats, which are side by side, half in each. On arriving at the point chosen one boat goes to the right and the other to the left, and the net is dropped into the sea. Upon the lead line of this net rings are fastened, through which ropes run, and when the net is drawn up these ropes are pulled in and converted into a gigantic purse net from which nothing can possibly escape. Thousands and thousands of tiny creatures are captured, killed and thrown away or salted with the larger ones. Salmon, cod, bass and perch are all captured—nothing escapes.

This state of things has continued to the present time, the fishing being kept up day and night, Sundays included, the quantity taken amounting to many hundred tons.

Upon being charged with violating the rules, the Japs said they were told by an official to fish how, when and where they liked. This probably may be untrue. Letters upon the subject appeared in the public press, and the official inspector paid a visit to Pender Harbor and seized the Japanese net and cut the objectionable rings off. He also notified them not to fish in Pender Harbor or within a mile outside.

What immediately happened is strong confirmation of the charge made against them of being utterly indifferent to any regulations that may be made, for in twenty-four hours from the official inspector's departure *the nets were refixed and they were fishing in the harbor.*



Madame

Time Refuses to Turn Backward

By Billie Glynn

THE great actress swept through the wings from the last curtain-call toward her dressing-room, a couple of nearby stage hands pausing to regard her as she went. Though far on in years, she was still queen of her art wherever her foot trod the boards. She was a phenomenon, a wonder, a creature of temperament and fire, such as is bred, perhaps, once in a century. Back in the auditorium the applause still rang faintly, blurred by the lowered curtain, and she smiled as over her shoulder she turned her head for a lingering moment in that direction. There was a light of flowing, slightly pensive gratification in her eyes, of artistry that gloried and looked backward. She went on, with a certain added pressure on the arm of the leading man. It was an unconscious tribute to his youth. He was an extremely handsome fellow; the best Armand, the actress was in the habit of saying to newspaper representatives, who had ever loved her Camille. He left her at her dressing-room door, with a word or two in undertone, and strode on down the narrow corridor, a slim, trim-shouldered, significant figure.

Inside, the great actress stood gazing at herself in the mirror, while her maid took from her shoulders the light cloak she wore. Her eyes, filled with far fires, showed as attractive as of old, but set in flesh that even the clever make-up revealed as ancient. And yet it was a face of mobile expression, of peculiar hypnosis, and even youth. Something breathed through it—an eternality of feeling that defied time; the lips carried still their curve of passion, the kissing bow. With a slight, upward movement of her aristocratic shoulders the great actress beheld and sighed. Her maid was undressing her rapidly. Then, having got into a heavy flannel kimono, she sat down to remove the make-up, while the maid carried away the disrobed silks into a smaller adjoining room. The make-up did not remove so easily. The grease paint clung to the softly sagging flesh of the neck and cheeks. The black about the eyes widened slowly into broad circles under the use of the cream, magnifying the brilliant centres. The great actress paused for an instant to contemplate herself thus—and went on with her task. She massaged rather than rubbed, and at length cheeks and eyes showed free. Then, over the crow's-feet that proclaimed themselves too plainly she used a camel's-hair brush that left a soft suggestion of shadow. Her lips she wiped clear, then touched with rouge again. She smiled in the mirror now, a girlishly defying smile, and called the maid to brush her hair.

The maid, dainty, petite, and with a quick hand, proceeded to do this skilfully, dropping at the same time bits of praise and gossip in madame's ear. What a glorious performance it had been; and madame —madame had truly gone beyond herself. As for Monsieur Beranger—he was the very greatest of lovers always. Her mistress interrupted her rather sharply, requesting some article of the toilette, spread in uneven variety, like a child's soldiers, negroes, and dolls, over the wide dresser. Marie was pretty, with blue eyes that sighed of themselves. But a week ago madame had caught a glimpse of Monsieur Beranger kissing her in the dim hall of an hotel where they had stopped. Of course madame had been young once herself and——; indeed, madame would always be young.

"Marie," she suggested, "there are times when you annoy me."

Marie proceeded with her task for a few moments in silence; then, by way of appeasement, drifted into some gossip of a minor nature, dwelling at length on the beauty of the flowers sent to madame, which were piled in a large seat in a corner of the room, filling the place with delicate odors. Then she opened the door to admit a newspaper man, a thin, nervous fellow with compressed lips and a hook nose.

He shook hands with madame half awkwardly, glancing sharply at everything in the room, and very sharply at the pretty maid. Then, having asked a question or two, and, with a show of being at ease, stroked the terrier which had come from beneath something to nose about his feet, he went out, bowing cordially—to write a page interview of questions and answers accomplished in such short order. He was looked upon as an exceptionally able critic.

With a shrug of her shoulders at the interruption, madame now retired to the smaller room to dress. As she came out again there was a rap on the door. A messenger stood there with a large bouquet in his hand. Its fragrance was so inviting that madame at once put out her hand for it, examining it with relish and a certain glowing light in her shadowed eyes.

"Extraordinaire! Magnifique!" she exclaimed. "What taste!"

The blossoms of different variety were, indeed, arranged beautifully and, as madame, accustomed to the language of flower arrangement, noted immediately, with meaning as well. The colors and perfume drifted into each other, making a perfect harmony of effect, yet at the same time with outstanding contrasts and distinctions. It was an art of the past, lost to the present, but which madame knew well. She put the flowers to her face, their perfume in its pungent intensity carrying her back to the tripping byways of her girlhood—that girlhood so strong in its dreams and desires, so filled with the luxury of outlook and the delights of daring. A wondering expression came into her eyes and grew about her mouth. The boy had left the door slightly ajar. She closed it, and then sitting down in front of the mirror, looked to the sender, breaking open the small envelope attached. A personal card, bearing the name Carl Brugurie, was enclosed, and a neatly folded sheet of perfumed note-paper. She breathed the name with surprise and read, her brow gathering slightly:

I have seen you again tonight for the first time in forty years. The sweetness of the old days is strong upon me. The sight of you has made my heart young again, though I fear I have grown old. You, wonderful woman, are the same as ever. Even time has loved you. For the sake of the past I know that you will see me, perhaps favor me to the extent of dining you—one of the old dinners. I am free to do so, as I have never married. The prey of many memories, I am pacing up and down the corridor of the stage entrance—waiting.

The great actress placed the flowers on the corner of the dresser, and, sitting down, read the letter over again. "Carl Brugurie," she murmured, "Carl Brugurie!" Then, with the letter drooping from her hand, she sat staring at her reflection in the glass, or, rather, into her own eyes, looking back to that one over a score of love affairs embracing a period of forty years that stood out a single, odorous twilight in the sighing, intense beauty of its melodic expression, its poetry of rich tints and rare, wayward blossoms, and vibrating through all that vivid, personal ardor of heart and soul denoting one of the really great spirits of the time.

Almost at the beginning of it all was Carl Brugurie, a young dandy and dilettante, known on the Avenue de l'Opera, who had begun life as an artist, fell into an inheritance, and become merely a lover. But what an admirable lover he had been. Is it not always so with regard to the first—the first at any rate to reach the heart? That time it really goes out; for the rest it but palpitates. Even with souls of fire capable of variety in this respect, perhaps, the initial episode, the petaline girlhood breathing its ardor of response for the first time, carries the farthest and sweetest memory. Madame felt it so now. The fragrance of that courtship belonged so intimately to her clinging, throbbing youth that it wafted back to her with a sting of pain. She put out her hand again for the bouquet where she had laid it, as if once more to grasp that far happiness with all that pertained to it, but ended by staring at the flowers. It was forty years ago, and they were of today's plucking. The great actress, gazing into her own eyes in the mirror, could not realize that it was so long; but the computed years stood out monumentally in cold, engraved figures that formed and fixed in the brain.

"Forty years!" She breathed it as one wondering at herself. And beyond that period, blossom by blossom, she regathered the bouquet of that adorable courtship. It had been just as beautiful, as rich of colors and odor as the flowers she held in her hand. Even when circumstances had forced its discontinuance she had treasured it, put it away in a quiet nook of her soul where at times she paused to remember. And across the chasm of years over which she now yearned she saw herself as she then was, felt the reflected pulse of her pan-

thery, velvet youth, her blood swelling in her veins at the thought, tasted again with a sudden, impatient hunger the relish of her fragrant girlhood. A suffocation came into her breath. Her eyes swam in a haze and she put her hand to her head in pain. Critics boasted of her youth still, she lived herself in the belief of it, as she lived parts on the stage; but that *was* her youth—and it could never come again. This was illusion, wonderful though she made it. Realities gripped and stunned her.

In a voice of anger she called her maid, instructing her to bring a glass of wine. Then she leaned forward, her elbows on the dresser, her temples clasped in her hands. She had just finished the wine when the doorkeeper rapped and poked in his head, announcing another newspaper man.

"Just for a moment, then," she conceded, making a sacrifice to a "first night."

The young man who entered, she received with dignity and a slight raising of the slanted eyebrows, one of her noted peculiarities. The interview, exactly similar to a thousand others, consisted of a few questions, ordinary in trend and succinctly answered. A certain expression on her face brought it to a rather abrupt end, but as she had thrown in one or two of her rare smiles it was entirely adequate, or could be made so from the newspaper point of view.

As the door closed behind the journalist the great actress shrugged her shoulders. Then, through long artistic habit, resuming her emotions where the interruption had occurred, she spoke to the maid standing behind her.

"Bring me 'the little box,'" she ordered.

"The little box" presented itself as being rather large. It was made of red mahogany, inlaid with silver. From a girdle of keys she selected one and turned it with some difficulty in the lock, the maid standing by curiously. Though one of her closest personal effects, something she carried everywhere, she had never before seen madame open the box. The lid flew open, revealing under a chamois skin different sized compartments packed with photographs. Having found the one she wanted, madame closed the box, and, glimpsing the maid, ordered her about her duties. The picture was that of a man of handsome, cavalierish features, whose downy moustache drooped silkily over a mouth of ardor. His eyes, large and luminous, shone with a caressing hypnotic flame. For an intense period madame returned the gaze of the eyes, then she set the portrait down with a sigh. Carl Brugurie must be close to seventy years old. He had begun with her and become the greatest philanderer in all Paris. In fine, that first time he had given his heart, and might never give it so again. And with his many loves his fine phrases took on a rapier point. Even now young cynics of the clubs quoted his caustic saying that his success with women was due to the proper timing of his inattentions. Madame had taken up the photograph and was again regarding it when the leading man rapped and entered the room. Immediately she snapped the lid of the box and called the maid to take it away. The actor glanced over her shoulder at the picture.

"An extremely handsome fellow," he remarked. "When did you know him?"

"He is outside waiting now," the great actress replied evasively.

"Ah! then madame does not wish to keep our little engagement tonight. She is to renew some pleasant association elsewhere. Very well!"

He spoke with something of the fervor of his Armand still upon him, a challenge of tone that might have sounded extremely strange to an observer noting his fine youth and madame's tottering illusion of it. The hypnotism and power of her eyes and smile, however, were about all they had ever been. It was with quick relinquishment of them, a rebound of freedom that the young man went on. "I shall no doubt for myself be able to find something pleasant to do." He turned toward the door.

The great actress glanced at him, something pathetic in her look. "Armand!" she breathed in a tone of penetrating appeal.

He turned instantly and stood regarding her.

"We are going just as we had planned," she said softly.

He stepped over and raised her hand to his lips. Their eyes met for some moments. Then she put the photograph gently to one side. Another moment and at her order she had been furnished with writing materials and a pen. She wrote:

Monsieur Carl Brugurie: My heart is still the heart of a girl of seventeen. The night is too moonlight for me to bridge forty years.

Notes from a Diary of a Voyage Around the World

By J. E. Rhodes

(*Continued from Page 1150, November issue*)

SATURDAY, JUNE 26: Fine weather favored us this morning, but it was intensely hot; no land could be seen.

We were now steaming across the China Sea.

12 mid-day.—The sun was direct overhead.

Everybody on board had to list their curios, matches and tobacco for declaration, as Saigon is a French possession.

The evening was very bright and the sea calm.

9 p.m.—Cloudy on the horizon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27

Morning fine, with cool breezes.

Land on the starboard.

The sea here was a beautiful blue, and very calm.

Starry and moonlight night.

The weather was good all day.

MONDAY, JUNE 28

This morning we were hugging the coast of French Indo-China.

12 noon.—Left the land.

This afternoon was exceedingly hot, with cool breezes occasionally.

5 p.m.—Passed some islands on the port.

7 p.m.—Weather overcast, barometer down; summer lightning very vivid on the horizon.

8 p.m.—Heavy, dark clouds ahead.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29

6 a.m.—Our steamer slowed down to take on pilot for Saigon.

Saigon, which is the capital of Cochin China, is situated on one of the rivers of the Mekong Delta, and is about fifty miles from the mouth, Mitho being the nearest city of any importance.

The early morning was fine and bright. The islands in the distance appeared to be floating in the air, a little above the water's surface, which was caused probably by the heat waves, and seems to be common in tropical zones in the early morning.

On entering the river, which winds considerably in all directions, a most peculiar spectacle attracts the gaze of the visitor. The land is perfectly flat for miles as far as the eye can reach and is covered with wild vegetation and foliage, such as esparto and pampas grasses, willows, fan palms, etc., so that the winding river beyond is hidden from view, thus causing a steamer that is ahead and proceeding to the same port to appear as though she were travelling overland towards you, in the opposite direction. It is very difficult at times to tell really the direction a steamer is going, whether up the river or down. I saw numbers of vessels in the distance, but couldn't see the water they were afloat in, nor could I tell which way they were proceeding. In some places we seemed to be making almost circles. When we got some miles up the river it looked as though we were in the middle of a large field, with steamers dotted here and there. Numbers of strangely-constructed fishing boats with their tall red-brown-skinned occupants, were to be seen along the way, and numbers of huts lined the banks at intervals. White cockatoos disturbed by our passing looked very pretty with their long tails as they flew from bush to bush, and to one fond of ornithology they were very interesting to watch.

8 a.m.—The sun was very hot and there was no breeze, except that caused by the steamer's motion.

Dropped anchor at pilot station and waited three hours for tide.

Passed a sunken steamer with her masts showing above the water.

3 p.m.—Arrived at Saigon.

We anchored off a native village on the opposite side of Saigon. Here the river was very busy with steamers loading rice. Two of the Messageries Maritime mail steamers and a Chargeurs Reunis steamer, along with a French gunboat, were alongside the wharf. The doctors came on board and all hands lined up for medical inspection. The customs officials also made their appearance and examined the ship.

6 p.m.—Heavy downpour of rain; doldrum weather.

Saigon is the great rice centre of Indo-China; our cargo from here consisted chiefly of rice and rice-meal. We found the natives here totally different from those of Hong Kong; they were very straight and tall in stature, not unlike the Hindu. One marked peculiarity about them was their red teeth, which was due to the habit of chewing beetle-nut; both men and women were alike in this respect. The beetle-nut grows on a palm and hangs in clusters; it is about the size of a pigeon's egg and green in color. The natives take the nut and cut it into four pieces; a piece is then rolled up in a green leaf, smeared on the inside with a kind of bright red paste, and the whole is chewed. This paste is evidently very strong, for only a little is used at a time and it seems necessary for them to spit out the red juice. I suppose they prefer it to tobacco or chewing-gum.

Their boats, not unlike the gondolas of Venice, were laden with all kinds of fruit, such as bananas, green cocoanuts, limes, beetle-nuts, mangosteens, mangos, pumelos, and hen fruit, better known as eggs. All were for sale or exchange. We practically lived upon fruit during our stay here. An ugly animal was carved on the front of these boats, which had two eyes, for they believe that the boat needs to see as well as they. Almost everything they have is connected in one way or another with their superstitious religion.

The mosquitoes gave us no end of trouble, spoiling many a good night's sleep.

The natives here, not unlike the country Irish, have numbers of pigs, dogs and poultry—Cochin Chinas—which are allowed the freedom of the village.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30

Today was very hot, with showers.

THURSDAY, JULY 1

Very hot all day; no rain.

FRIDAY, JULY 2

During the day it was very hot. At night we had a thunderstorm, with heavy rain lasting for two hours.

SATURDAY, JULY 3

Nothing of any note to mention this day.

Saigon is 11 deg. N. of the equator and is 960 miles from Hong Kong.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

Very hot all day.

To go on shore in these tropical climes is certainly a change from home. Here one sees the people in native attire. The rice fields are not without interest, being a vast expanse of flat land covered with water and divided into sections; here the water buffalo revels. The jumping fishes, which are amphibious, are very entertaining, and the colored lizards, with all the colors of the rainbow, look very pretty in the sunshine. The naturalist could find plenty to occupy his time in this place; so also could the entomologist, for insects of all kinds thrive in these parts, especially in the sleeping compartments on board. In almost every native house or hut an effigy of King Goss or some other idol is to be seen; most of them have it in the doorway, despite the Roman Catholic Church, which is to be found in nearly every village.

One day a party of us, three in number, went on shore here, and as we passed through the village scores of hungry-looking savage dogs came after us. We found it necessary to defend ourselves with palm canes, or we might have been torn to pieces. We then came across an old stone rice mill, which was worked by 1 horse-power. This was very interesting. Through the swamps and across the rice fields we went, walking on the narrow dividing strips and occasionally slipping into the mud and water, which did not improve our clothes any; but adventure, excitement and curiosity bore us along. The day was extremely hot and we became thirsty, so we turned into a thickly-wooded swamp in search of cocoanuts. We hadn't proceeded

very far before we came across a native hut in a cleared part of the swamp, and close by stood a number of cocoanut palms; here an observation was taken and we found we were not very far off three good-sized cocoanuts which were suspended from a tall palm overhanging the swamp; they really looked enticing. "One each," we said, but they proved each one too many for us—

For one commenced to climb the tree,
But found it tough.
"Not so easy as it looks," said he,
"I've had enough."
The next, he tried to scale the tree,
But did the same;
He scraped the skin all off his knee,
So down he came.
The third, a sailor bold was he,
A likely one to climb the tree.
But did he do it? No, not he;
He said, "It's got the best of me,
I'm glad we haven't this at sea,"
And so he gave it up.

A cocoanut palm is very deceiving, for it looks easy to climb, but is just the reverse. The natives have no difficulty with it; they climb bare-foot, like a monkey. After our struggling to climb the tree we stood on each other's shoulders like acrobats, the top man being the lightest. He struck at the nuts with a long pole, but in spite of the hard knocks they refused to move. More than once we nearly lost our equilibrium and fell into the dirty swamp beneath, which was alive with all manner of creeping things. During our performance a native came with his dogs and informed us that the palms were his private property. To this we politely made ourselves scarce. We then came to a settlement where palms were plentiful, and going up to the door of a hut we asked the natives to sell us some cocoanuts, but they didn't understand what we wanted. I pointed to the scoop of a dipper close by which was made of half a cocoanut shell and told them that that was it. With this an old woman came out and dipped it into a barrel of water, thinking that it was a drink we were asking for. At last we made them understand, and a man armed with a large knife came out accompanied by his daughter. Off we went for the nuts. The man climbed the tree and cut some off, throwing them down to us. We paid him and then sought a shady place, where we sat down, cut a hole in the nuts and drank the milk, which I can assure you was most refreshing; thus we quenched our prolonged thirst. We then considered it best to return to the ship, so took a different route back, paying a visit to the old market and church, arriving on board about 5 p.m.

MONDAY, JULY 5

Fair all day, but dull and no sun.

TUESDAY, JULY 6

This morning was dull, with rain.

3 p.m.—Departed for Singapore.

5 p.m.—Arrived at the mouth of the river, where the pilot left us.

Night cooler, with rain.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7

We were now out to sea again. No land could be seen.

The weather was dull and showery.

8.30 p.m.—Cloudy on the horizon but starlight above. There was a light breeze and the sea was calm.

THURSDAY, JULY 8

This morning opened up with fine weather and cool breezes.

10 a.m.—Very hot.

12 noon.—Land on the starboard.

8:30 p.m.—Starlight. The constellation of the Southern Cross was visible.

Passed several outward-bound steamers.

9 p.m.—Passed flashlight on the port.

FRIDAY, JULY 9

6 a.m.—Arrived at Singapore and moored alongside wharf No. 6, where the steamer was coaled and provisioned.

Numbers of steamers lay alongside the wharves and at anchor in the bay. Our company's steamers Sarpedon, Menelaus, homeward, and Achilles, outward, were here.

4 p.m.—Left wharf and anchored in the bay to load cargo.

The day was extremely hot and no breeze.

Singapore Island is situated at the extreme south of the Malay Peninsula, in the Straits Settlements, and is almost on the equator. It belongs to Great Britain. Singapore, the capital, is one of the largest shipping ports in the world. It has a cosmopolitan population, of which a great part

is European. Opposite the wharves, across the bay, is the fortified island of Pula Brani.

The great public buildings and extensive business section of this important seaport town go to show the extent of European influence, whilst outside the city the life of the Asiatic people continues much the same as it was centuries ago, devoid of any up-to-date methods of a more civilized race. The two-wheeled cart drawn by oxen or buffalos is still greatly used by the native Malay.

Distance from Saigon to Singapore, 640 miles.

SATURDAY, JULY 10

Today our steamer was loading cargo, which was brought out in lighters or scows, as we were anchored in the bay some distance from the wharves.

Very hot and sultry all day.

SUNDAY, JULY 11

10:30 a.m.—Heavy deluge of rain. Steamer now well down with cargo.

MONDAY, JULY 12

6 a.m.—Departed for Penang.

12 noon.—Very hot, and calm sea.

We were now hugging the shores of the Malacca coast.

Passed three freight steamers.

TUESDAY, JULY 13

Today was very calm. Land in sight on the port.

12 noon.—Left the land.

1:30 p.m.—Land in sight again.

3 p.m.—Close to land.

3:30 p.m.—Dropped anchor to wait for tide and take on pilot.

5:45 p.m.—Picked up anchor and proceeded on our way.

We were now crossing the bar, where soundings were taken with the hand lead, which registered ½-5, ¼-5 and 5 by the mark; that is, we were in five fathoms, or 30 feet of water, and our draught was 28 feet. This made quite a big ground swell behind us.

7 p.m.—Arrived at Penang and dropped anchor close to wharf.

On arriving the natives immediately came on board to work cargo and continued all night; they looked very picturesque in their different colored serongs.

10 p.m.—Company's steamer Laertes, for Singapore, arrived.

Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, is situated on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. Georgetown, or Penang, is a busy seaport. As our stay here was very brief there was little chance of seeing the town.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14

This morning the atmosphere was very clear, and from our steamer the town looked very pretty with its beautiful white buildings surrounded with palms.

8 a.m.—Left Penang. The sea was calm and there was no breeze.

9 a.m.—Pilot left us. Now steering a westerly course for the Indian Ocean.

2.30 p.m.—Passed a large rock on the starboard.

Sun very hot.

8 p.m.—Swell with slight breeze.

We saw numbers of flying fish here.

From Singapore to Penang the distance is 390 miles.

THURSDAY, JULY 15

Northern Sumatra on the port.

S.W. breeze, freshening.

10 a.m.—Passed Acheen Head.

Moderate sea with strong breeze. Steamer taking spray over port bow.

Now crossing Indian Ocean, south of Bay of Bengal.

This afternoon our steamer had a heavy list to starboard.

Weather squally with rain; monsoon weather.

Starlight night, ship rolling.

Course, N. 88 W.

FRIDAY, JULY 16

This morning opened up with a clear atmosphere and a strong S.W. breeze.

Afternoon — Very hot, with gentle breezes.

Night—Starlight, with a few clouds on the horizon ahead.

Our cargo, which was now complete, consisted of rice and rice-meal, bars of tin and copper, gambier, tapioca, copra, rattans, pepper, hides, whale oil, tallow, timber, canned salmon and canned pineapple.

SATURDAY, JULY 17

Breezy all day.

Evening, cloudy with rain.

10.30 p.m.—Passed company's steamer Ping Suey, outward.

SUNDAY, JULY 18

Today commenced with a head wind and hot sun.

1.30 p.m.—Sighted Ceylon on the starboard.

2 p.m.—Passed N. D. L. steamer—name unknown—for Singapore, on the port.

6 p.m.—Close to the land.

7.30 p.m.—Passed Dondra Head light, on the starboard.

Starlight night, ship pitching.

If on my starboard red appear
It is my duty to keep clear;
In danger, with no room to turn,
I ease her, stop her, go astern.
—*From "Rule of the Road."*

MONDAY, JULY 19

5.40 a.m.—Passed company's steamer Perseus, outward.

A strong breeze was blowing, with occasional showers.

1.30 p.m.—Passed company's steamer Cyclops, outward.

Hundreds of flying fish were making their appearance above the water.

The night was cool, clear and starlight; the Southern Cross was plain.

Course, N. 75 W.

TUESDAY, JULY 20

This morning was bright and calm, with slight swell.

Weather, cool.

12 noon—Sighted the Maldive Islands to the south.

We were now in the Arabian Sea.

1.30 p.m.—Four of the Maldive Islands close to, on the port.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21

Today the weather was cool and bright, with showers.

At night there were a few clouds in the sky, and a hazy moon.

The steamer was pitching.

THURSDAY, JULY 22

The weather today was squally, with showers; sou'west monsoons. There was a big sea running and our steamer, pitching, was taking spray.

The night was cloudy.

FRIDAY, JULY 23

This morning a moderate gale was blowing, the sea being rough. Our steamer was pitching heavily.

1 p.m.—Overhauling a steamer of the Harrison Line, Liverpool, name unknown.

8 p.m.—The sea was running high, and as the moon shone upon it the effect was beautiful. The wind was still strong; the sky clear.

SATURDAY, JULY 24

Numbers of flying fish were picked up from the deck this morning, having come on board with the waves and attraction of lights on deck during the night.

The sea today was still running high and our steamer was getting the full force of it on the port beam, which made her roll considerably.

12 noon—Wind very strong and sea rough.

3 p.m.—Shipping big seas.

6 p.m.—No moderation in the weather.

SUNDAY, JULY 25

This morning the sea was still running high and the wind strong.

9 a.m.—Land sighted on the port bow.

12 noon—Abreast of the Island of Socotra.

Here the sea was somewhat quieter, owing to our being under the lee of the island.

6 p.m.—In the Gulf of Aden.

8 p.m.—Heavy swell again past the island.

Clear and starlight.

MONDAY, JULY 26

Today commenced with a good breeze, and our steamer was taking spray.

12 noon—Calm and hot.

3 p.m.—Very hot, quite a change from the cool weather crossing the Arabian Sea.

TUESDAY, JULY 27

7 a.m.—Passed a N. D. L. steamer on the port, name unknown.

Early this morning a moderate sea was running, and the steamer was taking spray.

9 a.m.—Calm.

12.30 p.m.—Ran into fog.

2 p.m.—In clear atmosphere again.

4.30 p.m.—Sighted Aden on the starboard.

5.30 p.m.—Land on the port.

8.30 p.m.—Passed Mount Ras Arah, on the starboard.

Calm and clear.

10.30 p.m.—Passed Perim Island, which

is at the entrance to the Red Sea, in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb.

Distance from Penang to Aden, 3,273 miles.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28

This morning found us in the Red Sea, and at an early hour passed Mokha, on the mainland of Arabia, on the starboard.

5:45 a.m.—Passed company's steamer Tantalus, outward, on the port.

8:30 a.m.—Passed Abu Ail, or Jebel Tuku, one of the Twelve Apostle Islands on the starboard. At the same hour we passed company's steamer Hector, outward, on the port.

Passed several outward-bound steamers during the morning.

12 noon.—Passed Centre Peak, of the Twelve Apostle Islands, on the starboard.

3 p.m.—Passed Jebel Tier, of the Twelve Apostle Islands, on the starboard.

It was extremely hot all day.

7:30 p.m.—Passed large freight steamer and communicated with her by Morse light.

THURSDAY, JULY 29

This morning there was a strong breeze blowing and the sea was very rough. Our steamer was taking seas on the port quarter.

In the afternoon the wind dropped, the sea lessened, and the sun became very hot.

It was much cooler in the evening and dead calm.

The sky was cloudy.

At midnight there was a sand storm from the desert.

Course, N. 26 W.

FRIDAY, JULY 30

Today the weather was fine and the sea calm. Streaks of sand floating on the water were to be seen for some distance, which was the evidence of last night's sandstorm.

3:30 p.m.—Passed company's steamer Machaon, outward for the Straits of Japan, on the port.

4 p.m.—Passed a pyramid-shaped rock on the port.

10:45 p.m.—Passed Dadalus Rocks, with light, on the port.

Course, N. 30 W.

SATURDAY, JULY 31

7 a.m.—Passed the Brothers Islands on the port.

It was very hot, with little breeze.

1:30 p.m.—Passed Shadwan Island on the port, which is at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez.

Land on both sides was now to be seen the Sinai Peninsula on the starboard and the Egyptian coast on the port.

5:30 p.m.—Passed Ashraffi lighthouse on the port.

We were now close to the land, the mountains of which were of a red brick color with no sign of vegetation upon them.

Passed several outward-bound freight steamers.

7 p.m.—Passed Ras Gharib lighthouse on the port.

11 p.m.—Passed Laffarana lighthouse on the port.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

1.30 a.m.—Passed Newport Rock on the starboard.

3.30 a.m.—Dropped anchor off Port Tewfik, which is at the Suez and Red Sea entrance of the Suez Canal.

Distance from Aden to Suez is 1,326 miles.

On arriving preparations were made for the passage through the canal. An extension, or false rudder, as it is more commonly termed, was fastened on to the standing rudder; this was done to produce an immediate answer on the part of the steamer to the least touch of the helm, for the biggest part of the canal is so narrow and the regulation speed of travel so slow that it is essential for this equipment in steering with many vessels. We also carried a very powerful searchlight, in accordance with the Suez Canal rules, which was adjusted on the forecastle head. The official doctors came on board and all hands mustered for medical inspection. All this having been done, we awaited orders to enter the canal.

The morning was very still and at this early hour quite dark. The electric lights from Port Tewfik and the canal, combined with the searchlights from outcoming steamers, presented an uncommon yet magnificent scene. As the approaching steamers drew nearer their searchlights flashed across our decks, bringing everything to light.

6:45 a.m.—Entered the canal.

It was now well past daybreak, and as

we passed Port Tewfik it really looked very picturesque, with its narrow streets decked with palms and native Egyptians and Arabs strolling along the waterfront, where numbers of Arab dowhs were unloading. Leaving Port Tewfik on the port, the old town of Suez, half a mile away, could be seen. As we departed from civilization we entered the desert, where there was nothing to be seen but sand; no vegetation on either side of us. The navigable part of the canal here was very narrow; there seemed to be just width for the steamer. I noticed on looking over the port side that the shallows came within two or three feet of us, but as we proceeded it got wider. In most of the wide places where the water is exceedingly shallow the channel is buoyed with small red flags.

Along the banks are posts, or timberheads, to use the nautical term, for vessels to moor to if necessary. There are pretty little stations at intervals along the way where signals are given to passing steamers when others are coming in the opposite direction, informing them that they will have to tie up to allow the passing of the other. As they travel nearer to each other the one receiving the signal steers close to the bank and moors to the posts until the other has passed. The vessel having the right of way may be a mail steamer flying a privilege flag, which enables her to pass through the canal without a stop. Quite a sum of money is paid for this privilege, in addition to the usual canal dues.

The first station we passed was Shaluf. The keeper, an Arab, and his family came out to greet us as we went by.

Our steamer was travelling very slowly; faster in parts where it permitted, the average speed being six miles per hour. Every precaution is taken in navigating a vessel through this marvellously-constructed waterway, for to run aground in a bad position that would necessitate considerable time in getting off, the authorities would delay no time in applying dynamite to the vessel, rather than have any obstruction. Such cases have happened more than once.

Numbers of dredgers are constantly employed keeping the canal in order, which is a big item.

The sun was exceedingly hot, with no breeze. We sat under the awnings all day, with as light clothing on as possible.

11.45 a. m. — Arrived at the Bitter Lakes, the Little Bitter Lake being the first to enter. Here our steamer put on full steam ahead. The vibration from the engines was something tremendous. Looking forward from aft the steamer appeared as though she would break in two.

The next lake was the Great Bitter Lake, which on entering we passed over the place where the Children of Israel crossed on dry land, although there are various opinions as to this being the exact location.

1:15 p.m.—Into canal again.

2 p.m.—Passed station Serapeum.

2.45 p.m.—Passed station Tussum and entered Lake Timsah, with Ismailia at the head.

(To be Continued)

A Cyclone Among the Timber Titans

By H. H. Jones

The author of this sketch is a well-known capitalist and timber operator in Victoria who, together with Messrs. McClure and Welter, has been known well and for years to the Editor of the *British Columbia Magazine*. Those who know Mr. Jones will not need to be told that the story is accurate in all particulars, strange as are the facts related.

IT was in 1906, when the timber fever was at its height! Cruisers, many of them of the tenderfoot order, were everywhere staking land, rock or water—anything that could be placed on paper, for the buyers were mostly of the same class as the cruisers: taking everything in sight, or, rather, out of sight, so long as it was called timber.

Early in November T. W. Welter, of Minneapolis, called at my office. He wanted timber, had travelled through Oregon, Washington, and about all of British Columbia known to Vancouver timber men, without finding anything up to his standard. He wanted good timber, lots of it, advantageously situated and cheap. "Can you fill the order?" "Well, yes. I know a bunch of timber comprising about sixty-five square miles, averaging thirty to thirty-five thousand per acre, accessible from Cowichan Lake or Port Renfrew."

A half-hour's talk convinced Mr. Welter that he was offered a business proposition, and he sent for his cruiser, who was introduced as John McClure, of Stillwater, Minnesota. While Mr. Welter was conducting the business end, I soon observed that McClure was the timber man. When he had finished questioning me as to the percentage of fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce, etc., he said to Mr. Welter: "I'll look at this," and arrangements were made for the trip.

This gave me a chance to try a cruiser introduced to me as a thoroughly reliable timber man and whom I had already financed to some extent. I sent for him, told him I wanted him to conduct a party to the headwaters of the Gordon River via Cowichan Lake. Could he do it? "Yes," he said; "get me a map with the location on the E. & N. land grant and I will take them." I did so, gave him the exact mile post and boundary of the timber to be shown, and the party started, Mr. Welter remaining at his hotel, as he was not a timber man when it came to heavy travelling with a pack on his back.

A week had just passed when to my surprise Mr. McClure walked into my office and informed me he had not seen the timber. The cruiser, he said, could not find the trail, and he was crooked, anyhow; this he knew because he had a man from Seattle with him on the train to Duncan, with whom he spent the greater part of the time in the smoker. Mr. McClure walked into the car, unobserved by the others, and heard the cruiser's instructions to his Seattle friend: "You stay at Duncan," he said, "and as soon as I get the first stakes in I'll send the half-breed out, then you get back to Victoria and record it before they know anything about it." McClure slipped out of the car and determined to watch the movements of the cruiser so that he could not carry out his intentions.

Provisions were purchased at Duncan and the party left by stage, twenty-one miles to Cowichan Lake; here a boat was secured and the twelve miles up the lake to the landing were made in good time. The boat was hauled out at a suitable place and the party prepared for the long pack. The cruiser, and guide to be, had been loading up from a bottle so freely that he already had all he could carry, so McClure doubled his pack. All went well until a fork in the trail was reached and the wrong one taken, which brought them to an old mine; further progress was impossible.

SIX THOUSAND FEET OF LOG SCALE

This was McClure's chance. Without raising the suspicions of the cruiser as to his motive, he said "I am going back"; this no doubt pleased the cruiser, too, as he thought their provisions were inadequate and he would go back also.

While McClure was relating the foregoing the cruiser was on his way to Seattle to complete arrangements for stealing the timber.

This was not McClure's first timber experience. He was no "tenderfoot." In answer to a question of the cruiser's, "Would he go back?" he put that gentleman further off his guard by saying he would go to Vancouver. There was but one thing to do—take McClure to the timber myself, which I did. This is how I chanced to get my cyclonic baptism—an experience I would not knowingly repeat for the nineteen billion feet of timber standing on the western slope of Vancouver Island between Otter Point and Barkley Sound.

Possibly the storm will be more interesting if given its place in the story of our race for the timber.

We lost no time in getting off, leaving Victoria the morning following McClure's return, no doubt with some misgivings on his part as to whether a city office man would stand the journey. He did not know that I had crossed the island more than once on foot, that I spent much of my time either in the timber or among the mineral belts of the west coast.

Twelve hours after leaving Victoria we were in the Cowichan Lake hotel, where we spent the night. The following morning found us making for the landing at the head of the lake, in tow of Mr. Gillespie's steam launch. This was a pleasant part of our journey, the more so because we expected to row the twelve miles. Cowichan Lake was beautiful; the sun shone brightly and there was just enough breeze to ripple the surface. Myriads of ducks were constantly circling around us, frightened from the numerous bays around the islands by the chug-chug of the engine. There were four of us in the party, we having picked up an Indian at Duncan and a Swede at the lake. Upon reaching the landing we proceeded to separate our 300 lbs. of supplies into four packs.

Fred, the Indian, was quite willing to pack just as little as we would let him. Henry, the Swede, thought he could take all his pack-strap would hold and a sack of flour under each arm. McClure realized he had another "tenderfoot," and informed Henry that if he made the hill with his blankets, one sack of flour and some cooking utensils, he would be a hero. He made it all right, but the flour weighed exactly 400 lbs. at the top of the hill—so Henry said.

The first mile from the water was a

terrible climb—up, up, up, winding through the big timber. Such timber! Unequalled by the noted Cameron Lake tract and only rivalled by the western slope of the same hills, where I have seen a single spruce cut 13 feet on the stump, giving nine logs, two 48's and seven 24's, total scale being 42,000 feet. On this same tract, while checking the Lacey cruisers, I had noted a combination which I believe cannot be equalled in America, viz., within a radius of one hundred yards stood a 24,000 feet fir, a 27,000 feet cedar, and a 29,000 feet spruce.

It was 4 o'clock when we reached the first camping ground on the trail. We debated upon the advisability of travelling a mile or so further so as to shorten the next day's journey, which would be a long one. The camping ground looked good to me, better than the one a mile ahead. I wasn't the only one, either. The Indian thought "it might be dark later on." Within a very short time our camp was up and a fire started. Here was a chance of lightening my pack for the morrow; I was carrying the canned goods and butter, so I recommended canned goods and butter for supper.

On the following night our camp was pitched on the bank of the Gordon River by the 35-mile post of the E. & N. land grant and everything arranged for an early start at the task of staking the timber. I will not take time to tell of our experience on the following days. Henry remained in camp as chief cook, etc. McClure, the Indian, and I did the staking —first to the south and west, then north and west. The lines had to be run over ridges, gullies, logs and rocks. In less than three days we had the Indian worked to a standstill and left him stretched on a sidehill, while McClure and myself pushed on and up to plant another stake. One thing the Indian was good for: when the day's work was over he could strike a bee-line for camp, no matter what turns had been made during the day.

We staked forty-five sections of as fine timber as ever grew, broke camp in a furious December snowstorm, and started for the coast.

It was growing dark when we called a halt and set camp for our last night in the wood. Soaked to the skin and benumbed by the cold, no dry wood in sight and our only good axe forgotten far back on the trail, the outlook was far from bright. However, with the aid of McClure's hatchet we secured some dead limbs and managed to get a fire.

The snow was scraped from within the tent and armfuls of boughs placed underneath our wet blankets. After a hearty supper of bacon and bannocks we laid us down to rest our weary bones and shivered ourselves to sleep.

It was midnight. When we took our blankets some hours earlier some snow was

SAN JUAN HARBOR

falling. But this had ceased. The air was still; in fact, there was no sound, save the cry of a timber wolf or the thud of a lump of soft snow dropping from its perch high in the tree-tops to the earth beneath, breaking the silence. But a storm was coming in from the Pacific—a storm without a precedent in the centuries in which those gigantic specimens of forest trees had made their growth, and one not likely to be repeated for centuries to come. A runaway from its natural course was upon us. It had no introduction—and certainly required none. I have been in some very bad storms; have seen houses swing from their foundation, roofs removed, trees shattered, and have witnessed the death of both man and beast during terrible storms, but I never knew of one which had not given some warning of its approach. It was like the story told of a logger, a foreigner, joining a camp in a district infested with rattlesnakes and told to look out for them, being assured that they would give warning by sounding their rattles before striking. The man was eating his lunch while sitting on a stump; in moving his foot he chanced to hit a snake, which promptly struck him. Jumping into the air and springing over a log he turned to the snake, shook his fist at it, saying in his broken English, "Here, you no ringa de bell." There are exceptions to all rules.

When I laid down to sleep I was too tired to notice that a lump or root was resting under my blanket, or perhaps it was a knot on one of the boughs that pressed into my side, but as the tired feeling wore off the lump asserted itself. To this I attributed my sudden awakening, but ere I had assumed a comfortable position the terribly-weird, faraway sound of the coming storm (which no doubt had played a prominent part in awaking me) broke clearly upon my ear. I was up on my elbow and had to speak but once to be joined in the same position by all under the canvas.

We were puzzled, but had little time to discuss it before a vivid realization of the real fact was forced upon us. We had time to think of a cloud-burst or a rapid rise in the river caused by the melting snow. The former, in our high position, would not disturb us; the latter would be a cause for anxiety. This anxiety was quickly dispelled by the crash of falling timber, still far away, but unmistakable to the ear of those familiar with the timber industry.

All hands were sitting up. The noise grew louder and louder. A cyclone coming from the west, miles away when first heard. It had in an incredibly short time swept up the side of the hill some distance to the north. The crashing and breaking of the trees, mingled with the howling of the wind, were terrible to hear.

It passed, but could be heard on its path of destruction, many miles to the east, and we could hear each other speak. But hark! it comes again farther to the east. Will we escape? Great God! what a storm! Henry was on his feet crying, "I'm going to get out; I won't stay in here to be killed." He pulled the fly of the tent, only to peer into a darkness horrible in itself. He shrank back. McClure lit a candle and we waited. On, on it came in its merciless fury. The trees were crashing to earth in hundreds. Around our tent was the stillness of death, which increased the horrors of the storm so close at hand. Henry was frantic, almost insane. I asked the Indian what he thought of it; his answer, called out in his slow, mournful tone, "Bad! bad! very bad!" was a strange contrast to the terrible transaction passing with lightning rapidity on the outside. On it went—over the hill, laying low a swath of timber many rods in width; over the divide; down the Nixon Creek Valley on the eastern slope—until it reached the lake. Its race was not yet run. We could hear it as it struck the timber on the opposite

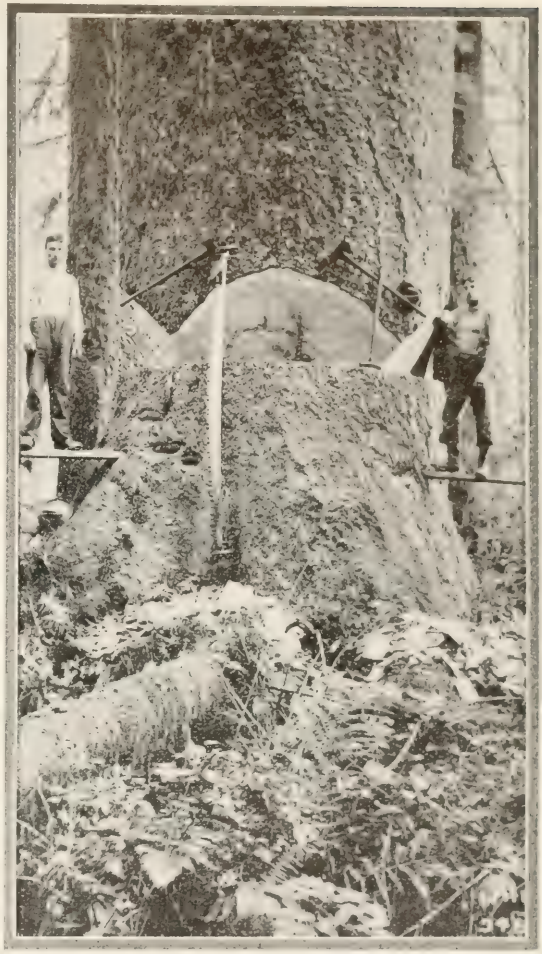
side of the lake, and distance only subdued its thunderous roar.

To attempt a description would be simply folly. An insignificant comparison may be made when I call to your attention the Columbian Exposition held in New York in 1892. On the second night of the festival an immense display of fireworks was assembled on Brooklyn Bridge, a display rivalling anything before attempted. It was estimated that 500,000 people had congregated to witness the display. East River was blocked from bank to bank for over half-a-mile below the bridge with steamers packed so closely as to admit of stepping from one to another with safety. The night was dark, making it ideal for the display, which was to last two hours. Some rockets were fired announcing the commencement; a few moments later the master of ceremonies touched a button expected to fire the opening piece, when, horror of horrors! the switches were all open. Every rocket, every bomb, every set piece, including a Niagara Falls in fire, were ignited at once.

In five minutes all was over, but that five minutes was a spectacle which will remain in the memory of that half-million people while they live. Noise—well, think of thousands of heavy bombs, hissing rockets, the fiendish howls of the people and the discordant notes of a thousand steamer whistles! A gentleman standing by me on the steamer's deck yelled several times close to my ear, but I could not hear him until the din was partly over, then I caught the sentence, "All hell's let loose." It sounded like it, too; but with all its uproar, compared with the storm it was a Chinese cracker beside a modern twelve-pounder.

The sound of the second portion of the storm was fading in the distance when. listen! a third is following in its wake higher up the hill. Great God! we're in its path; we're doomed! McClure, suffering excruciating pain from an injured knee sustained by a fall from a log during the afternoon, was on his feet; Henry was talking like a maniac; Fred sat upright in one corner of the tent; I occupied the opposite. What would we do? What could we do? Nothing but await our fate. We lived hours of nerve-racking suspense during the few seconds of the approach of that fiendish wind pushing everything before it with a crash of destruction such as never before visited Vancouver Island.

On it came, straight for our tent. A heavy stand of timber west of us dropped with one mighty crash. We were next. The timber north of our tent was caught —down it went; rip! went the south of our tent as a limb came crashing through. Thud! I was thrown from the ground a full foot in the air. What caused it I could not tell. The splitting, cracking,



TWO 48-FT. AND SEVEN 24-FT. LOGS IN THIS TREE

grinding of the falling timber deadened every sense. The storm sped on. I turned on my side and laid down exhausted. In five minutes I was fast asleep.

At break of day we rushed outside. The scene which met our eyes was terrible; for the first time in ages the sun was shining on the ground around us. The storm, on a line from west to east, running within ten feet of our tent, had cut every tree and left them piled in a tangled mass in places fifty feet high.

They were not uprooted, but broken off from ten to thirty feet above the ground. Trees from three to five feet in diameter were smashed as if but twigs. The mighty rush of the storm allowed no chance for the forest giants to sway and loosen their roots. They were pushed forward with one mighty strain until they broke.

Along our guy-ropes lay a limb as large as two eastern sawlogs. Had it swung a few degrees farther to the south this story would not have been told.

Henry was busy preparing breakfast and swearing, as usual—a habit which he had many times assured me he could not help, because he never knew when he was swearing. My chance had come. "Henry," I said, "you say you cannot help swearing. I noticed in your much talking during the storm last night you did not swear once. How do you account for that?" Henry looked at me and said, "You bet your d——d life I was thinking of something else last night." I guess we all were.

We broke camp and started for the lake over an obliterated trail. McClure was unable to travel unassisted, so we left at the memorable camp ground everything we could dispense with—dishes, stove, some clothing and boots and (it's there yet, so McClure tells me, he having been in with a survey party this fall, and the limb which came so near leaving us there lies in the same position), with Henry assisting McClure, while the Indian and myself took the packs, we made our way to the lake over, under and around the greatest mass of fallen timber I ever wish to encounter.

A survey party working on the islands reported a narrow escape. They were camped in a log shack near the mouth of

VIEW NEAR SAN JUAN HARBOR

Nixon Creek. The chief sent word for them to move camp, which the men asked to have deferred until the morning, but the foreman insisted upon orders being obeyed, and they moved. The fall of a tree, before the morning, struck the house fairly in the centre and smashed it flat.

The lake presented a strange sight. Thousands of limbs, many of them quite large, covered the face of the water. Our boat, which was in a sheltered nook, was uninjured. We launched it and travelled through a mass of debris all the way to the hotel, which we reached in time for supper.

The hotel was not in the direct path of the storm and did not suffer severely. A wheelbarrow was picked up in the yard, carried some distance and dropped over a fence. A large sail boat was picked from the water and left high and dry upon a bank, from which position it required several men to move it.

After supper we were soon enjoying the comforts of good beds which, needless to say, we all appreciated. McClure's knee grew worse and by morning he could not move; so I decided to walk to Duncan, send aid to him and take the train for Victoria with our precious field notes.

Henry and the Indian were employed by the road boss of the lake division to assist in clearing the road. They started at 8. I left at 9, arriving at Duncan at 2:30, over twenty-one miles of fallen timber.

In places I was compelled to take to the woods in order to find a passage; again I climbed high in the air over fallen timber; at others I crawled underneath. A good idea of the quality of the fallen

timber may be gleaned from the following: A large tree, some 40 inches in diameter when it crossed the road, had in its fall struck a raised bank. This bank held the tree so high that I had no difficulty in passing underneath by merely lowering my head. In stepping under it I noticed a hollow in the road which upon examination proved to have been made by the tree under which I was walking. When it struck the bank the portion over the road had sprung with such force as to leave its imprint some three or four inches in the hard gravel surface. It then sprang back to its normal shape, where it remained resting only upon its extreme ends.

I learned at Duncan that the railway had been blocked in several places; nor did the damage end here. The storm continued across the straits, doing considerable damage in the State of Washington, where three unfortunate men lost their lives in a shack which was crushed by a falling tree. It would be difficult to picture the movements of the game and beasts of prey which were driven from their haunts upon this memorable night, many of them, no doubt, losing their lives. It would be equally difficult to estimate the velocity of the fiend which laid waste so much wealth in its mad frolic. Had it struck the wind gauge at the meteorological office, it certainly would have heated the bearing of that instrument.

McClure, on his way out, passed the cruiser and his Seattle friends on their way to get the timber, but our advertisement was in the hands of the Government printer before they reached the lake.

Resurrection

By D. G. CUTHBERT

Meet me again on the wave of the West,
  Hours that I scorned in the tide of the East;
And arms like a miser's shall round you be pressed,
  So you wash me clean from its filth and its yeast.

Rise in the noonday of the West,
  Maid that I lost in the night of the East,
And wear in your hair like a pearly crest
  The tears of your repentant priest.

Wake again in the sun of the West,
  Flowers that died in the snows of the East;
Make me once more your welcome guest,
  Bid me again to your honeyed feast.

Flutter again in the leaves of the West,
  Birds that sped in the gale of the East.
Alight at my ear and sing your best;
  The gale has died and the storm has ceased.

The gale has died and the thunder ceased,
  And, purged by the fire and the wave of the West,
The year dies an angel that came like a beast.
  Accept the omen, thou heart of unrest.

Mr. McGaffey's exquisite lines are of double interest since the approaching Dickens' Centenary is so near

Charles Dickens

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

No warrior who fought in far crusade,
Nor he who purely sought the Holy Grail,
In higher cause unsheathed a keener blade
Or challenged wrong, however hard its mail,
Than Dickens. Stunted childhood, debtor's jail,
Wherever cruelty upraised a head,
His heart and brain were never known to fail;
The gospel of Humanity he spread,
Himself an equal peer of England's noblest dead.

He moved among the world of lesser men
As Prophet, Seer, and most stout-hearted Knight;
The lance he vanquished foes with was the pen,
The watchwords of his onset were "The Right";
How well he bore his banner in the fight
Let history and all the years relate.
Within his eyes the clear, unconquered light
Of him who learns to steadfast watch and wait,
Serene and dauntless, aye, the Master of his Fate.

Wit, humor, pathos—all the living strings
He struck and chorded with a Maestro's hand;
And Fame, on every wind, with tireless wings
Has borne his memory unto every land;
The Seven Seas have crooned it with their sand,
The rocking stars have lit for him a shrine
Where pilgrim forms do now uncovered stand
To do him honor, whose tense-written line
Was grooved and planted deep with sympathy divine.

The crumbling tops of ancient temples pass
Like Troy's tall towers, playthings of a day;
The peoples rise and multiply as grass,
And then like grass as quickly fade away.
But here was one of something finer clay,
Whose message love and hope and courage bore,
And whose renown, till Time is old and grey,
Will leap from lip to lip and shore to shore,
As one of earth's immortal spirits, gone before.

Our Germ of Art

By Eugene de Lopatecki

IN view of the great apathy previously experienced towards its exhibitions, the last one, under the auspices of the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, may be considered a fair success. During the week the attendance was six times that of previous years for the same period. It still remains for the people of Vancouver to foster the germ of art, which a few sincere workers are exerting themselves to cherish. The exhibition was good, and those who missed it were the losers.

It brought to light several new artists, among others Mr. Rice, an architect from Boston, whose water-colors, by their faithfulness to nature and the delicacy of their soft greys and browns, won for them a high place in general esteem. Mr. Chambers is another new-comer, who hails from Paris. He has had the benefit of personal acquaintance with Claude Monet and his brotherhood of impressionists, whose pictures revel in light and air; indeed, a private view of Mr. Chambers' works proved him no unworthy follower of the great master.

Of course the old pillars of the institution were well represented, and showed no signs of weakening amongst the newer men.

Mr. Fripp's delicate landscapes held their usual high place in the appreciation of visitors and brother-artists. Against his delicate and finished brushwork the bold, vivid execution of Mr. Stanley Tytler stands out in strong relief. His representations of scenes in wood and dell have caught most successfully the rare and mellow atmosphere of autumn.

It is impossible here to run over the whole list. Mr. Mackintosh Gow merits a good share of praise. Mr. Gow, an exhibitor on many occasion in the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy, showed three charming local scenes executed in his broad and deliberate style, which is ever a delight to those acquainted with the difficulties of the water-color medium.

Of Mr. Kyle's several exhibits the two most deserving mention were "Cloverdale" and the "Snake Fence." In the former the artist has taken an ordinary subject and drawn therefrom a poetical conception.

Mr. Champion Jones's "Shack at Kerrisdale," a harmony in soft, subdued tones, exhibiting a breadth of treatment which is the despair of the niggling practitioner, was not excelled by any other exhibit. His "Deadman's Island," showing that distressful spot as it stood before the recent sacrilege, while exhibiting the chief characteristics of his style, lacks the delicate coloring of the first picture.

Miss Grace Judge is an artist the merit of whose work varies considerably. Indeed, it may be said that as in decorative treat-

A WATER-COLOR BY MR. R[illegible]

"THE WAVE"—A PASTEL BY MR. B. M'EVOY

ment her work holds the first rank, yet as she approaches realism she loses the grasp characteristic of the method in which she has executed so many charming pictures in the past. "Second Beach," by this artist, is a delicate study for decorative effect, but her other more realistic representations were not so pleasing.

Passing to the oil paintings, the "Birch Woods in Spring," by Mr. W. P. Weston, was perhaps the best received. "The Spring" is a charming canvas, full of the crispness of an early morning in the young year, when last autumn's bracken, still brown, offers a warm contrast to the bright yellow-green of the budding foliage above.

Miss Margaret Wake's portrait group in oils was the only one in this class. Her water-colors, "In the Kitchen" and "Caught," are done with broad handling, and the modern spirit of this artist, who has been thrice hung in the Royal Academy, no doubt instilled some much-needed impetus into the more conservative methods of other exhibitors.

Mention must be made of Miss Hay and Mr. Graeme Waddell, of whose work it is hoped more will be seen in future.

The only example of pastel was the work of Mr. Bernard McEvoy. "The Wave," reproduced here, is more than the mere presentment of a solitary breaker on the sea shore. It is a philosophical study, with the solemnity and infinity of nature for its theme, expressed through the medium of the stormy ocean. As a technical display, in this the most difficult of mediums, it is indeed praiseworthy; the daring dash of ultramarine on the horizon, the transparency at the crest of the wave, and the method by which the sand shows through the foam on the beach, are touches of the deliberate and conscientious artist.

"The fewer men the greater share of honor." As usual sculpture has its sole representative in Mr. Marega, and of his work one statuette was the only exhibit.

In the "Evening of Life" we see what might be paraphrased as "Tolstoi on his Last Journey"—not a portrait study of the great reformer, but Tolstoi, the embodiment of the Russian peasant, bent as much from the knout of the Romanoffs as under the weight of years, travelling across life's stormy steppes and nearing its end, after lonely, interminable years of care and suffering for others.

There was also a frame of miniatures by Mr. Lloyd, who was the founder of the London Society of Miniaturists, and is now its vice-president.

His portrait of Mr. Henshaw is a clever and faithful likeness of that benevolent gentleman, but the "Bishop of Zanzibar" was even better from a technical point of view.

TOLSTOI—STATUETTE BY MR. MAREGA

Considering the patient labor of these artists and the many others who co-operated to make the exhibition a success, proving their ability and merit of their artistic productions, the citizens of Vancouver stand indictable for the non-support, and even non-encouragement, of this good cause.

The long roll of patrons and patronesses of musical comedy, whose names occupy so much good space in the daily papers which might be otherwise filled with news, did not lend many names to the visitors' list, which was kept open during the whole period of the exhibition. As might be expected, the visitors consisted on the one hand of the few hundred cultured people of which Vancouver can boast, and on the other of an equal number of the "burgher" class who, as the history of art activity tells us, are the first to take an unaffected interest in art for the intellectual benefits it supplies to all worthy and natural living citizens.

It is to these latter, then, that we must look for the stimulus which will keep artistic Vancouver, and all Western Canada, in fact, in the same rank—namely, the front one, which is so easily maintained by commercial Vancouver.

It is a healthy sign for the prosperity of a community, and especially for the fine arts, when the great mass of the citizens begin to take an interest in it, as they are now doing in Vancouver. But individual citizens can do little; it remains for the municipal politician, reading the manifestations of the times, to form an art policy, incorporating it in his platform, and, after submitting it to the populace for their approval, to foster his scheme after the manner of other enterprises, helping it through all the legislative stages until it shall have been consummated in its material and fully developed form.

The foundation of such a policy should long ago have been laid before the counsels of the City Fathers and dealt with after the manner of all vital factors in the city's development and expansion. The policy would necessarily be a large one. Some of its phases have already received individual attention, as, for instance, the general drawing instruction in the day schools, but the whole problem has not been threshed out or discussed at all; in fact, it has never been recognized as an issue.

It is not our intention here to draw up a Utopian art scheme, but some general idea of what is needed in Vancouver would, perhaps, not be out of order.

The first and most important point of all is the rational and intelligent recognition of art as one of the stones of the arch upon which civic or national greatness depends. The next is that, insomuch as art is integral in a community's welfare, it must receive the same unbiassed discussion and financial consideration by those who know and understand it as technical education, public works, or any other phase of the many-sided metropolitan community.

The necessity for art having been recognized and the willingness expressed to spend sufficient upon it to do it justice, there remains the carrying-out of the scheme to fit the needs of the particular community.

This means the purchase of the works of great masters, always keeping in view the particular conditions of the community under consideration, in order to procure

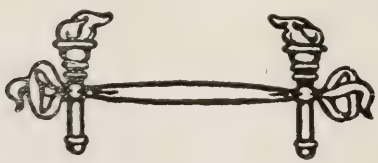
"DEADMAN'S ISLAND"—WATER-COLOR BY MR. CHAMPION JONES

works which will be of the highest beneficial influence to that community, and the building of a proper gallery to house the collection, not by the graduate of a technical school, but by an architectural artist who knows the requisite qualities of art galleries æsthetically as well as practically, and who works along with the purchasers of the pictures and sculpture as a co-operator in the general scheme.

Equally important is the establishment of a school of artistic crafts, in order that the men and women who make our furniture, ceramics, textiles and household articles shall put into them some feeling of refinement instead of turning out the vulgar and abominable creations with which our stores are filled, and which we of necessity must suffer.

Local talent in the realm of the highest art should be sought for and encouraged; travelling scholarships should be instituted, in order that the capable may see the art of other lands; exhibitions of etchings, lithographs and prints of all sorts should be arranged, especially as they are very inexpensive; and artists are always glad to co-operate in forming such exhibits of their work.

And finally, all these means, and others too numerous to mention, should be adopted with the view, primarily, not of grafting in this new country the worn-out art of the old world, but of sowing the seed of a national art of the West, which at its start needs the stimulus of the best styles of the consummated art of the eastern hemisphere.



Our Roads

By Adam H Gordon

Photo by courtesy of the Columbia Bitulithic Company

IN MODERN ROADBUILDING A MASS OF MACHINERY FOR SAVING TIME AND LABOR IS ERECTED ON THE SPOT. OUR PHOTO SHOWS ONE OF THESE TYPICAL "ROAD FACTORIES" AT WORK IN VANCOUVER

"For whatsoever . . . . may come to pass, it lies with me to have it serve me."—EPICTITUS.

THE road that begins to cost money the moment the roadbuilders leave it is a bad road, not fit to be trodden under the feet of men. We do not want any bad roads in British Columbia, and we need not have them if we insist that they be made good in the first place. A fifty-thousand-dollar road is often more expensive than one that costs a hundred thousand. The newspapers talk every day of roads that the Provincial and Dominion Governments are going to build. We ought to concern ourselves as much about them as about the streets that we are making in our towns and cities. A country without plenty of good roads is like a body without a nervous system—it's a dead one. When British Columbia is criss-crossed with roads like the lines on the palm of your hand it will be well with her. The day when "Every man his own road-builder" might have been a best seller is gone. There are as big brains at work building our roads as there are on steel construction or cable-laying. The business is specialized and the specialists are looking for business in new countries. An old city is a stamping ground for roadmenders. The citizens have to be satisfied with patching up the bad work of their ancestors. I remember once, on one of the main streets of Madrid, seeing the wheel of a cab go into a hole up to its hub. That hole was still there a week later when the King's wedding procession passed along that street. Bombs were not the only dangers that threatened Alfonso and his bride in the heart of the Spanish capital that day.

Roadbuilding has passed out of the art stage and become a science. We express roads in blue prints and figures as terse as the formula for sulphuric acid. Every man with a pint of blood in him loves to step off the beaten track now and then and trip over fallen tree trunks and dodge the twigs that try to scratch his eyes out. That is our inborn love of Nature and the wild. When it comes to paying the tailor and the candlestick maker we have to leave the romantic trail and come back to good, hard roads and hurry some to get ahead of the game. We have to get back to the trade routes, and the better the route the better the trade. In these days we frequently burst through convention and speak ill of the dead—and there are a great many dead roadbuilders. I have had to walk over the roads some of them made.

Photo by courtesy of the Columbia Bitulithic Company

THE ROAD FROM VANCOUVER TO EBURNE BEFORE BEING DRAINED AND PAVED. ANOTHER PHOTO TAKEN FROM THE SAME POSITION IS REPRODUCED HERE

Of course, there are still a great many roadmakers who are not ten feet high, but they are mostly found in jerkwater towns where the Roadmenders' Union has a strong lodge. In another part of this magazine there is a corking good story of the Pacific Highway. When that hard grey ribbon is running smoothly from Mexico clear to the Arctic the ghosts of departed joy-riders will haunt it lovingly and wonder if, after all, they have not left paradise behind them. That article makes the fact bore in upon one that autos and rubber tires have set a new standard of quality for roadbuilders that will benefit everything that goes to and fro through the Earth on any sort of wheels.

A road surface that after a shower looks like a first cousin to a slough cannot be tolerated today. Roads have to be built that will keep heavy and expensive motors on the top of the world.

This is especially important in cities where the motor vehicle has become a necessity. A good road brings the auto fire engine in time to save a home from going up in smoke. Good roads bring the motor ambulance to us when moments are precious. The fact that a good road also speeds the clanging, whizzing patrol wagon along to the storm centre is not without its salutary effect on community life. Over in England when they fine a motorist for speeding they send most of the money to the Road Commission for the purpose of keeping the roads in good condition. There is a rather grim humor about this mode of robbing Peter to pay Paul, but, after all, there was a very democratic principle underlying that ancient theft.

Have you ever noticed the physical effects of roads on human beings? In Holland, for instance, where the roads are as flat as stale beer, the natives slouch along, develop stooping shoulders, and wear wooden shoes. Show me a man who wears sabots and I'll bet as high as five dollars that he lives in a land where the roads are flat. In mountain villages, where you are either going up or down hill all the time, the men and maidens walk with a delightful swing from the hips. It gives them an independence of spirit that breeds respect in the visitor. It also develops splendid curves of figure that are much admired. I knew two sons of a Zulu chief who were sent to England to be educated. For a long time they walked about the

Photo by courtesy of the Columbia Bitulithic Company

THE ROAD FROM VANCOUVER TO EBURNE AFTER BEING DRAINED AND PAVED. THE SURFACE CONSISTS OF STONE AND BITUMEN, THE MOST SATISFACTORY MATERIAL FOR ROAD SURFACES

good country roads with a high-stepping gait, as if they were still lifting their feet out of the high grass that grew around their ancestral home.

Our own American Indians walk with their toes turned in, because for generations they have trodden narrow trails that have a cross section like a basin. To walk on these trails with comfort it is necessary to turn the toes away from the high sides of the trail toward the narrow bottom. White men who live much in the bush soon acquire this trick of "toeing in."

Those gentlemen who move from place to place along the ties of a convenient railroad track develop a gait as syncopated as their fortunes. Natives who walk barefoot on sand spread their toes like the camel does when he crosses a desert.

We want roads that will have the best effect on the people who use them. If our authorities provide us with good roads we will be good, too. With good roads in a clean and beautiful city we do not only benefit the inhabitants, but we attract new residents. Trade is attracted by increased population and by more amenable conditions of life. The more agreeable a town is made the more it satisfies the moral, intellectual and physical needs of the community, and the sooner will real artistic development counteract the undue influence of mere money-grubbing.

The Romans were the first scientific roadmakers. All that many of us remember about the Roman invasion of Britain is the fact that the Romans built some very excellent roads. These roads are still the main arteries of that island "set in the silver sea." England has grown up alongside these roads. When Cæsar's legions no longer marched and countermarched along them they became trade routes. The tourist who travels in his automobile from London to Scotland goes along the very strip of road over which the Roman legions hurried against their painted foes.

It is twenty-two hundred years since the Romans built the Appian Way, the first piece of scientific road construction that is recorded in history. By the irony of fate the descendants of these grim old engineers are now building roads for us in Canada for two and a half dollars a day. The old Roman method of roadbuilding was to mark out the direction to be taken and then to dig a trench on each side of the route. In doing so they either stumbled

upon or recognized with great foresight the secret of good roadmaking. A good road must have a well-drained bed. No matter how excellent the surface may be, it is useless unless the roadbed be permanently dry. We have not improved the Roman system much, except in the matter of laying the surface. Material for road surfaces varies with every locality. In the West of England and in Normandy they have unlimited supplies of white spar, which makes an ideal surface for a country road. Few places are so unfortunate as not to have some kind of good rock handy for metalling.

Here in British Columbia we are plentifully supplied with material. Perhaps tar or bitumen is the most radical addition to road materials since Roman days. Macadam suggested the use of coarsely-broken stone well packed down for a surface. The most perfect road surface today and the cheapest in the long run is a mixture of broken stone and bitumen. We have splendid examples of this type of surface along Georgia street from Granville to Stanley Park and from Shaughnessy Heights to Eburne. If you want to find the best roads, watch the motorist. Since the Eburne road has been finished it is the favorite resort for joy-riders on their sentimental journeys. The stone in this bitulithic surface supplies the hardness and toughness that are essential in a good road and the bitumen binds the stone in place, shoots the surface water, keeps the roadbed dry, and prevents the plague of dust.

Macadam's name moves me to tell you that he did more roadmending than roadbuilding. His fame arose from the excellent suggestions he made for the improvement and maintenance of existing roads. English roads today are good because they were so bad at the end of the seventeenth century.

When John Ruskin was an uneasy undergraduate at Oxford he was full of that constructive discontent that afterwards made him a formidable critic of literature and art. In those days his energy found an outlet in amateur roadbuilding. With pick and shovel he made his hands sore and built a piece of road in a neighboring village. This has since been described as the worst road in Europe. We do not employ Ruskins to do navvying on our roads. We buy perspiration at ten cents a bucket and give the engineer a hundred dollars a week to keep cool. It may not be so romantic, but we get better roads.

We ought to be proud of the work that has already been done on our city roads. Although there is more to be done than ever, most of the work that our City Fathers have carried out has been good. We have to see that the good work is kept up. In Vancouver alone there are over thirty-five miles of road that have car lines on them. There are many more miles of other paved streets—trade routes. Our streets and sidewalks, apart from any money spent on construction work, had a property value of over five million dollars at the end of last year. We must not begrudge money for roads, as they bring prosperity to our cities. We must see that all our new roads are built by firms who will make them hard and tough and able to withstand the action of the weather.

In these days we do not bury people at cross roads in the dark of the moon with a stake through their hearts. Perhaps it is a pity, as there would be poetic justice in handing such a fate to the makers of bad roads.

Theodore Roosevelt said he met with success because he always put himself in the way of things that were moving. Our road builders must see where "things are moving" in this Province, and put in a good road there to help the "movement" along. The road and the "movement" will react on each other. The better the road the better the movement, and the bigger the movement the better the road. We don't want to see thousands of dollars spent on roads to Sleepy Hollow, and on the other hand, if Sleepy Hollow needs a road to waken her up, we should see that she gets it. It's up to us.

Alvo von Alvensleben

A PERSONAL SKETCH

By F. Penberthy

IN April, 1906, a number of Vancouver citizens met in O'Brien Hall to inaugurate the Hundred Thousand Club. Their slogan was to be: "In nineteen-ten, Vancouver then will have one hundred thousand men." Long before that date the club, like Iago, found its occupation gone. It is now a matter of history that in nineteen-ten the population of Vancouver was nearer one hundred and fifty thousand. However, that is another story. When the chairman called the meeting to order he saw before him an array of business men anxious to "boost" Vancouver. Some of them were old-timers, some were mere cheechacos, some were wealthy men, others had no assets beyond their irrepressible optimism. One after another well-known men were called upon to address the meeting and take a hand in organizing the club. While expressing their desire to help the movement along, they one and all modestly declined the task of taking the lead. We all know those meetings where everybody waits for someone else to express the sentiments of the crowd. In spite of all the enthusiasm, Vancouver's pentecost did not look like being consummated. Presently a voice was heard addressing the chairman from a remote part of the hall. All heads were turned in the direction of the speaker, a tall young man whose voice increased in power as he proceeded. In a few minutes the meeting realized that it was listening to an organizer of marked ability. Under the guidance of that young man their enthusiasm was crystallized, resolutions were passed, officers were appointed, rules were drawn up and the club was launched on a successful career. The young man who "got them together" was Alvo von Alvensleben. When the meeting was over men pressed forward to congratulate the stranger. Little groups of twos and threes speculated upon who he was and from whence he had come. He turned out to be a young Prussian who was operating in a small way in real estate. From that day Mr. von Alvensleben has been a factor to be reckoned with in Vancouver. Today, at the age of thirty-three, he is one of the dominating personalities in the province. When he first arrived in the West he roughed it with the best of them. He experienced the hardships and delights of lumber and mining camps. He knows what it is to roll himself in his blanket by a camp fire at night after a hard day at a man's job. By serving an apprenticeship in that democratic school he gained an intimate knowledge of the resources and people of British Columbia. He also won the respect of his fellow-citizens, who like a man to show that he is made of the right stuff. Mr. von Alvensleben has gone far since he addressed the Hundred Thousand Club in 1906. He is now the moving spirit of a number of important enterprises, most of which he promoted and organized himself. He is not only managing director of Alvo von Alvensleben, Limited, but he is president of the Standard Fish and Fertilizer Company, Limited; Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Mining Company, Limited; Vancouver Timber and Trading Company, Limited; Vancouver Springs and Indian River Park, Limited; Piercite Powder Company, Limited, and many others. His name on a prospectus has come to be recognized as a guarantee that it is a genuine proposition. Mr. von Alvensleben has secured the confidence of our Western public by his sound business methods. The most common weakness in the business of a new country is for men to devote their time and money exclusively to speculation in real estate. The temptation to do this is very strong. Where land values rise quickly and money

THIS IS THE CENTRE OF HIGH VALUES IN WATERFRONTAGE AND FORMS THE CENTRE

can be turned over in a short time, it takes a man with great foresight and self-restraint to organize and promote industrial enterprises. Eventually, of course, when the principal land values approximate to a limit more or less permanent, it is the industrial enterprises that form the backbone of the money market. No new community can be stable unless its industrial enterprises are extensive and successful. When Mr. von Alvensleben assisted in promoting the efforts of the Hundred Thousand Club he undoubtedly had in his mind the importance of looking after the industrial future of the city. He realized that the people of Vancouver could not build up a great city by swapping corner lots, any more than the South Sea Islanders can grow independent by taking in each other's washing.

The mere fact that a man has made money in this country does not stamp him as a genius, or make him a "personage" in the community. Bill Smith may stub his toe against the outcrop of a gold reef and accidentally place himself on Easy street.

The position which Mr. von Alvensleben holds in the esteem of our business men is not solely due to the fact that he has been successful in business, but also because he displays the qualities of leadership that we need. He stirs our imagination, and we look to him to play a large part in helping us to build up the Great West. His friends speak of him as a prince of good fellows, and he has the faculty of making himself at home with men in all walks of life whom he meets in his business.

When he wishes to find out for himself all about some proposition he often surprises loggers, miners, engineers, prospec-

OF CONGESTION WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY CAUSE VALUES TO RISE ON EACH SIDE OF IT

tors and the like by the directness of his questions and his intimate knowledge of affairs that has cost them years of study and labor. He can take them to the limit of their experience. When, as he often does, he goes on a trip of investigation he is always the last to fall out on the trail and the first to strike it again in the morning. He does not spare himself or his men, and he never asks anyone to do anything that he will not do himself.

For a cadet of an ancient and aristocratic family to come to Vancouver and in five short years to become one of our leading financiers is a notable thing. It is as notable as the fact that Andrew Carnegie was once a telegraph messenger, or that Edison was a newspaper boy.

When I was favored with an interview by Mr. von Alvensleben I was naturally glad of the chance to form my personal impressions of a remarkable man. I found myself courteously and even cordially received by a tall, athletic young man whose deep grey eyes and vigorous frame showed no sign of the strain of heavy business responsibilities. Mr. von Alvensleben does not suggest the office at all. He looks more like a young athlete who has only just left college behind him. There was a twinkle in his eye as if he thought it rather amusing that anyone should see anything remarkable in him or his achievements. After modestly refusing to talk about himself he consented to give me some idea of the lines along which he works. He pointed out that in building up a new city we cannot ignore the experience that has been gained in building up great cities elsewhere. This applies not only to cities that have grown up in a generation or two in America, but also

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to the older cities of Europe. There are certain general lines that every city follows in its growth. Any attempt to break away from these lines is like rebelling against the laws of Nature. The faults of a city are often the faults of its qualities. Taking the congestion of business sections as an instance, he pointed out that congestion was unavoidable. When business men crowd their offices and railways and wharves into a certain place they do so because that place is the best one for their purpose. When a company wants to erect an office building they know that it is better to buy an expensive site in the heart of the business section than to build on a cheaper site farther out. They know that however modern or convenient the building may be, they cannot hope to make it pay if it does not suit the requirements of the business centre. You cannot switch business out of its channels. Sometimes the tide of business may turn in the direction of a building that stands on a cheap site away from the centre, but that will be because the mysterious forces that con-

WIGWAM INN AT INDIAN RIVER

trol the direction of trade have set in that direction. In the same way, shipping cannot be switched from one waterfront to another, however congested the waterfront may be. In time congested districts overflow, and then the values immediately next to them fall under the influence of supply and demand and rise. This conservative quality, or one may call it stubbornness, in the location of trade is so subtle that one side of a street may be immensely more valuable than the other. To the casual observer there may be no difference between the north side or the south, but there is a subtle something that controls values.

"It sometimes puzzles me," he said with a smile, "that even clever business men overlook obvious facts. There are men today who will pay $4,000 a front foot for sites on Hastings or Granville streets as a speculation in real estate. I do not say that these values will not greatly increase in time, but at this stage of the growth of the city a man would have to hold such a site for a very long time to make it a good speculation. All the time he is waiting he is losing the interest on his money and paying heavy taxes, and he will have to offset these items against the profit he will eventually make by holding on. The logical use to which these sites can be put, and to which they are being put in Vancouver, is for the erection of banks and office buildings. These concerns earn big dividends, and in order to do so they must be in the congested centre and be prepared to pay big rents for the advantages of their location.

"Of course, there are today very many good chances for speculative purchases in real estate in the city, but they are along those streets towards which the congested districts are turning for relief. Homer, Cambie, Richards, Seymour and Pender streets are good examples. Sometimes a man decides to erect an office building on an expensive site and does not realize that he must build high enough to have a sufficient number of offices, shops or warehouses to let to yield him a good profit on his money.

"It is a mistake to erect a cheap building on an expensive site, so that unless one is prepared to back up the purchase of land at $4,000 a front foot, with capital

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE "CONGESTION" CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BEST BUSINESS LOCATIONS OF ALL SIDE BY SIDE IN THE CENTRE OF THINGS THEY WILL PILE

enough to build on a sufficiently big scale, my advice is to let it alone. Some buildings in Vancouver are already barely paying. Another one or two storeys added to them would provide a good profit. You see what has happened in New York. The problem of congestion has not been solved by extending outward, but upward. I am not in favor of turning our streets into canyons bordered with skyscrapers; I only want to point out that we have to reckon at every turn with inflexible laws, the mysterious and powerful forces that confine business to certain limited centres.

"In cities like London, where a limit is set to the height of buildings, the congestion is just as bad. It covers a wider area; but if someone were permitted to build a skyscraper of fifty storeys next to the Bank of England, hundreds of men who are now on the edge of the congested district would immediately move to it. If there is any advantage in being in a certain spot in a city everybody will get as near that spot as he can.

"The same thing applies to waterfrontage and trackage. I want to put this clearly, because in our rapidly-growing community big schemes which do every credit to the broad views of their promoters will every now and then be put before the public for their approval and support. When the public is asked to consider these proposals they should remember the almost immutable character of the direction of trade toward certain centres. That mistakes are made even today in these matters may be seen from the fact that waterfrontage on Burrard Inlet right in the way of an inevitable expansion of the congested parts is selling at $125 a front foot, while certain frontages on a portion

GREAT CITIES. A VIEW OF THE HEART OF VANCOUVER. IF BUSINESS MEN CANNOT HAVE THEIR OFFICES
THEM ONE ON THE OTHER. HENCE THE SKYSCRAPER.

of the Fraser, which cannot possibly become important for many years yet, are being offered at from $200 and up a front foot. If an investor keeps his eye on present and projected transportation facilities he cannot go far wrong on the question of values.

"The word 'knocker' is often applied to a man who belittles another man's enterprise. As long as the word is applied to those who unjustly 'knock' legitimate propositions the term is very apt. Today it would seem to be applied to any and everyone who offers any adverse criticism. This readiness to apply an unpleasant name to a critic has the deplorable effect of preventing many criticisms that are just and necessary and that should, in the interests of the community at large, be vigorously expressed. Owing to the very newness of the country and the incredible abundance of our resources, it is possible for unscrupulous people to take advantage of the confidence that is everywhere displayed toward investments in the West.

"I must say that we have had very few of these 'fake' propositions offered in Vancouver, but there is always a danger that a successful swindle on a large scale may be placed on the market. It would have an effect beyond the individuals who get 'stung,' and would do much to destroy the confidence of foreign investors, whose capital we need. I think there is not a sensible citizen of this province who does not see the error of 'boosting, boosting it all and boosting it all, all the time.' We must not let our zeal outrun our discretion, lest we create misunderstandings and loss of confidence in those remote countries from which we draw the sinews of war.

"We must not be too engrossed with

WATERFRONT AND RAILWAY CONGESTION ALWAYS GO TOGETHER. THEY ARE INTERDEPENDENT, AND THE CONGESTED BUSINESS CENTRE WILL BE FOUND NEXT TO CONGESTED WATERFRONT AND RAILWAYS

MR. VON ALVENSLEBEN REALIZES THE IMPORTANCE OF PRESERVING THE NATURAL BEAUTIES NEAR OUR CITIES. A VIEW FROM WIGWAM INN, AT INDIAN RIVER PARK, IN WHICH MR. ALVENSLEBEN IS INTERESTED

our own affairs to forget the duty we owe to the community at large. Any propositions that are especially designed to appeal to the small investor should be carefully examined. The newly-formed Ad. Club will, I hope, apply itself to this question in the interests of the city and the man of small means. Our prestige abroad depends upon the integrity and public spirit of our business men and citizens.

"I recently read in the *Scotsman,* a paper of very high standing in the United Kingdom, a very clever article which adversely criticised several features of our own real estate market. The writer was obviously well informed and perfectly fair. He put his finger upon many weak points that ought not to exist here. At the same time he was unable to deny the existence of a vast number of good openings for the investment of British capital. One of his points which occurs to me deals with a certain class of advertising that shows a tendency to become common here. In one advertisement of real estate the owner frankly admits that the land he is offering is five miles away from the city, but he naively points out that this is an advantage, because the purchaser will be able to build a home far from the noise and smoke and fog of the town. Of course, this sort of statement is absurd.

"I do not wish any of your readers to get the impression that I am dealing with any particular instances of bad conditions; I am merely trying to show that people who represent capital are alive to the possibility of bad impressions being created, and that we are determined to do all we can to prevent it. We are conscious of the duty that we owe to the city and the province, and we want people to feel that their confidence in us is appreciated and that we are anxious to justify them in continuing to give us their confidence.

"As an instance of how easily thoughtless statements are made, I heard a man speak of 'millions' of lots that might be bought in and around Vancouver. If a line be drawn north and south just west of Port Moody, the peninsula west of it, containing Vancouver, Westminster and

MR. ALVO VON ALVENSLEBEN'S HOME AT KERRISDALE

all the smaller centres, has an area of 50,000 acres. Allowing a portion of this for roads, railways, car tracks, parks, and various areas like the University site of several hundred acres at Point Grey, the balance may be divided into about 250,000 lots; even then these lots would have to be small, say 33x130 ft. So where can the 'millions' of lots be found?

"Another statement that has been used to suggest that certain land near Vancouver is valued at an impossible figure is that one may purchase land cheaper just outside New York than in the suburbs of Vancouver. If these two cities are to be compared in this way, all things being equal, the suburbs of Vancouver would be near Port Haney, thirty miles away. New York has a population of millions, covering an area of many square miles. The days of rapid growth in New York are at an end, and in Vancouver they are just beginning. The transportation system in New York will take people to the extreme limits of the city, miles away, in a few minutes. The absurdity of these careless statements becomes evident when they are examined, but unfortunately people do not always take the trouble to really find out how much of a statement is true."

I may not have succeeded in conveying to my readers a very adequate conception of Mr. von Alvensleben's personality. It needs a personal talk to enable one to appreciate his charm and to understand the reason why he has won the confidence and esteem of the public. He is frank and candid in all his affairs, and, in the expressive language of the West, "he delivers the goods." Mr. von Alvensleben is undoubtedly destined to occupy a very high position in this province. Business is not an obsession with him. His nature is wide enough for him to take an active interest in the "humanities," in music, art and literature, and he is a very keen student of natural history.

Vancouver, a City of Beautiful Homes

WHERE scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago the Siwash Indian hunted bears, and the white man was almost unknown, there stands today Vancouver, one of the most beautiful of New World cities. She has displaced the Siwash and the forests where his camp fires burned. All that is left of those days is our glorious Stanley Park and the pine clumps which still linger upon the outskirts of our city. The forests are fast being converted into lumber, and in their place homes, unique and beautiful, are springing up so rapidly that the statistics of today will be inadequate to tell the true story of tomorrow.

The measure of a city's stability, financial soundness and attractiveness to the newcomer is not to be found in its palatial hotels, skyscraper office buildings and apartment houses. The dweller in flats is an uncertain and unsettled quantity. The man in an office may be a foot-loose adventurer. Homes alone indicate the extent and quality of citizenship. It is in them that patriotism is developed and cherished. The home is the heart, the life and the index of a city. Vancouver may well be proud of her beautiful homes, and of her great industries that are directly concerned with the promotion of home-building—sawmills, sash and door factories, and home-building companies. Among those who have come here from the great schools of older lands and from the great republic to the south of us are many brilliant young architects who have brought to us their genius, unfettered by effete convention and worn-out tradition. They have evolved new and attractive types of bungalows and mansions that are a revelation to the town dweller from the east or from overseas, where they are familiar with terraced rows of cottages that seem to have been made by the gross to one dreary pattern. The immigrant has brought with him a deeply implanted love of home-life. He is obliged at first to be a "roomer" in an apartment house, but when his wife and children arrive he demands a house of his own. He finds that the growth of the city has been so rapid that rented houses are too few and that rents are therefore prohibitive. How can he acquire a home of his own? This question is answered today by many building corporations, such as the Vancouver Free Homes, Limited. This company has introduced the co-operative principle into Vancouver. Its workmen are all holders of shares in the company. Special inducements are also offered by the company to those who purchase its houses in order to interest them in becoming shareholders also, and so reduce the cost of their homes by participating in the splendid profits they are themselves helping to create.

With the vast demand for homes that is created by the influx of from five hundred to a thousand citizens every week, the market for houses is so great that even by working night and day tradesmen are unable to overtake it. Most newcomers, it is true, have no large sums of ready cash, therefore some system of easy payments is necessary if they are to become owners of their own homes.

Such companies as the Free Homes are based on the small payment principle, and

Photo by Vancouver Free Homes

Photo by Vancouver Free Homes

in consequence whole streets of quaint and cosy bungalows are being built up in new suburbs in every direction. These delightful homes generally follow somewhat upon the lines of the famous Californian bungalows, with modifications that specially adapt them to our colder climate. They are equipped with furnace heat in every room, spacious basements, heavy modern baths and plumbing. We have already referred to the variety of designs to be noted in Vancouver homes. This is all the more striking by the quite general absence of front-yard fences. This plan, in course of time, will provide every street with lines of flower gardens that will give the city a park-like appearance. It also displays to the fullest advantage the characteristics of the homes themselves. There is an evident rivalry to produce in each home a front newer in design, more quaint and more attractive than its neighbor.

The best models of every land have been studied, and something taken from Oriental pagoda, Swiss chalet, English cottage, Californian bungalow, Mexican patio and even from the Maori whare and Indian wigwam. The Free Homes architects must produce a new design for every purchaser. There are no "hand-me-down" patterns, no "templet" sections here. That sort of thing will not do in Vancouver. Good workmanship and art must go hand-in-hand. Our free Western taste demands that even a chimney must be a thing of beauty, an ornament to be displayed, and not an unsightly, gaunt stack of bricks to be hidden away in the rear. Vancouver is justly proud of her homes, and of such institutions as the Free Homes co-operative system that are making beautiful home-building possible.

The Free Home system, which we have mentioned incidentally, has been specially devised to enable the people to become home-owners in the easiest and most equitable way. A few words of explanation of the system will not be out of place. Attracted by some "why pay rent?" proposition, home-seekers have often heretofore been grievously disappointed to find it is based upon a loan at high interest, or that the proposition has attached to it some wearisome system of payments that offers no relief to the wage-earner. The Free Homes plan enables the home buyer to invest his money in small sums in shares that pay big dividends. This stock is accepted as collateral security in lieu of cash deposits on his home. His dividends are then applied to reduce or even entirely meet his payments. In fact, his home may be wholly paid for in this manner. To do this it is evident that the business must be highly profitable. The actual experience, extending over many years, of the celebrated Los Angeles Investment Company shows that it is. Fifteen years ago this corporation applied its then small capital of a few thousand dollars to co-operative suburban development and home-building. Its capital and surplus today are close on $7,000,000, and the average dividend on its stock paid all through the fifteen years of its existence has been 39½ per cent.

To the conservative investor such a proposition is most attractive. The substantial character of its real estate assets,

Photo by Vancouver Free Homes

and the fact that every dollar of its capital is expended to immensely increase these land values by the erection of revenue-producing homes, gives the stock the solidity of Government bonds. The surprising prosperity of Vancouver, with its almost unlimited demand for houses, creates a market and prices that ensure great profits. The field of operations from which dividends are to be drawn is both extensive and permanent.

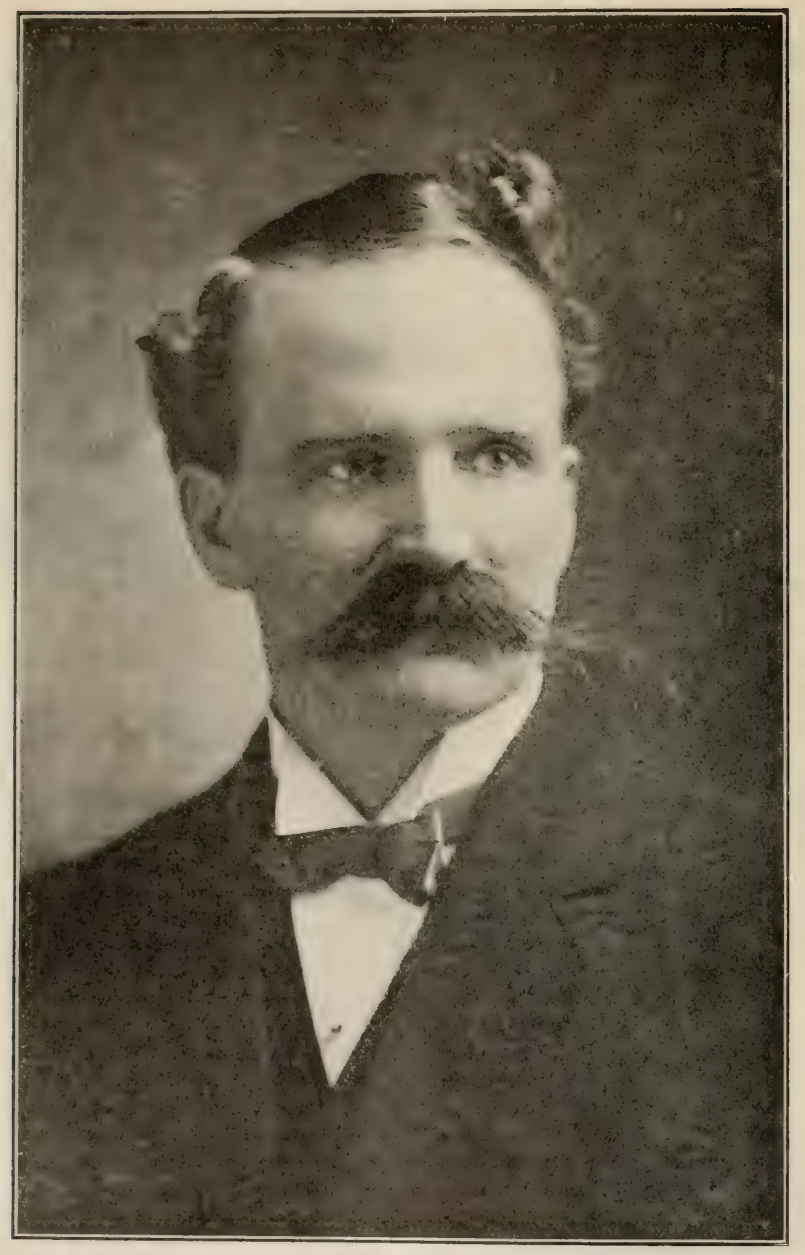
Building is the most extensive and important business in Vancouver today. The growth of this city will continue at its present rate for a great many years, so that home-building will continue to be a safe and profitable form of investment. The residential sections of Vancouver are already as definitely marked as the business centres. They are not planned on a small scale. Shaughnessy Heights and Point Grey have been selected as sites for the homes of the wealthy. The prosperous business man and the wage-earner are building homes in Kitsilano, Kerrisdale and South Vancouver. They are also going further afield to Cedar Cottage and Burnaby as the car lines are being extended. The Vancouver Free Homes Co-operative system, while it does not confine its building operations to any one section, has been most active in South Vancouver, which is rapidly being populated by wage-earners. Row upon row of cosy homes are being built there and are being occupied by their co-operative owners as soon as they are completed.

It is usually considered the exclusive privilege of the rich to have a home built to their own design. The architect of the Free Homes system will draft plans for and consider suggestions from anyone contemplating building on the co-operative system. This means that the co-operators can have a home built to suit their requirements and also advice about any modern devices, such as special backs, fireplaces, concealed beds, and anything else that goes to make a house a real home. The system operates on a large scale. Land is bought in large areas and materials by the carload. The building staff is a large one and well organized. In this way the wage-earner who builds on the co-operative plan has all the benefits of capital at his disposal.

Photo by Vancouver Free Homes

The secretary of the Vancouver Free Homes Co-operative system will supply a great deal of detailed information for which we cannot find space here.

The question of making Vancouver a city of homes has a general aspect that is not the least important. The elevating influence of home life reacts on trade and the social wellbeing of the community as a whole. The co-operative system should therefore not only receive the support of the worker whom it directly benefits, but also the support of all business and professional men whose success depends on the welfare of the people as a whole. Some day an organized attempt will be made to beautify our streets and public buildings, and the success of this work will depend directly upon the kind of homes that our citizens live in. Whether Vancouver will be a queen city with beautiful and wholesome streets, or whether she will develop into a grimy, unpleasant and depressing mass of mere houses, will depend on the encouragement and assistance given to her citizens to acquire homes of their own.



THE first of our series of portraits of men prominent in public life outside the city proper is that of Mr. R. C. Hodgson, president of the Hodgson Plumbing and Heating Company Limited, of Vancouver. Although Mr. Hodgson's business headquarters are in the city, he has made his home for nine years in South Vancouver, and has taken an active part in municipal affairs there. In 1906-7-8 he was chairman of the School Board. In 1910-11 he was president of the Board of Trade, and at the coming election in January he will be a candidate for the office of Reeve. Mr. Hodgson, it may be added, is a native son of British Columbia, and is a Greater Vancouver enthusiast.

A Word to the Public

LAST month an article appeared in this magazine which contained a mis-statement. A certain Trust Company was said to be doing the only strictly trust business in the city. I am informed that this is not true.

I assumed the editorship of this magazine after this article was in print. I did not know of its existence until the number was on my table. I found the magazine thirty days behind, and had ten days in which to get it out: and in the rush some things got through the like of which I hope will not pass again while I am on the ground.

I do not like to use this pretext in connection with a sound and worthy concern to speak of the whole question which this episode raises. But there will be no better opportunity, especially since I am about leaving for England, to be gone for the winter months.

So far as I am able to determine, this magazine must tell the truth about the men and corporations and enterprises of British Columbia. That is what it is here for. It is my purpose to hold it up to the high standard of excellence given it by Mr. Pollough Pogue and his predecessors; and advertising or no advertising, if any mis-statement or error creeps into its columns we shall do our best to correct it at once.

We shall hold ourselves free to criticise at any time any concern which may be advertising anywhere in our own or in other columns misleading statements about any portion of the province. I advise any concern whose property cannot bear the light of investigation to give our advertising solicitors a wide berth, for they will waste their money. There is no string on the editor from the business office. We are at a disadvantage, to be sure, as compared with other journals, when we turn down advertisements which those less scrupulous would not hesitate to accept. We not only owe this to ourselves, but according to my idea of the ethics of advertising we owe it to the advertiser in *bona fides*, the statements made by whom are discounted if the public cannot believe in the veracity and probity of the journal. On the other hand, the value of an advertising page is enhanced mightily if it is sold only on the understanding that the editor is free to rip it up if it is wrong.

We are here to stay, and we cannot stay if we cannot be believed, and there is no difference between one page and another on this matter. A diplomat has been said to be a man sent abroad to lie for his country, but a decent journal cannot stay at home and lie for its advertisers.

I am beginning to suspect that the people of the Old Country need to have more places where they can look for the facts unmodified by the pecuniary interests of any man. It is no simple matter for a family to uproot and transplant itself some thousands of miles into a supposed paradise, and find themselves in a mud-hole or on a rock pile ready to starve—and then damn the country to every acquaintance they have. I am even in favor of a government censorship of the advertising of individuals and corporations, and for laws which will reach the unbridled greed of unscrupulous speculators. It is bad enough for the poor man when he comes here to pay the tribute he does, even if he gets everything he is paying for. But so far as in us lies, we shall see that the public gets the truth.

It is no easy matter to publish a good magazine in a new country where facilities are expensive, and where the population is sparse, and where so much of that sparsity is too busy to read and too short-sighted to advertise. I know of but four ways for any journal to raise money—and, I am sure, there are those who would thank me to mention them. These are to beg, borrow, steal—or *sell space*. Frankly, gentle reader, we have nothing to sell but space. The magazine we are paying you to take, because it costs us nearly twice as much as we get for it to send it out to

you. We lose money on every sale at fifteen cents a copy. Now, then, this magazine is not a charity organization society. If we do business we must pay our bills. If we pay our bills we must sell space. We are ready to give space to the welfare of the country. But space given to the welfare of an individual or a corporation must be paid for. And that welfare must be in consonance with that of the people who trust us so far as to read our pages. In other words, the magazine must have a patriotic element in it if it is worthy of existence. It is not necessary to label an advertisement. Everyone above the average intelligence ought to know what is paid for and what is not. No one under the average intelligence ever will become a subscriber to the *British Columbia Magazine,* and, of course, he does not interest us.

Owing to engagements made before I became "The Editor," I am expecting to spend the winter in England. I shall be the better prepared to get good reading there than here, for I am hoping to interest, among others, some of the best writers of the Empire, some of whom already have promised to contribute to our columns. Before long I expect to frame a strong Imperial Policy, which shall be strictly non-partisan, and which ought to interest every man in the Empire who thinks. As to the others, I hope to have pictures for them to look at. I shall continue to give plenty of space to the province and its resources, first and above all, but for perhaps a half of the magazine I shall not be satisfied unless it can be that for which our position here calls—a voice of western civilization on the Pacific Ocean, which today is the front of the world.

Time only can demonstrate whether the people of this coast are as big as their chance. No one can foresee whether we shall rise to the overwhelming responsibility involved in an unequalled position and an unparalleled environment. This can be realized only by holding to the best traditions of our race and our religion. We must keep the country a white man's country at any cost, and a British country if possible. This is our task. I want an Imperial magazine on this coast, and I want this one to be just that. So far as I know, there is no journal in the world which is ready to give the best news and the best thought on the most far-reaching problem in the world today. I mean the Oriental problem. This involves the question of Pacific supremacy, and this, in turn, involves that of the world supremacy of the twentieth century. I cannot begin to fill this bill without the co-operation of the people of this province. It will take money to carry out such a programme. I shall carry it out in so far as the magazine is supported by the people. We can do nothing, men and women of British Columbia, without your support. We hope to deserve that support. If you have local pride or Imperial patriotism, help us to make this magazine an Imperial factor. Our politics are the British Empire and the Dominion of Canada and British Columbia. The magazine will be what you help us to make it.

FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN,
Authors' Club, 2 Whitehall Court,
London, S. W.

Editorial Comment

PROVINCIAL EXPANSION

BRITISH COLUMBIA needs payrolls. There should be payrolls at the foot of every waterfall in the Province.

But this is not all that this Province needs.

The men who walk up to the paymaster on payday to get their money should be the kind of men who will spend their money in British Columbia.

The men who can make this Province are the men who can work side by side and who can be brethren, who will be citizens under our flag with a devotion to that flag, and who will build their homes under that flag. Others will be unmakers of Empire.

It is altogether beyond dispute that cheap labor will cut a few more logs, and catch a few more fish, and build more road, in the next year or two, but it will not do this in the next decade or two.

The world has been drenched with talk of protected industry, in dialogue and monologue, but the time has come out here when some few would welcome something on the line of protected labor and protected business. We want to see the men on the payrolls of the incomparable future industrial expansion of this Province; not those who will work for less money than a Chinaman will work for, but who will spend what he earns in the stores of Vancouver and Victoria and Nelson and Kamloops; and, here in Vancouver, who will spend their money in Hastings Street and Granville Street, and not Powell or East Pender. What we do not want—and, incidentally, what we do not propose to have—is an industrial population growing into its tens of thousands who are sending three-quarters of their gross aggregate of earnings thousands of miles away, and who buy here only such things as will keep them alive to skim some more of the cream of the Province, and put it on board a Pacific steamer and alienate it from British Columbia forever.

According to Gresham's law, cheap money always drives out good money. So cheap labor always drives out better labor.

The *denouement* is interesting. What there is left is the cheap money and the cheap labor.

Once there were two boys who got rich swopping the same horse. So at least we have been informed. We have always admired their astuteness—as we have wondered at their success. We have an equal admiration for the ingrowing Political Economy of British

Columbia, and which is very rapidly crystallizing, not into an enduring British business, but an Oriental pap. The second industry in British Columbia is a Jap pap.

* * *

A WHOLESOME SENTIMENT

THERE is a well-worn anecdote of Goldsmith and Johnson, which, because it is pure gold, shines with a more brilliant lustre the farther it travels. It seems that the two friends found themselves alone in a certain coffee-house, when a lonely-looking stranger came in and took a seat on the opposite side of the room.

"Oliver, do you see that man? I hate that man."

"Why, do you know him?"

"No. That is just the trouble. I am quite sure that if I knew him I should love him."

It has been said often that the most of our differences are in our denials and not many of them in our affirmations. So most of our dislikes come from our lack of knowledge, or from that point of view which is looking for the wrong things in our associates.

In this line is a charming sentiment going the rounds of the press, which should be given a place with the best thoughts of the best men.

"I am not going to ask you for your party support," said recently the Minister of Justice at a banquet to the Hon. C. J. Doherty at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, "but there are so many things with regard to which we can and do all agree without distinction of party lines that there cannot but be many instances in which true Canadians should unite in co-operating with whatever party or whatever man may have the means of action in their hands. Let us strive to seek out these things and increase their number. There will always be plenty on which we shall disagree, to afford a wide field for party warfare, and as to that warfare, let us strive to carry it on so that it shall not be merely a struggle for office, for place or power, that it may not generate personal animosities, but that it may be but a contest between patriots, differing as to means, agreeing as to ends, and coming out of the battle with mutual friendships."

In a new country especially there is need of the broadest and kindliest spirit, and of the nurture of the consciousness of the common good. Party devotion is good enough in its place, but it is bad citizenship to make every issue a party issue with the aim of gaining a bit of party prestige. There are plenty of problems which concern the actual welfare of the people and the future of the land and its wealth, and these should be approached with the methods of business and in the spirit of patriotism.

There is another great mistake which the people of a new country are prone to make, and that is to keep up national hatreds

and envies and contentions, with and about those peoples of our own race and blood who have come to dwell among us, forgetting that we were all newcomers not so very long since, and that one of the great problems of the world today is for kindred races to get together as fast and as near as we may. The day is coming, if we read the signs of the times (and he who runs may read), when all the goodwill which the civilization of our time has engendered will be needed in the elemental problem of racial self-defence—racial survival.

What more pitiable spawn of humanity than the creature who takes it as a personal insult if one happens to disagree with him in politics or if one happens to have lived under another flag? Such a person is not the material out of which empires are made. To all men and women of culture—and one means by that men and women whose lives encompass the highest ideals and who know the best things—there is always a large ground in common, in religion or in politics, on which there is meeting-ground. This ground has not been sufficiently worked.

The retiring president of the Canadian Club, Vancouver, Mr. Ewing Buchan, said a good thing in leaving office—that the main object of the Canadian Club is to foster patriotism, which is not always in waving one's own flag, nor yet in denouncing the presence of foreign flags when there is reason for their being there. He pleaded for a larger tolerance on the part of those who were offended, and for better taste on the part of the offender.

There are always harmless and enthusiastic zealots abroad who have all their enthusiasm in the wrong place. Dirt has been well defined as matter out of place. It is altogether fitting that any man should take his flag seriously; but for foreigners indiscriminately to wave their colors in another land than their own is an evidence of very bad taste and of worse breeding. There are thirty or forty flags represented in this province, for it is the meeting-place of many nationalities. To these has been extended a generous hospitality. If this country is good enough to make our money in, it is good enough for us to make our homes in. And we must get together. To this end it is essential that we be a homogeneous people. It is necessary that we have one civilization here and not two civilizations. We must have one flag here, and not two flags.

This is the best way to prevent those animosities which are hurtful and not helpful to a new country. If this country is not good enough for us, by all means let us find one that is, and stick to it. But here on this cosmopolitan coast let us remember that it is our home, and let us avoid those unnecessary frictions which so often are engendered among brethren.

There is abroad what is known as the "knocker." He is not the best type of citizen. Sometimes it is the Canadian holding forth

on the shortcomings of the Englishman. Sometimes it is the other way. Sometimes it is both abusing the American. Should all their criticisms be well founded they are nevertheless deplorable. The spirit is not for the country's good. Out here we need to get together. We need to for our own sakes and for the larger consideration of the future of the race and our racial ideals.

Mr. Stead has an interesting article in a recent *Review of Reviews* which he calls "A Jingo War-whoop." It is a severe and, we may say, timely arraignment of the *Canadian Field,* the organ of the Canadian Defence League, published at Welland, Ont., and which "adds to those other duties that of being as cantankerous as possible to the Americans who live south of the Canadian border."

This is bad policy and worse manners when so many Americans are coming over the border in good faith to make their homes in Canada. They become loyal citizens, even though now and then some one brings a flag with him, never in the least expecting it to be taken seriously. To be sure, he should have left it at home; but if he did not, he is an Anglo-Saxon and we want Anglo-Saxons here, and the time has come when Anglo-Saxons must think of getting together and no longer of bickering over our paltry differences. As the world is moving just now, it is a near-sighted observer who cannot see that we shall soon need to conserve and assimilate all the goodwill in sight—we must know all the meaning of the sentiment that "blood is thicker than water." These little envies and hatreds and carpings which we hear when the "knockers" get together on the street corner are the offspring of that spirit which has within it the elements of the dissolution of our race and the destruction of all those glorious ideals for which our forbears shed their blood.

* * *

THE PANAMA CANAL AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE American waterways idea, of which the Panama project is but a part, involves something no less imposing than the fundamental rearrangement of the New World.

The cutting of a hemisphere in two is a task of no mean proportions, but the whole plan is a geographical event of the first magnitude and, as well, of the first importance.

The scheme involves the artificialization and the control and use of the Mississippi River and its 16,000 miles of navigable deep waterways, with their countless unnavigable tributaries.

The inter-oceanic canal itself is that which most concerns the people of this coast. The rest is of only secondary interest. But when, for example, we learn that the digging of this waterway, without the cost of a cent to us, will add two dollars to the market value of every thousand feet of lumber on the Pacific coast of British North America, we realize one element of the important service the republic to the south is rendering us.

The Panama Canal will save 10,000 miles for every ship plying between New York and Vancouver. It will save $10,000 for every 2,000-ton barque plying between these two points, and at a rough guess it will add to our wealth in timber values alone, and without our effort, more than the total cost of the canal itself. Not only will the eastern coast of the American hemisphere be opened to the ports of Vancouver and Victoria and Prince Rupert, but so will the whole interior of the United States through the deepening of the Mississippi; and the Orinoco and the Amazon will make a new Mediterranean of the Caribbean Sea.

It is understood that the commercial prizes will go to the cities which are prepared and to the countries which have the mercantile marine. A handful of people in the United States understand this, but the astounding apathy of that nation on the subject of ships savors of that wisdom which fences pastures for other people's cattle.

There is at least no need for a child of the British nation to be ignorant of the fact that ships rule the world.

There is time for us to profit by the landlubber statesmanship which so long has ruled the States. It should not rule Canada.

Two things are necessary—imperative: Build docks. Build ships. And do it now.

* * *

VANCOUVER TO PEACE RIVER BY RAIL

IT is announced that Mr. J. D. McArthur, the railway builder and contractor of Winnipeg, is about to build a railroad which will connect Vancouver with the Peace River district. It is interesting to know that Mr. McArthur has entered the field, on his own account, as an Empire builder. Mr. McArthur is far from being a mere millionaire and successful railway contractor. He is a man of the finest culture, with the calibre of a statesman, and he embodies those gifts of integrity of character and a certain charm of the personal equation which place him far above the mere successful man of business, and which go to make the Imperial architectural type —over and above the fact that his work has always been of the best and that his career has been a most successful one. Those who are interested in the Peace River country and who are interested in the development of that new Imperial realm and its magnificent future, and those who know Mr. McArthur and his Imperial qualities, will be truly glad that he has secured the charter, and that he is a believer in the future of that Last Great West out of which a very important section of the British Empire is to be carved and into which a very important section of the British Empire is to find a future home.

Mr. McArthur has acquired a charter for a railway extension from Edmonton to Fort George, traversing the richest portions of the Peace River district, entering British Columbia by way of Pine River

Pass, north of the Yellowhead Pass, and opening vast regions in the northern part of this province.

The writer has been through the region to be opened by Mr. McArthur, and he is aware of some of the magnificent resources of the country to be traversed. It has been but a few days from the present writing that the reports have been brought to us that enormous anthracite coal deposits have been found at Hudson's Hope, where the writer, years ago, camped for a while alone and saved himself from a probable starvation by killing a moose. In those days there were many guesses as to the future the mountains held in store, but there was little known of the real assets, since there had been so few people there. This discovery has been made since Mr. McArthur secured his charter. Not far beyond in the country lying toward the head of the Skeena and the Stickine, another and a larger anthracite deposit has been found, which promises to leave that of Pennsylvania in the second place, and offer the best anthracite deposit in the world. Incidentally, the spruce timber of the district and beyond is one of the best the writer has ever seen, and the placer deposits in the river beds promise a rich return to the gold dredge.

It is said that the arrangements for the financing of the thousand miles of road proposed have been concluded, which means, in all likelihood, that Mr. McArthur has not gone far from his own check book. It is expected that the road will be built in four years, and will take the shape of the two sides of a triangle, whose apex will be at Pine Pass, which has a very low altitude. This road will have the inestimable advantage of tapping a two thousand-mile water course—the Peace River—which will drain an enormous area of country with many resources belonging to both the mineral and the vegetable kingdom.

An exploratory survey is now going over the route to secure data, and it is expected that the line will be completed and in operation within four years, as it is understood that arrangements for financing the proposition have already been completed.

This road when completed will connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific at Fort George, providing a link in the through route from Vancouver to the Peace River district and tending to secure for Vancouver, with its great advantages as an ocean port, a big share of the potential business with that vast northern region.

The country north of Edmonton is being opened up with remarkable rapidity. There has been one long trek all this summer into the Peace River district. It is said that the wheat-growing limit will extend as far as Great Slave Lake, the most northerly point reached by the buffalo in their annual migration. This means prosperous settlements for six hundred miles north of Edmonton and possibly beyond. Splendid samples of copper and silver-lead ore have been brought in from this northern land, and in the Fort McMurray

district three different companies have found indications of oil in marketable quantities. Natural gas is abundant at many points and there is an asphalt country extending for a thousand square miles.

All that is now required for the full development of this immense tract is railway communication and transportation. Three lines are preparing to invade those northern regions, and within five years it will be a comparatively easy matter to make the trip from Edmonton up to the Slave Lakes and on down the Mackenzie into the Arctic Ocean. In fact, the Hudson's Bay Company is abandoning its traditional conservative policy and is even now advertising that it will be prepared next year to sell round trip tickets for this very trip, which will take the traveller nearly three thousand miles north.

* * *

A FOREST POLICY

MR. E. B. BIGGAR, in an editorial in the *Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada*, sounds a keynote. Whatever Mr. Biggar writes is worth reading, for he is a sound and comprehensive thinker. He speaks of the waste and confusion attending the different provincial methods of forestry with a dozen or more log rules which are maintained in Canada to this day. "Confusion is always present under such conditions."

"The change of government at Ottawa renders the time opportune for a consideration of Canada's forestry policy. . . . If the control is vested in the provincial governments they will lose the work already done in the federal government, and the country at large will lose the source of future supply. What is needed is a mass of data gathered from all available sources and then digested and utilized for the foundation of the policy of the whole country."

Mr. Biggar also quotes the vice-president of the United States, Hon. J. S. Sherman, in a recent speech at the opening of a new municipal hydro-electric power plant at Sturgis, Michigan:

> He is the best conservationist who utilizes the forces of the air and all the hidden forces of the earth for the advancement of mankind and turns these forces into comforts and conveniences and makes them supply necessities and in other ways lighten the burdens of this generation. I believe each new generation is equal to the task of discovering some new thing to take the place of any exhausted natural resources. I am willing to give the coming generation credit for being as smart as we are. I believe they will find fuel. It may be that they will invent appliances to squeeze out of the air the thing that will light and heat the homes.

"Now, while Mr. Sherman does not explicitly advise the present generation to be wasteful and to have no thought for the generations to come, that is what his remarks imply. Assuredly, any syndicate wishing to excuse itself for a contemplated snatching up of natural resources for its own enrichment might be expected to salve its conscience by the remembrance that such remarks had issued from the lips of next to the most authoritative man in the country. It

may be, as he says, that the coming generation will be equal to the task of discovering some new thing to take the place of any exhausted natural resource. But then, again, such a fact may be beyond its power, and not through any lack of smartness. At least, it is scarcely fair for us to take this for granted, without facts to build on. Moreover, there is nothing in the principle of true conservation to prevent present-day citizens from using from nature's stores of materials and resources. All it asks is that these shall be used rationally and not wasted. By proper methods it is quite possible to use resources and yet retain them."

Let us have a national conservation policy which will include a national forest policy under which the resources of Canada may be used, and not abused. For if they are used and not abused, a few land-skinners certainly will not have so many figures on their ledgers, but the resources of the Dominion will be a British asset forever.

* * *

FOREST CONSERVATION

ONE of the problems toward which British Columbians should turn their attention, before it is too late, is the reforestation of those districts which are being, and are to be, cut over. It is possible here to avoid the fatal blunder of lax government in the United States, where large areas of the country have been laid bare, not only where wasteful lumbering has been indulged in by what Mr. Roosevelt once dubbed the "land skinner," but because of the removal of the forest cover of the watersheds, where the rich loams of the land below have been ruined beyond possibility of redemption.

It has been found that cottonwoods and poplars and other softwood deciduous trees which make good pulp grow very rapidly in this country, and that it is quite possible to make "crops" of them and keep a wood asset in perpetuity on ground such as cannot be put to the better uses of agriculture and market gardening.

It is a well-known fact that, by virtue of the soil fertility and the plentiful rainfall, timber attains a growth in British Columbia in 40 years which in most other quarters of the world requires a century; while in the more northern regions, and where there is good timber, even a much longer time is required.

"The time is coming," says the *Colonist,* "when the great timber resources which belong to British Columbia will show signs of depletion, and there are indications that the Government is looking toward that time and will before long inaugurate some method of reforestation. If it does so it will show the most forward move in this direction that has yet been undertaken, as up to the present no nation or country has adopted, or even considered definitely, any policy along these lines until its resources had been depleted to such an extent as to create alarm for the future supply.

"In this connection it may be interesting to mention that during the discussion of the Timber Act in the Legislature, Mr. Price Ellison directed attention to the rapid growth in our moist climate of poplars, cottonwoods and the various descriptions of soft-wood deciduous trees. He mentioned the well-known fact that trees of this nature are exceptionally well adapted to the manufacture of pulp and paper, and he expressed the belief that, long before our timber resources on Vancouver Island are exhausted, it will be possible to develop here by an easy system of reforestation the foundation of an industry the magnitude and importance of which it is impossible to overestimate. There is very much in this. The pulp and paper industry is one that is certain to expand to vast dimensions, and the whole world will one day be an open market for the products of Vancouver Island. It is a very satisfactory thing to be able to contemplate the fact that it is possible at a minimum of expense to reclothe with timber of great commercial value the hillsides that are being denuded of their fir, spruce and cedar."

Now the report comes from Lyndock, in the estate of Scone, in the Old Country, that a Douglas fir planted there in 1834, from a British Columbia seed, has reached the height of 109 feet 6 inches, with a girth, at 3 feet from the ground, of 14 feet 5 inches, with a spread of branches of 60 feet.

This is an astonishing performance. The soil in which the seed was planted was naturally dry, the subsoil being composed of gravel and stones of considerable depth. The tree is sheltered from the prevailing wind (S.W.) by rising ground. It is surrounded by a mixed coniferous and deciduous crop. It has free space, and now overtops all its neighbors. The rainfall in the neighborhood where it grows is from 35 to 40 inches per annum. Authorities agree that the progress of this tree has been very rapid. It and two others on the same estate were the first Douglas firs planted in Britain, the seeds having been taken there from this country by David Douglas, a Scotsman of a roving disposition, who in the course of his travels landed at Fort Vancouver in 1825. From the proportions which this tree has attained in a space of 77 years it seems that the species is admirably suited for planting in the Old Country, which is now confronted by the reforestation problem.

It is fortunate that the British Columbia Government is taking up this problem in time.

* * *

WHAT ABOUT THE NAVY?

ONE of the profoundest observations of recent times on a vitally important subject was that of the late Professor Fiske, who said that "obviously the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual concentration of the

preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities."

It is almost a political truism that Great Britain has not had a great naval battle in a hundred years because the Empire has been invincible upon the sea. The navy in the role of peacemaker is not even yet half understood by those who seem to think that it is made for aggression and not for defence and prestige.

When a nation like Italy attacks another nation with no provocation but its own itching palm, and resorts to the methods and spirit of the Vikings because Turkey is without a navy and defenceless, it is time for thoughtful people to remember that we are not yet out of the dark ages and that we have much to learn—we Christian nations—before we have the lesson of the meek and lowly Jesus in hand. Indeed, this matter of "Christian nations" comes too near being a tragedy for it to be called quite properly a farce. The good Bishop of Peterborough said a score of years ago that the world could not be run for twenty-four hours according to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. It is quite beyond dispute that the world never has been run for twenty-four hours according to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. But we have had no occasion to alter our conviction that it is so much the worse for the world and not for that immortal pronunciamento.

If "Christian nations" will snap their fingers at their Christ, and their good bishops will pat him on the back and give the "world, the flesh and the devil" the wink, what are we to expect of those awakening hordes of mankind who number a hundred millions more than half the human race, and who have not even been guilty of the hypocrisy of pretension to devotion to another god than mammon.

What shall we do about it?

Are we to leave the fields of our achievements in civilization at the mercy of nearly a billion people who have adopted our machines without our religion? Are we to lean hard upon the asseverations of those who may need our possessions more vitally than Italy needs anything which belongs to Turkey? And are we to believe more and better of those awakening and swarming races who disdain to wear even the mask of Christian pretence?

Meanwhile, out of all the men in the British Empire, why has Mr. Winston Churchill been made Lord of the Admiralty?

* * *

NATIONAL DEFENCE

IF we are to be a nation we must have the defences of a nation. Our spirit is far from that of the pauperish parasitism which some have alleged. It is more the thoughtless, easy-going carelessness of adolescence just quitting the lead of apron strings, but uninformed and undisciplined as to the responsibilities of maturity.

The world is full of war and the rumour of war. The war thrill

is in the air. Orient and Occident are either heaping up armaments or using those they have already heaped. There seems to be no limit to the awesome possibilities which confront this age of Hague conferences and peace treaties. Indeed, a dreadful spirit pervades the earth, and the nations are tinder boxes and powder magazines, and there are several conflagrations started already and no man can know where the lurid fires may spread and what the end may be.

We are living out here in the unhappy delusion that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is an eternal fixture. There is no British navy on the Pacific Ocean. We are at the mercy of a Pacific power which may be an enemy. Let us fervently hope that we may never have a Pacific enemy. But let us not indulge the fatuous dream that this hope will prove an effective lightning rod in the surcharged sky.

The Dominion of Canada confronts the impelling necessity of solving the problems of national efficiency and national sufficiency. The first problem of our own self-defence is our coast line. It is imperative that Canada (and here that means British Columbia) should know as much of our coast line as the Japanese. It is probable that this is an impossibility. There have been ten thousand Japanese making their surveys of every approach to the Interior by means of the countless inlets which give access to our coast. We are not anticipating war with Japan. Far from it. But we may, because of our thoughtlessness, put Great Britain in a very embarrassing position, because we have made it impossible for Westminster to act in some given case for fear of what Japan might do to this coast.

There was more in the recent speech of the Premier on Trafalgar Day than appears on the surface about the matter of naval defence in keeping the fisheries of British Columbia in our own hands, and in taking them out of the hands of the alien. It is not merely a commercial proposition. It is a political question of the first magnitude. It is too late to undo the work the Japanese have done. It is not too late to undo our own shiftless and unpatriotic dollar hunger which may yet undo us.

* * *

AN AWFUL MISTAKE

BY what calamitous chance has the unheeding press spread the rumor that Hon. Sam Hughes will organize a regiment of Hindu militia in British Columbia?

The BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE hastens to challenge the veracity of the despatches, for we always have believed that the mental quality of the distinguished Minister was of the kind denominated as "sane and sound"; and so we declare we shall until there is forthcoming proof that this report is not a malicious libel.

So far as effects are concerned, the feeling in the province is the same as if the report were true. We are not discriminating as to the "news," for we take our papers seriously, and act accordingly.

We have to. And we shall have to until we have perfected a wireless telepathy which will enable us to organize a rebellion and write a declaration of independence of the press.

So, too, do we take our militia seriously, for it is so much more intimate a thing than the army, in which, stationed in Ottawa under the Honorable Minister's immediate command, few people could find any valid objection to a Hindu regiment. The British Empire owes much to the Hindu regiment.

We do not speak of them with any disrespect. This question we are discussing is one of self-defence. The whole Oriental question in Canada is one of self-defence, and the sooner we cease the arrogant spirit with which we approach these qualities of the Oriental, in some of which he is plainly our superior, the better it will be for all people concerned.

Why not enroll all of our Oriental citizens and send them to Ottawa? Where in the Dominion can they serve the country so well as three thousand miles away from British Columbia? The dwelling places of the Japanese have been found already to be armed camps. When the little carving bee occurred four years ago several hundred rifles were reported to have been found in one boarding-house of the Japanese, and a Gatling gun was found in one of their "joints" a few doors away. Doubtless they were anticipating the Hon. Sam Hughes. In any event, the amiable citizens of British Columbia are not reported to have lost much sleep in either speculation or inquiry as to why a Japanese boarding-house is an armed camp.

It has been growing upon us for a long time that Ottawa is just the place for these people. And they have the advantage that they are already armed. This would be a saving of expense—and if we are anything we are economical. The suggestion is offered gratis that the most gratifying disposition this side the Pacific for our Oriental "citizens" would be right under the baton of the Hon. Sam Hughes.

But our militia is quite another matter. It is the guardianship of *dernier resort* of the *lares et penates* of our land. Our militia is ourselves guarding ourselves. Should we ever become the victims of so inept a *faux pas* as this one alleged to have been proposed, it might end as another found its climax when the mouse was set up to guard the cat—the lares et the penates.

Juijutsu

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

ONE of the Japanese statesmen of the old school is said to have advised his countrymen to learn the ways, wisdom and weapons of the West, in order to turn them against the West.

It would be hard to verify the allusion, for we do not possess the gentleman's affidavit to the authenticity of his utterance. But then it does not matter. All we have to inquire is whether the Japanese are behaving as if they were following such advice. As a matter of fact the alleged suggestion reveals most accurately the Japanese attitude and method. It reveals the secret of the Japanese mind; lays bare the Japanese point of view; and betrays the secret of the bamboozling propaganda of forty years, wherein these wily Islanders have been doping and then duping the unsuspecting and disingenuous *naivete* of simple western folk, like you and me, gentle reader; like you and me. Here lurks an element new to the world since the decline of Venice; an element uncanny and sinister, which works in executive session, and by devious, circuitous and unknown paths; by methods and towards ends conceived apart from the remotest suspicion of open and straightforward and honorable men.

Lafcadio Hearn, in his little volume "Out of the East," has devoted his most penetrating and luminous chapter to *Juijutsu,* the science of fighting without weapons —a word which means, curiously enough, to *conquer by yielding.* It is a science which takes years to learn, and the fatal knowledge of its awful legerdemain is not communicated except under oath. It has been much over-estimated in the West, and I am informed by an instructor at West Point that it was tested there, and that the young cadets' wrestling methods were better, while *juijutsu* was dismissed as a scientific system of foul play. *"The wonder of juijutsu,"* says Hearn, "is the uniquely Oriental idea which the whole art expresses. What western brain could have elaborated this strange teaching,—never to oppose force to force, but only to direct and utilise the power of attack; to overthrow the enemy solely by his own strength; to vanquish him solely by his own effort? Surely none. The Occidental mind appears to work in straight lines, the Oriental in wonderful curves and circles. Yet how fine a symbolism of intelligence as a means to foil brute force! Much more than a science of defence is this *juijutsu;* it is a philosophical system, it is an economical system, it is an ethical system, and it is *above all the expression of a racial genius as yet but faintly perceived by those Powers who dream of further aggrandisement in the East."*

Hearn might well have added that *juijutsu* is a *political system,* for has not this race, whose psychological foundations require it to work by furtive methods and circuitous routes, developed to its ultimate conclusions the science of overthrowing the enemy by turning against him his own strength?

Japan threatens the western world and western civilization, because she is appropriating the strength of the western world to destroy its supremacy.

This phase of that many-sided Oriental "crookedness" which cannot work in straight lines; this phase of the "scientific system of foul play" called *juijutsu* is being applied to the whole problem of the economics and world politics of Japan; and it proposes to demolish western civilization, not only in Asia and the Pacific Islands, but also in the whole Pacific littoral of the western hemisphere.

Of all the recorded insolences of men the most colossal is the Japanese adoption and adaptation of the western civilisation to throttle it by methods of *juijutsu*—by turning its own strength against itself.

The Japanese are the world's prize borrowers, imitators, appropriators, digesters, press agents and financiers. They are the world's foremost eclectics and organisers. But outside of this they have never added an ethical idea, nor have they contributed a new upward impulse to the world's common lot of good, outside the game of war.

I am at utter loss to understand what is the matter with the white man, for he is losing his eyesight and his intelligence. He is dazed. He has not only allowed this nation of purloiners to encompass his entire race achievement without creating any part of it or giving him anything in return, but he seems to be willing now to finance the Japanese and place them in a position to use these accumulated assets of western science to encompass the humiliation, if not the destruction, of the West.

For a generation now this nation has been accepting what the western missionary spirit has sent them. Moreover, it has sent its aspiring youth all over the western world, selecting, appropriating and absorbing the net results of what the inventive genius and initiative of the white races have been building up, and have paid the price of white blood to build up, for twenty-five hundred years. The western peoples who knew Old Japan and loved it, but who do not yet know New Japan, have been too glad to give to them, and there would be no regret today but for the sinister fact that the materials of white civilisation have been taken back to Asia, and there have been built into an engine with which the Japanese are driving western peoples and interests and ideals out of the continent of Asia and off the Pacific Ocean, and with which Japan threatens the future supremacy of western civilisation throughout the world.

The Japanese have absorbed the learning of our universities; they have pried out all our naval and military methods and secrets; they have borrowed our machines and engines of war on land and on sea; they have photographed and mapped and charted our plans and specifications, our defences and our geographies; they have copied our constitutions and our laws, and such of our institutions as they like; they have duplicated our whole system of transportation—our telephones, our telegraphs, our railroads and our mercantile marines; they have absorbed our vast and complete economic system, with all its industrial and commercial ramifications; they have purloined our patents, our industrial secrets, and even counterfeited our trade-marks, until our manufacturers, who are more intelligent than most of our administrators and politicians, have been compelled to deny access to the swarm of commercial spies who have everywhere abused their confidence by making plans, moulds, models, drawings, sketches of plants, processes and products; and it was only when the American fleet left for the Pacific on a possible "mission" to Japan that the Japanese were thrown out of their warships and then put back; and it was after this that the War Department of the United States, as stated in the daily press, actually allowed Japanese army officers to visit the Springfield Arsenal to see how the new American rifles were built, and how many they could build and how many they had.

They have maps and photographs and plans and specifications of the battleships, ports, arsenals, navy yards, powder mills, railroads, wagon road bridges, of many countries in the world; they have knowledge of the coast defences and of the cities, with all their vulnerable points; they have even careful maps of the waterworks and the watermains, and know where one or two bombs to a city would put the entire population *hors de combat* in a moment—probably in every city in Westerndom. They have had a base of operation in Lower California and Mexico and an armed camp in the Japanese colony of Vancouver; they have still their imperial emissaries scattered over the whole of the United States and Canada, to say nothing of the whole white world, and we sit here in our Chinese-American stupefied self-satisfaction, declaring that we are altogether too satisfactory to be attacked.

One of the most interesting phases of this Oriental game of *juijutsu,* and a highly edifying one, if we analyse it, is the charming Oriental *finesse* with which the Western world has been bamboozled during the last few years through the instrumentality of the British press agency, which has for a long time monopolized the news service of the Orient. The way this exclusive news service was used to frighten the world of the Russian Bear, and to manufacture sympathy for Japan; the way His

British Felinity has been made to serve as a Japanese cat's-paw, does not lie easily within the person of the average scion of the British stock.

I think the wise men are now agreed that war was declared against Russia in the councils of Japan when Japan and Great Britain signed a treaty. Britain thought it was as much to her interest as to Japan's for Russia to be checked in her march toward the Eastern Sea. English-speaking persons, through London sources, had been showered with chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms, lotus flowers and lofty sentiments concerning the amiability and altruism of our "little brown brother," and when through these same sources we had been duly drenched with accounts of the horrors of that Russian civilization which was advancing relentlessly Eastward, and when public opinion was ripe and Japan was ready and Russia was not, she was struck in the dark and in the back. We forgot that blood is thicker than water, and almost to a man we shouted *banzai* for Japan. Afterward, when war came on, the American and British correspondents were cooped up and banqueted and censored in Tokyo, and we on this continent still got our news through London, and when the war was over and the correspondents came home, we still got our news through London, colored by the Anglo-Japanese bureau in the supposed interests of Great Britain. This is why so few Canadians and Americans understand the real nature of the Japanese question, and why so many of them smile with bland and complacent incredulity when the real facts of the case are brought to their attention.*

Almost everything that has been done by Western powers for Japan has contained for the West the elements of the boomerang.

It was America who opened to Western civilization the rusty portals of Nippon, and today she seems ready to strike at Western civilization through America. A part of the Russo-Japanese war was financed there, and now Japan is *juijutsuing* the Americans by getting possession of their Pacific islands by the stratagem of colonisation.

The influence of President Roosevelt at Portsmouth, and the moral support of the American people into the mood for which they had just been sweetly *juijutsued* by the Anglo-Japanese Publicity Bureau, saved the Japanese nation at the nick of time from disaster and defeat, and yet the immediately following campaign of Japan in occupying the Hawaiian Islands, arming the Philippinos and seeking some pretext for seizing them, are only illustrative of how much gratitude may be expected for any service, for the sense of gratitude is an emotional attitude which no Oriental can understand.

Already Japan possesses the Hawaiian Islands. There are already 110,000 Japanese there. Under unsuspecting noses they have moved a number of the flower of the Mikado's army into Hawaii, larger than the whole American standing army, and no one in the United States has had the nerve or common-sense to say "Boo!" much less "Shoo!"

In conversation with one of the makers of the New Hawaii in Honolulu some time ago, I was told of a circumstance which throws an interesting sidelight on this question. It happened before annexation. There was a strong suspicion that the Japanese coolies were being armed by Japan, there being nearly 50,000 in the sugar plantations. The arms were supposed to have been hidden away for the emergency. The natural and universal feeling of uneasiness was augmented almost to a panic when a Japanese warship anchored in the harbor at Honolulu. By some curious and fortunate coincidence an American warship appeared two hours later and anchored beside it, and the episode was closed; but not without an anxious "quarter of an hour." For many believe to this day that but for this incident Hawaii would have fallen to the Japanese.

But now the Japanese have occupied this, the Pacific Paradise, as coolly as the climate would allow, and when the Americans dared to hint to Japan that eleven Japanese, mostly male adults, to every white man, woman and child of all Western nationalities, was possibly a larger proportion than was good for the political health of the community, the magnanimous Mikado voluntarily announced the restriction of

*Millard's "The New Far East."

Japanese immigration to all the relations of the 110,000—to their sisters and cousins and aunts and all their sisters and cousins and aunts. And since these amount to several hundred Japanese relations to every one of the Japanese in Hawaii, the American has snuggled down to his Chinese-American complacency again, and is at his nap, securely confident in his possession of Hawaii—until the Japanese army there decides to roll over on the handful of white population and obliterate it.

The education of Philippinos in Japan; the propaganda of Japanese in the Philippines; the establishment of close relationship between the Japanese and many Philippino organizations whom they have supplied with arms; the abnormal military concentration in Formosa, but fifteen hours from unprotected Luzon; the unprecedented military and naval preparations of Japan in time of peace, taken together with the fact that the whole Japanese empire, with a population of 50,000,000, multiplying at the rate of 800,000 births per year, has an arable area of not less than a small fraction of the area of British Columbia, would indicate to any *intelligent people* that something is in the wind. But we are all too busy with transient interests to mind, and we are likely to reap the harvest of our folly.

If such a nation as our neighbor enters the international games with such a nation as Japan, ruled at its level of intelligence, patriotism and foresight, and if it is willing to loan money to build Japanese warships and to subsidise Japanese shipping and pay for military concentration and preparation, and is too penurious and blind to appropriate money to build at once for themselves an adequate Atlantic and Pacific navy and an adequate Atlantic and Pacific mercantile marine, and provide proper defences for their Pacific possessions, then the Americans are too fat-witted to command the Pacific situation, or to dominate the twentieth century and the New World, and they should, and must, give way to a more virile and intelligent and patriotic race. In the twentieth century not a benign complacency, but national fitness and preparedness and efficiency will survive and rule.

Mark well that Japanese success over the Czar was due as much to her own preparedness as to the disorganization and blind egoism of Alexieff's vice-regal court, ruled by a staff of blonds. American unpreparedness and national egotism may be her undoing. After it is too late shall we see that they have been *juijutsued?*

Another interesting phase of this fascinating variety of race genius known as *juijutsu* is the *juijutsuing* of Caucasian capital, every dollar or franc or pound of which invested in Japanese bonds has reacted against the interests of the Caucasian races.

Japan has shattered Western prestige in Asia, and it has shattered it for ever if Japan is successful in befooling Western financiers just now into carrying her further.

Europe and America were glad to encourage Japan and help her with a generosity unparalleled, until Japan's unsufferable behavior, coupled with her impossible ambitions, showed us what a mistake we had made in this people. Japan got her start toward world power and world ambition in the indemnity for the Chinese war of about $180,000,000 in gold, which enabled her to resort to a gold standard. From that day every financial movement has tended toward absolute financial centralisation to control domestic and international finance in its every branch, toward controlling the industrial and commercial development of the empire, and holding it thus through the purse-string. Furthermore, the army and navy must thus be controlled by the clans with the same string. About twenty men have thus assumed control of the entire administrative authority of the credit of the whole Japanese people, and of all the political, industrial, commercial and financial and military affairs of the Japanese empire.

There sits this twenty-headed dictatorship, taxing the people to death and borrowing everything Western financiers will loan them to put this Imperial Japanese Trust on a footing to crush every Western financial and industrial enterprise in Asia and the Pacific. And here our financiers sit, ready to loan the money to buy the machines to do it with.

The Japanese Empire is by far the largest and most powerful Trust in the world. Until the revolution their foreign commerce had always been a governmental

monopoly. Afterward it seemed desirable to allow foreign competition in Japan, *i.e.*, to make Japanese schoolmasters out of Aryan artisans, manufacturers and tradesmen. One by one, as soon as Japan has learned her lesson, she has crowded these foreign competitors off the islands and expropriated one industry after another, forced their owners to sell them to the Government for a price fixed by that Government. And the money used was money which the canny humorists of New York and London and Paris have been so anxious to invest in Japanese warships and armaments, and in the bonds of an imperial trust of fifty million people with all their interests welded into a co-ordinated whole, in the hands of a score of men, in order to build up an imperial machine with which to annihilate Western commerce, industry and shipping in Asia.

The whole of Japan is covered with commercial confederations and trade guilds, and these carry out the policies of the Government and dominate all the trade and every industrial arrangement of the Japanese Empire. The separate individual can do no business, and the private corporation can do no business, outside these guilds of compulsory membership, ruled by the central Government at Tokyo.

Then underneath this co-ordinated and unified and incomparable national efficiency lies the unparalleled Japanese patriotism.

The industrial and commercial organization of Japan has been surprisingly successful. She has organized all the economic and industrial forces of the nation in one vast imperial co-operative unity, of which the Imperial Government is mind and soul. The vast profits accruing from such a gigantic trust, so protected by tariffs as to have to double them in three years, instead of getting into the hands of a few lawless and irresponsible plutocrats, have gone to swell the revenues of the entire nation.

In all her commercial and industrial life Japan shifts all the changes of her national methods of *juijutsu*. She invites capital to Japan for investment in industry and commerce, learns all the Western methods and secrets, and then crowds Western enterprise out of Japan by whatever method is most convenient or nearest at hand.

As long as there is no competition in Japan the Japanese are glad to encourage new enterprise financed by foreign capital. But when the Japanese have once learned the Western methods and industrial business of their own, the day of the foreigner is at an end. Up to a certain point Japan encourages Western industry in her domain —until her people learn the industry; but then there is an end, and now there can be no more doubt—and it is the testimony of all disinterested observers—that the days of the foreigner are numbered as an industrial or economic factor in Japan. For as fast as Japan becomes self-sufficing the foreigner is crowded out. It is even asserted, and universally, that any ordinary loss will be tolerated by an American or European in Japan rather than risk an appeal to the Japanese Court. It is claimed he cannot get justice if a litigant with a Japanese. The clannish spirit of the people has established the "freeze out" for a foreign corporation in competition with a Japanese concern. It is generally understood that they will all have to move on sooner or later, whenever Japanese supremacy exists, and when Japanese industrial scouts have learned all the Westerner's secrets and purloined all his patents and copyrights and trademarks, and encompassed the vast mass of applied science which has been achieved by the white races.

Great Britain stands to lose the most, for already Japan is driving British trade from Asia, and English merchants in Asia are cursing the present policy of Great Britain. Already Okuma has announced Japan, not England, as the natural protector of India, and Japanese emissaries are inflaming the Indian population to mutiny and rebellion, and they are almost in open revolt. Already Japan has raised the cry all over Asia, of Asia for the Asiatics, and Asia and the Pacific for the Japanese, and, with their recent military exploits so near behind them, are planting in the hearts of 900,000,000 of Orientals the idea that the Oriental is superior to the Westerner in war, as they have long believed themselves to be in peace. Japan has shattered white prestige in Asia. Do not forget this.

It will be Japan which will drive England out of China. Perhaps it will be Japan which will drive Britain out of India—out of Asia—perhaps out of business,

for when this day comes the dissolution of the British Empire has set in—and Japan will have done it.

But with all his cleverness and foresight and preparedness, it does not seem to have occurred to the Japanese that it will be difficult to impose on the white races to his heart's content and to his swollen ambition's ultimate desire. The English and American capitalists who buy his bonds, and who see their money go to drive their own industries out from under the Japanese flag, drive their own commerce and their own shipping out of the fields their own enterprise and initiative have pre-empted, may find themselves touched in a spot sore enough to awaken them from the hypnotic slumber induced by a brilliant military and press campaign. For the American and British business man is not as dull as the American and British politician.

To the ordinary Western financier it should not be a sleep-provoking reflection —when once he consents to reflect—that every dollar of Western money invested in Japanese bonds or in Japanese enterprise is a point for Japan in the huge imperial game of *juijutsu:* that it was Aryan money, for example, which was used to drive the American Tobacco Company out of Japan, forced by the Government to sell to Japan at her own price on two months' notice; Aryan money proposed to be used to buy up all the cotton mills of China; Aryan money put into the one imperial treasury of the Imperial Trust, to build up a national mercantile marine, to drive Western shipping off the Pacific "east of Suez"; Aryan money being used to ward the destruction of Western commerce and industry in the building and buying of the great railroad system of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China—to be owned and operated by the Japanese Government; Aryan money being used to subsidize the industries of Japan at home and on the continent of Asia, to the hurt of Western industry and commerce, in waterworks, harbor works, banking, shipping, agriculture, industry, railroads, etc.

The railroads financed with Aryan money are driving Aryan enterprise out of Asia, and the shipping financed with Aryan money is driving Aryan shipping off the China seas and is carrying subsidized cotton products to India, where agents of the Japanese Government, supported by this same money, were sent to gather samples required by the Hindus, which were distributed among the factories of Japan built by the Anglo-Saxon money, and these were urged by the Japanese Government to copy them for the Indian trade to enhance Japanese industry and commerce and demolish the markets of Lowell and Lancashire.

The significance of the abnormal increase of the Japanese debt in time of peace seems to escape the amiable mollycoddles of Lombard and Wall streets. The fact that Japan has no natural resources to speak of; the fact that it is beyond the power of Japan to support itself, does not even ruffle the surface on the unfathomed depths of their optimistic equanimity. Japan is taxed for far more than her resources will ever bear. The land and the people remain the same as they were before the war. If there are new resources to tax, or new assets on which to borrow, they have been evolved as the German evolved his camel—out of his inner consciousness. If there has been increase of commerce and industry it has been due to Aryan money. If there has been abnormal increase of armament and warships, it has been due to Aryan money. And there is no way for Japan to keep afloat but by resorting to the old trick of *juijutsuing* more Aryan money.

Several years ago the Japanese tax amounted to 12.61 yen for every man, woman and child in the empire—63 yen for every family. The tax is twenty per cent. of the whole annual income of the population. That is to say, the annual income of every inhabitant of the Japanese empire was 60 yen, or $30. The tax is 12.61 yen, or $6.30. He has left to live on for a year 47.39 yen, or $23.69. $23.69 per annum represents the average economic resource of the Japanese population. The average American income is 440 yen, and his tax 3.2 per cent; the British 360, tax 8.9 per cent. In 1903 the average Japanese workman earned 6 sen (3 cents) per hour, Briton 20.38, Frenchman 19.30, German 15.94, American 33.52.

But the war quintupled the national debt and doubled the taxation.

It is absolutely necessary for Japan to *juijutsu* vast quantities more of Western capital. It is absolutely necessary for the West, before it is too late, to teach Japan a

salutary lesson and refuse it, if Western commerce is to survive on the Pacific Ocean and on the continent of Asia.

Japan is not a self-sufficing nation. It has neither cotton nor iron nor wool, and very few of the natural resources of a first-class country. There is nothing behind the Japanese but our trade and our money for them to monopolise it with, to keep her going, to say nothing of its giving her predominance in Asia. With less than 14 per cent. of an area scarcely larger than California arable, averaging less than three square miles of arable land for every island of the empire, what can Japan do but live by her wits and *juijutsu* the Western world. She must have our trade in Asia to live. She must manufacture the goods to supply that trade. She cannot do these things without our money. Therefore we say, "Here is the money to destroy our trade and commerce, and to build armaments and warships to menace the white man's future. We are willing to let you have the money to make up the deficit of one-half your annual budget, that half of which budget goes for armament and warships in time of peace. 'After us the deluge.' "

These canny financiers have the most *naive* and charming way of *juijutsuing* Western financial idiots. Consul-General Henry B. Miller writes from Yokohama in 1905 that the Japanese borrowed over $100,000,000 for her industrial developments during the previous ten years, and were planning for much larger loans in 1905-6. Note how they managed their war debt: for the purpose of paying a part of the expenses of the late war, exchequer bonds were floated five times in the domestic market:

February 4, 1904	100	million yen
May 4, 1904	100	" "
November 4, 1904	80	" "
March, 1905	100	" "
April, 1905	100	" "
Total	480	million yen

They then asked, "Why should the Japanese pay for this war? We will issue a 4 per cent. sterling loan of £50,000,000 for the purpose of *consolidating the national debt.* This was placed, with more, as follows:

£10 million	London and New York	May,	1904
£12 "	" "	November,	1904
£30 "	" "	March,	1905
£30 "	" Berlin	July,	1905

The public debt in 1906 (March 31), was:

Internal	877,259,539 yen
Foreign	970,410,310 "
Temporary	25,511,121 "
Total	1,873,180,970 yen

They raise foreign money *"to consolidate the national debt."* They pay this *domestic* debt with *Western* capital. Western capital says it will not loan for warships and new army divisions, but it will loan to "consolidate" and to release domestic money to be borrowed again for warships and new army divisions. Clever! That is, of the Japanese. Not so clever of us.

Japan attempts to float a $100,000,000 company to exploit Korea, and, as Mr. Millard says, "to capitalize the credit of the late war before its fruits turn to Dead Sea apples in the mouths of some Western nations." The empire guarantees the interest, but not the principal.

"To put the matter in a nutshell," says Mr. Millard, in *Appleton's* for June,

1907, "the plan is to draw investors to the support of the various companies, and the Government is used to stalk the foreign investor."

Mr. Millard outlines the favorite method of bamboozle: "For instance, some of the bonds of an electric lighting and power company, or one holding a mining concession in Korea, may be sent to a large banking house in Wall street, to be offered with the statement that the Japanese Government guarantees the interest on the bonds. To the average investor this will probably look pretty good. The money he invests goes to Japan (less commission) and, once in Japan, helps to finance the new *national system.*"

If the company fail, the property is the only security for the principal, and Japan claims she need not pay interest on defunct bonds.

"To put it flatly, the position of Japan toward the foreign investor she hopes to bring to the support of her new system is this: 'We want your money, but you must trust it absolutely to us.' As for the great National Advancement Company ($100,000,000 gold), it has already been criticised in Japan as a plan to draw another great sum from the people, to be used in carrying out the Government's policy—or simply a new way to float a domestic loan without liability for the principal should it be lost in the venture."

America and Europe seem willing to be *juijutsued* further. Our charming humorists will not loan money for Japanese warships, but they will release Japanese money from other enterprises which will buy more warships. They will loan money for industrial enterprises which are destined to destroy Western industry; they will loan money for railways destined to destroy Western commerce; they will loan money for a Japanese merchant marine which is driving Western shipping off the Pacific Ocean; they will put Japan in a position to destroy Western influence and Western enterprise in the whole Far East.

Those who have not taken warning from Japanese history, especially since the last war, are incapable of taking warning, and they must pay the price of their folly. If that were all, no one would care, but Western civilization will be dealt an irrecoverable blow from the unpatriotic selfishness of Western capital, which has already committed a colossal crime against the white races. No one need be fooled unless he wants to be fooled, for Japan has already *juijutsued* Western capital to approximately *one hundred million pounds sterling,* mostly in London and New York.

J. Soyeda, a Japanese banker, writing in the *Journal of Economics* for March, 1908, says:

"Business undertakings have rapidly developed, and the consequent demand for capital for these new enterprises, and also for the extension of existing businesses, has been calculated at about 1,700 million yen." This was three years ago.

These modest financial requirements of the Japanese are to be measured alongside her other and larger debt to us, and alongside the colossal impudence with which she has not failed to show, from day to day, what she proposes to do with the Western assets she has borrowed, purloined, and got for nothing.

There are many indications that the Japanese have either underestimated the intelligence of the white races, or that they have overestimated their generosity. In the words of one of the largest British traders in the Far East, "Every loan made by England to Japan is now equivalent to presenting Japan with a knife to cut the throats of the British Far Eastern traders." Or, in the words of an authority on this subject, "In these circumstances, it is no wonder that the various British concerns, organized immediately after the war with the special object of taking advantage of Japan's oft-repeated declarations of the 'open door' and 'equal opportunities to all,' should have already found that they could do nothing in the country, and that barriers exist which are insurmountable. Whilst Baron Komura, the Mikado's Ambassador at the Court of St. James, does not hesitate to state that British capital and British mechanics will have a great field in Japan, the writer ventures to directly controvert his statement. There is no such field; every inch of it is covered by the set Japanese scheme. If British financiers choose to loan money at low rates of interest, and if British mechanics choose to teach Japanese mechanics all they know, some part of Baron Komura's

statement may come to pass. But the result will be very different from what Englishmen in England naturally expect; the money will be used to promote competition ruinous to British overseas trade; the mechanics will instruct pupils who will wrest English markets and divert the great neutral commerce of today. Nothing else need be hoped for. It is too late. We have been too slow at understanding."*

The real indemnities of Japan's two wars "are being drawn from neutral just as well as from former belligerents, and it behoves the neutral world fully to realize that the financial policy of Japan is forced of necessity to place the whole of the outside world in one and the same category."†

What has come over the white races that we are willing to give, and to invest in, a colossal politico-economic industrial imperial machine, which this race of absorbing and digesting artists are building up to crush our commerce and shipping in Asia, South America, Australasia and the Pacific Ocean? I do not recall another instance in the recorded annals of men where the Latin and Teutonic races have allowed themselves to be so mesmerized, befuddled and befooled—so thoroughly and systematically *juijutsued*—as have the Western Powers in one eventful and dreadful decade by this malign and wily race.

It is said that the Japanese always laughs in the wrong place, and that he will smile in announcing the death of his mother. I imagine the seriousness of his countenance while in the act of absorbing Western civilization, and even Western capital, with which to *juijutsu* us, is in no sense an impeachment of his peculiarly Oriental sense of humor.

We have given away to these people all of our ideas and methods, all of our tools and implements of commerce, of industry and of war. They have, by a miracle of eclecticism, taken everything we have worth having but a little money we have left, and have left us in undisputed possession of our prejudices and our shams. They have added nothing to them but power and genius for selection and organization. At the threshold of this century they begin where we leave off. They are willing to learn, we are not. They have grasped instinctively the greatest idea of the coming age, which we have been struggling for and have almost seen, but will die without seeing.

That idea is *co-operative organization.*

The progress of Japan is showing us what the sodden individualism of the white races has made impossible for us to see: that the affairs of men and nations are better directed by co-ordinated intelligence than left to the overruling providence of the unpropitiated blind god—Chance, or *Laissez faire.*

Facing this intelligence and foresightedness and patriotism and—well, let us say it—the unscrupulousness of Japan, what is there for a people who have lost their eyesight?

There is still another interesting phase of this Oriental game of *juijutsu.* It is sometimes called the "Oriental immigration question." For Japan has found us so easy and amiable that now she coolly proposed to *juijutsu* us at our own fireside, with our own household gods.

Not satisfied with having absorbed the whole Western civilization, which she has had no part in creating, and which she is using to drive the Aryan out of Asia, she now insolently crosses the Pacific and demands on our own shores what she denies us on her own. She is working feverishly toward a policy of Pan-Asiatic Imperialism, while she is laying claim to equal rights with the white man in his own white world. She has decided that white competition shall be driven out of Asia and off the Pacific, and she has already driven the yellow wedge in many places into the American Pacific littoral from Alaska to Cape Horn. She denies all foreigners the rights of land tenure in Japan. Yet, coolly buying ten thousand acres of the Canadian Pacific railroad in Gleichen, Alberta, she demands room for two thousand five hundred Japanese, who will show white men how to work harder for less pay. Allowing neither an American nor Canadian to own an acre of soil in the Japanese Empire, she demands that the vast and fertile areas of opportunity on the western hemisphere shall be thrown wide open

* "The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia."—Macmillan, 1908—Weale—p. 420-1.
† Ibid.

to Japanese pre-emption and colonization. And so it happens we are being *juijutsued* by our own fireside.

And their very methods are Oriental and sinister. *Van Norden's Magazine,* January, 1908, says editorially: "In essentials the tactics are these: first, the Japanese offer themselves to ranchers at exceedingly low wages, until white laborers have been driven out from an entire region. The field then being clear, they strike for high wages, which they get. From that moment they systematically shirk and waste, until the ranchers, in despair, lease their farms to the Oriental laborers. The next operation is 'skinning' the ranch, by getting from it the utmost immediate profit and withholding all fertilization and repairs. When this has been achieved the owner is ready to sell, and the lessee to buy, at a low price. In possession now of the land, he works it with marvellous intelligence and industry. In a few years the whole district is a Japanese colony."

But at the same time, and as fast as she can, Japan is crowding every white man and every white interest off the continent of Asia and the islands of the Japanese Empire, and she insolently proposes to take the ground we walk on, the fields we till, the waters we fish, the mines we dig, the forests we cut, and the very earth in which we bury our dead.

Japan will not allow a foreigner to own a mine or work a mine in Japan, but she insolently demands for the Japanese the right to work in the mines and to own and exploit the mines of Canada and the United States, one small syndicate of coolies having possessed a copper mine in British Columbia worth millions of dollars. She allows no foreigners to engage in fisheries in Japanese waters, but she demands the right of Japanese to fish in American and Canadian waters, and as a consequence the whole fisheries of British Columbia—the second richest of our industries—are now in Japanese hands, yielding 10,500 Japanese laborers from $300 to $3,000 a year apiece.

It is a well-known fact that outside a few treaty ports, to this day, Japan will not tolerate Canadian, American or British or Chinese workmen on her soil. Her example has spread the policy of exclusion of Chinese labor to Siam. "It is only the other day," says the China "Gazette" (Shanghai), "that the Japanese Government expelled three hundred Chinese workmen from Kimashin, and would not even allow them to land."

There is not a nation in the world which would resent more quickly and more efficiently any such sweeping influx of foreigners as she proposes that we gracefully accept from her, and that on ethnic as well as economic grounds. Her entire policy is to make it impossible for foreigners to work or do business in Japan, working even to the conspiracies on the part of tradesmen, who make prices of living for foreigners prohibitive, and on the part of workmen, from whom there is no redress, since there are neither courts nor laws to settle difficulties between masters and servants.

After the Chinese War, Japan began her agitation for the abolition of exterritoriality. Since that was abolished all foreigners, as well as natives, are subject to the jurisdiction of the same civil and criminal courts, excepting such few privileges as are guaranteed foreigners by treaties with their respective countries, and complaints are many and bitter that foreigners do not fare well in their courts. Before the Californian and Canadian labor controversy there was a ruling of a Japanese court placing limitations on the treaty clauses granting foreigners the right to reside and do business outside the treaty ports, especially excluding laborers and artisans. Under this ruling, made, without doubt, at the instigation of the Tokyo Government (having been based on an Imperial ordinance) a foreign artisan or laborer cannot engage in his occupation outside the treaty ports without special permission from the Minister of Home Affairs, which permit, even if given, is *revocable at any time.* Immediately after this, Japan began to pour her cheap labor into Canada and the United States and our possessions by the hundred thousands, and raised a great outcry because we objected, notwithstanding the fact that wherever the Japanese labor market is congested the Japanese Government does not hesitate to exclude the element so undesirable. She does this in the interest of the Japanese, and frankly states it. But if another nation in its own interest declines Japanese labor in its own interest, Japan not only objects, but objects with a swagger,

and thrusts her wounded dignity to the fore as sufficient warrant for reversal of a principle.

If one naturally asks just here where our own dignity comes in, it might be well to admit that it does not appear.

For to Japan belongs the exclusive right of a policy of exclusion.

Lafcadio Hearn says, "I cannot resist the conviction that when Japan yields to foreign industry the right to purchase land she is lost beyond hope. It appears to me that any person comprehending, even in the vaguest way, the nature of money power and the average conditions of life throughout Japan, must recognize the certainty that foreign capital with right of land tenure would find means to control legislation, control government, and to bring about a state of affairs that would result in the practical domination of the Japanese by alien interests." This is most refreshing news from the pen of such a critic as Lafcadio Hearn. It does not seem to him a cause for the wounded dignity of the white races to rebel and offer to fight because they are denied the right to land tenure in Japan. The possibility of alien control seems to him a real danger, of which he warns his adopted nation, which does not seem to care whether we think that the economic difficulties presented by Japan's occupation of our shores are at all any of our own business.

Japan is gradually taxing or legislating or nagging or expropriating every western interest out of Japan, Korea and Manchuria, and as far as possible out of the rest of Asia, but she demands equal rights and opportunities for the Japanese workman, farmer, merchant, financier, in the business opportunities and potential wealth of the New World—and more, the safeguards and protections of what Japan denies even Japanese subjects, cannot extend to Japanese subjects on Japanese soil, and equal rights in the privileges of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

Japan flatly takes the ground that she will not in writing restrict Japanese immigration into Canada, because it is inimical to her interests; that she will accord Canada, in certain hedged and restricted verbal promises of a Government recently within ten votes of annihilation, such measure of self-government on this vital Canadian national concern as is consistent with Japan's "interest" and her "dignity as a state."

On the other hand, she acknowledges her own inability to compete with the Chinese and all other labor, except in a few treaty ports, because it is inimical to Japanese interests.

Then she demands for her own coolie classes free admission to Canada, the United States and Australia—in one instance to the point of a veiled threat of immediate war, because it is to the interest of Japan for Japanese to get rich in these countries and enrich the Empire of Japan, and because exclusion *by us* such as *she forces upon us* is offensive to her pride and prejudicial to her dignity.

With her peculiar Oriental sense of humor Japan is battering down our fences and defences with one hand, and with the other is building up her own.

If Japan wants something on this continent, America and Canada must give it. If Canada and America want something in Japan, Korea or Manchuria, it is inimical to the interests of Japan and they cannot have it.

If Americans and Canadians plan *America for Americans,* Japan's wounded dignity starts a hue and cry. If Japan is carrying on a merciless campaign of *Asia for the Asiatics and all for the Japanese,* it must be respected, because it is to Japan's interest to acquire ascendency over Asia, Australasia and the American Pacific littoral.

Whatever is prejudicial to the interests or the pride of Japan must be yielded by Americans and Canadians. Whatever is prejudicial to the interests of Americans and Canadians must be waived, because of the imperious demands of Japanese pride.

If any foreign people want equal rights or opportunities, economically or politically, in the Japanese Empire, with the Japanese people, Japan utters an emphatic and peremptory "No."

But if Canada and the United States wish to refuse to share their incomparable heritage with the impecunious and appalling overflowing of Oriental millions, Japan says to us, "We will legislate on this subject at Tokyo, and our legislation shall decide how much of your homeland and your vast wealth we want, and how much we propose

to have. You shall have nothing to say further than is compatible with our interests and our dignity as a state; and we are putting half of the Imperial Budget, and as much more of your money as you are fools enough to loan us, into the cunning instruments of destruction you have been good enough to show us how to make, and furnish the capital to build, and it is with these we will show you how it will be brought to pass."

And this program and attitude are justified by Japan, and acquiesced in by the white races, on the ground that they are the outgrowth of national spirit. For the Japanese are patriots. A patriot is a man who will not only give his life for his country, but will also spend his money. Not only this, but he will spend ours.

When Japan knows that she is still on trial and that the eyes of the West are still upon her, it is very much to be remarked that her attitude should be what it is all at once in Asia and the Pacific. Her overbearing cockiness is insufferable. She is ordering every western power around Asia as if Japan were boss, and she is ordering Canada and America around on their own hemisphere. She is crowding the commerce and industry and transportation of every western power out of Asia as if she were divinely appointed guardian of the propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics." No complaints are more bitter than those of the British in Asia of the high-handed procedure, and no interests are more at the peril of this new swollen Asiatic ambition.

But nowhere does this "chesty" assurance show itself to better account than in the overweening politeness with which she closes her own doors against us and insists upon battering down ours.

But never a word of apology comes from Japan, from her friends and defenders, that she is protecting her own *lares* and *penates* from alien aggression, and so far as I know I have never yet heard of Japan, cap in hand, asking permission of the United States or of Canada or of Great Britain whether she can keep her own homeland to herself, or whether she may exclude those she considers inimical to her own interests. This humiliation is left for the Anglo-Saxon races—Canada because she is caught in the meshes of an unfortunate and unnatural alliance—the United States because they have not spirit and intelligence enough to put themselves in position to chastise Japan for her impudent behavior.

Here emerges a new and enlightening form of patriotism, issuing in possibilities provocative of few optimistic reflections on the part of the white race. We are brought face to face with a new method and process, and a new idea. It is a distinct contribution to the world, hereafter and forever after to be considered: The process and method, the strength and power of a civilization may be used toward the destruction of that civilization.

This process is called *Juijutsu*.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, with his usual politeness, has said that the American nation is a nation of village idiots. Carlyle thought that the population of Great Britain was mostly fools. Perhaps it is not so bad as this. It is not so clear what we are as what we shall be if we pursue longer our unintelligent policy of *laissez faire* and individual greed.

We once thought American financiering was the last gasp of modernity.

Perhaps *Juijutsu* is going it one better.

"*Juijutsu* and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance," by the same author, will follow in the January number of the *British Columbia Magazine*.

The Empty Places

I.—THE MENACE

THE empty places of the Empire, the wide fertile places which will a hundred years hence have become the homes of men, deserve more attention from the Mother-country than they get today. For very soon, far sooner than most of us realise, there will be more men and women, more fighting strength, in these outside regions of Britain than there now are in the islands of the United Kingdom. Whether these men and women, whether all of this fighting material now in the making, will be British, showing allegiance to the British Crown, and constituting one grand Anglo-Saxon Empire, is not so certain. But the matter is, for a little while at least, happily in our hands. The gathering millions of the pioneers, and those who follow after them in ever-increasing numbers and strength, will belong to Britain, if Britain will but bestir herself.

One cannot move about the world today without appreciating that we have reached a grave crisis in Anglo-Saxon colonisation—a crisis as grave as that when Wolfe climbed the Heights of Abraham, or when English navigators narrowly beat the French in Australasian waters, or when Nelson with the fate of all our colonies in the balance drove among the French ships at Trafalgar. The feeling you have, as you go out from the ambitious over-peopled nations of Europe into the rich, defenceless solitudes of young British lands like Canada and Australia, is that we, as a people, British-born and Colonial-born alike, have been granted a brief option over these countries. And this feeling is deepened tenfold when you afterwards touch the East and ponder on an awakening, of which the astutest student of international affairs can make no attempt to measure the developments. It is the weakest folly to count these great new lands ours in perpetuity. Only one thing is certain about Canada and Australia and South Africa: they are certain to become very soon the homes of big, strong peoples, whose influence will be a potent factor in the happenings of the next few hundred years. But it is not at all assured that such peoples will be British. They will be so only if the handful of colonists in those lands today and the many millions of the Homeland eagerly and earnestly take the brief season now available, and, working together, make good the option the gods have granted them.

Here in a few words is the position. The world is suddenly become very small. A hundred years ago Australia and Canada and South Africa were, to the average European, lands of mystery and romance to be read of only in letters from friends and occasional books of travel and adventure. They could be reached only by long, hazardous and expensive voyages. And yet—and this is most significant—little known and far away as they were, they each came into the great campaigns of that time: when England was at war each in turn became either battle-ground or the objective of our enemies. Napoleon had designs on Australia when it was an untraversed convict settlement! How changed is the situation today. Almost every school child in Europe is awake to the possibilities of these new lands of ours as places where homes are cheaply won, where labor earns fabulously high wages, where the poor man, if he is steady and hard-working, may reasonably hope to die rich. The German boy or the Austrian boy takes down his map and sees areas many times as large as his Fatherland, and equally favored by Nature, held by as many people as there are in a single obscure European principality. And so, too, the little brown boy in Japan, and soon it seems the boy of China, neither of whose predecessors a century ago knew such places as these vast outside dominions of Britain were on the map at all.

The vastness and richness and emptiness and defencelessness of these territories of ours are now the knowledge of the world. And the world is ominously land-hungry. How hungry it is and how it is exploiting and peopling the few fruitful wildernesses which remain you may realise by a tour of the Western States of America. Fifty or sixty years ago the Central and Pacific regions of the United States were practically untouched save by the gold-seeker and the lonely rancher. Today they are occupied by many millions of people. Every acre of good rainfall country is in the hands of the farmer; vast irrigation schemes are diverting the rivers and reclaiming the desert; luxurious railways bear you on from one rich city to another; in a few decades the Indian and the buffalo and the cowboy and the miner have been brushed aside by the imperious march of European people in quest of land. And in from the west, from away across the broad Pacific, are now come the Japanese demanding, too, an opportunity to plough and reap the new land. If the United States contained only five millions or eight millions of people could it hold the Pacific slope from the Asiatic? Not for a single year.

The old countries of the world—that is, the old countries which are virile and capable of conquest—were never before land-hungry as they are today. You roam about and learn that the day of colonisation as Britain has known it is nearly over. We are almost at the end of the time when a civilised power will be able to find lands held by a feeble native race which will fade before the invader and give him an opportunity to build up a young people free from intermixture with the blood of the conquered. We are quickly returning to the colonisation practised by the Greeks and the Romans in a smaller world which they everywhere found inhabited. Germany and Japan and America and other powers have now one

brief last chance to occupy territories which they can hope absolutely to make their own in blood and tongue, and to hold without the force of arms for long after the conquest. And if we are to be frank, we must acknowledge that the few soft places in the world for the powerful foreigner's aggression, the only places which tempt the armed coloniser in quest of really big game, are our outside British possessions.

The world has grown very small. The European is in Canada within a week and in Australia in a month; the Asiatic is even closer. Our Oversea Dominions were menaced and even attacked in the wars gone by when the world was far wider and when transport was a matter of weeks and months, where it is now a mere matter of days. The Canadian talks bravely; so do we Australians. But who can traverse the thousands of miles of the American frontier across which is a nation ninety millions strong, a young, ambitious nation which openly covets its northern neighbor's goods, and remain insensible to the futility of that talk unless behind it are many, many more Canadians than there are today? Who can be blind to the possibilities of trouble from Asia away out on the Pacific? And what Australian, however dull or full of fight, can but know that his permanent possession of a continent, of which he occupies but a relatively little patch, is merely a matter of phenomenally happy chance? I know what we Australians say and what the Canadians say. We swell out our chests and talk of our distance from the enemy's base, and the advantages of fighting on the defensive, and the proved capacity of a well-mounted mobile force, and our safety in the balance of power among the nations. We say it and say it, but in our hearts we don't believe it. In our hearts we know that the British navy, and that alone, stands between us and the unscrupulous land-hunger of the world. We know that if that navy goes down in the next few years we go down; or that at best we struggle on part owners of lands in which we are now absolute, destined to go warring through centuries with foes across a frontier.

But while we Australians and Canadians know this, we know, too, the vast richness of our lands. We know, and we want the British people to know, that we have—that you have —(if Imperialism does not mean a common ownership it means nothing) within our boundaries almost limitless expanses of fertile soils and infinite treasures of diverse sorts. We know, and we want you to know, that ours are great homing countries; that they are countries which will each, a hundred years hence, carry tens of millions of prosperous people. We see this development coming at a rate that is amazing. Our lands are being peopled and will be peopled whether we like it or not. They will be peopled with Anglo-Saxons if the Anglo-Saxons come to us and come soon. But, if not by Anglo-Saxons, then by others. If the Mother-country sends us enough people we shall grow strong as British powers; if she does not we shall either evolve quietly into races determined by our alien immigration, or we shall be swamped and effaced by invaders. All the current thought of Imperialism is so much pleasing illusion, unless it is backed by a great policy of peopling and making productive and safe those empty lands we now in our vanity call the British Dominions beyond the Seas.

II

THE OBLIGATION ON THE MOTHER-COUNTRY

If Imperialism means anything, it means a common ownership of the lands of the Empire, a common ownership and a common responsibility. The people of the United Kingdom are as closely and as vitally concerned in making strong and safe and British such territories as Australia and Canada as are the few people who now live in those two countries. If this is denied, then the whole policy of British colonisation from the first day down is condemned. That need scarcely be argued. No one who takes any pride in the triumphs of arms and feats of navigation and exploration which gave us the Empire can feel that Great Britain no longer has any responsibility in the fate of her children overseas. Just as she in days gone by poured out her blood and her money in the founding of these colonies, so today must she continue to give of her best for their welfare. Nay, the time is now come when she should give more readily and cheerfully than ever before. For unless this world-wide Empire of ours is a myth it must be recognised that the old Mother-country is now within sight of the reward of all her early heroism and sacrifice in distant colonisation. The day is within sight when the lands won and often held at a cost so heavy are to repay; the day is close when the young Britons will be (always if Imperialism is not an illusion) the chief asset and glory of the British race.

It is not for the people of the Mother-country to say that, because we Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders are so jealous of our autonomy, we should be left to go our own way to greatness or destruction. We are independent, almost aggressively independent, about self-government, because we are so true to our British traditions. We resent interference so keenly because we are loyal to our parent stock. That should be our strongest claim on the affections of the Homeland people. The millions of England and Scotland and Ireland and Wales must understand that colonial ideals in autonomy are not and never have been inconsistent with the completest loyalty to the race which has its heart here in London. These articles have no special concern for those sincere, enthusiastic people who hope for an Imperial federation. I am one of those Imperialists, always increasing in number, who believe that, whether or not we get a definite Imperial governing machine in which all the parts of the Empire have a place and an influence, the Empire is safe and will endure, provided we fill it up with people of Anglo-Saxon origin and have a simple confidence in one another's good intentions. There is today between our scattered men and women in every part of the world a tie of blood and sentiment which is stronger and safer than any system of Empire government ingenuity can devise. And that tie will endure just so long as our blood and sentiment and ideals are common. Differences will

creep in, of course, as they do in the family, but against the outside world we will stand as one people of a common origin, a common tongue, literature, traditions and aspirations. Faith must be the keystone of Empire.

If you here in the United Kingdom agree with us about the common ownership of Empire lands and the common responsibility in the peopling and safety of those lands, we shall soon make headway. Australia wants twenty millions of people as soon as she can get them; so does Canada. Those numbers would mean local safety. More: they would mean safety for the Mother-country, or, at least, a safety far greater than she can at present afford. It would mean, with a few more millions in New Zealand and elsewhere, the doubling of the white people under the British flag, and the doubling of its Dreadnought-building capacity and its strength on sea and land. It would mean safety against any conceivable combination of powers. It would mean an extension indefinitely of British supremacy in the world. For we in Australia or Canada would not stop at twenty millions. Twenty millions would give us safety against aggression, but it would only represent a fleeting milestone along our march to greater strength and influence. From twenty millions we should rush to forty, and on to numbers you people in this brave little Homeland would find it hard indeed to believe possible. The natural wealth, the room for homes, the people-carrying capacity of these great lands of yours and ours beyond the waters cannot be appreciated, except by those who have studied their lonely wastes of sleeping opportunities and contrasted them with the enormous populations carried by Old World countries not a whit more blessed by Nature.

To make the Empire strong against the aggressor, we must people it as far as is practicable on a uniform scale. Today one little piece of it is overcrowded with population, while immeasurable expanses of it capable of production of wealth and the maintenance of men and women are not occupied at all. How many people the Empire will carry is a matter of little concern. Suffice it to say that Canada and Australia together would easily support the present population of Europe. Both these dominions in the lives of our grandchildren will in all probability have larger populations than the Mother-country. Nothing is lacking. The ability of a country to carry people is a mere matter of soil and rainfall and climate, together with those forces and raw materials essential for the generation of power and the manufacture of goods. The outside dominions have all these things, and they have them on a scale great beyond measure or estimation. If you people Australia today, not on the European scale, but on the scale which prevails in its own oldest and most closely settled districts, you would have a population easily as great as that of the United Kingdom. And that does not mean the peopling of the great inland regions where the conditions are sometimes inhospitable. It refers only to those noble reaches of soil, today uninhabited except by sheep and cattle, which are just as rich and as well watered as those in the old closely-settled districts, but which, owing to the dearth of people, now contribute little or nothing to the support and the safety of the Empire. If by some gigantic piece of magic you could suddenly move Australia out in the Atlantic Ocean, fifty miles off the coast of Europe, you would find in a very few years that its population would be numbered by scores, even hundreds, of millions. In these dominions of yours and ours, you are dealing with possessions vaster and richer than any other colonising nation, ancient or modern, ever dreamed about. Each must become a great power in itself: together with these islands as the mother they would be the greatest force moving to a single command the world has ever seen.

But this can only be if they are peopled, and peopled now, with British blood. What is actually happening? The position is extremely unsatisfactory and disquieting. Canada is settling her lands largely with aliens; Australia is scarcely settling hers at all. And yet both countries are making big, sincere efforts to build up on British lines. Last fiscal year Canada, by a very heavy expenditure of money, received 306,086 immigrants. No fewer than 306,086 new citizens passed into this British dominion and settled out on the new lands where their industry and their influence are the main factors in the building of the Greater Empire. But mark this significant feature. Of these 306,086 immigrants only 123,015—40 per cent.—were drawn from the United Kingdom. Of the others, 121,451 came from the United States of America, and 61,620 from the continent of Europe. Now, despite the occasional notice in Canada that "No British need apply" —a notice, by the way, that is a direct result of the custom of shipping so many family black sheep and wastrels to "the Colonies"—no impartial observer can deny Canada's strong desire to attract the British emigrant. She gives the Mother-country a preference in flesh and blood just as she has for years given her a preference in manufactured goods. You get plenty of evidence of this in the Dominion, and one notable instance which suggests itself is the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's ready-made farms, which are exclusively for British immigrants, although the Company has every reason to believe that land offered on such easy conditions would be scrambled for by the Americans. Canada takes all the Britishers she can get. But she realises that a gain of 60,000 or even 100,000 new citizens a year will be a long time making a nation. Better to take the foreigner peacefully with his hand on a plough than to risk getting him later with a hostile rifle, even though his peaceful coming may mean a steady anti-British charge on the future of the nation.

In Australia the situation is no more satisfactory; perhaps less. Last year the Commonwealth received only 37,547 immigrants; 37,547 new arrivals to a land three-quarters as large as Europe and with a population of four and a half millions! This flow to Australia is certainly increasing and it is practically all-British, just as the people now in the country are 97 per cent. of British birth or extraction. But at best the outlook is grave.

Both in Canada and Australia events are shaping unsatisfactorily for Imperialism: in Canada by the inflow of people of alien blood or alien sentiments, or both; in Australia by a failure to get people in anything like the numbers so urgently needed if the country is not to continue a sore temptation to every nation in search of an easy opportunity of expansion.

III

WHAT THE DOMINIONS ARE DOING

The duty of Great Britain today is to co-operate with us oversea in the more equitable distribution of the British people. We of Australia and Canada appeal to you to assist in every possible way the filling of our empty places with citizens of Anglo-Saxon origin. We want you to come to us more readily and in greatly increased numbers, and to use your influence to divert to us the emigrants and the capital you now send to countries flying foreign flags. The scope for this last branch of endeavor is shown by your emigration figures for last year. In 1910, 319,886 people left Great Britain and Ireland to settle in other countries, and of these 140,541 went to foreign countries, 139,239 going to the United States alone, 134,619 to British North America, 33,000 to Australia and New Zealand, 89,787 to South Africa. Could anything be less satisfactory than that of the people leaving these shores more than 44 per cent. should go to make up the strength of nations which may one day be in arms against us? Every man, woman and child sent to Australia or Canada means a stronger Britain in the hour of trial; every soul sent to the foreigner means two against you—one you lose and one the foreigner gains.

It will be said that the dominions should look to this vital matter themselves. They do. In the current year Australia will spend in round figures about £400,000 on the gathering in of people. Canada will spend even more. That expenditure will each year be substantially increased, and then it represents but the beginning of the energy displayed. These two countries, in the offers they are making to the immigrant, are giving every encouragement to the Mother-country to bestir herself in the safeguarding of her distant territories and the insurance of her own future. The young man or woman of the United Kingdom has never been offered such chances abroad as today in the new countries which fly the British flag. The homeseeker now sets out under entirely different and incomparably brighter and easier conditions than his father had in the past. When Britain thought it worth while to win and found colonies, her sons went out in the face of extreme difficulties and certain hardships.

Contrast the lot and the prospects of the young Englishman going to Australia, even so recently as sixty years ago to the gold diggings of Ballarat and Bendigo, with the lot and prospects of the man who goes to Victoria to, say, an irrigation farm today. In the "fifties" he embarked on a small sailing-ship, probably a cargo vessel hastily converted by a piece of rough carpentering into a passenger boat: at best an ill-ventilated, evil-smelling, wind-dependent vessel, carrying only salt meat and tinned provisions for a tedious voyage of from four to six months. For this unpleasant ride the traveller paid his own fare. He landed a stranger in a country where the cost of living was excessively high; he knew nobody, had no knowledge of the region in which he found himself. If his purse was long, a coach bore him away to the goldfields; if poor, he walked a hundred miles or more. Ignorant of the rudiments of mining, he went to work at a pursuit which, despite the almost unparalleled richness of the claims, paid dividends to only an occasional lucky man. After years of tramping and fossicking and harsh living, he probably became a land "selector," and ultimately a farmer. If he became a selector he took up from the Government a block of green forest land, probably fifty miles or more from the railway, and long years of further isolation and hardship went by before he knew the ordinary conveniences and pleasures of life. That was, in brief outline, the history of scores of thousands of Australia's early men.

Today it is different. Keeping to the state of Victoria, what do we find? The young Englishman with a taste for an oversea home and a substantial return for his money and his labor, presents himself to the Agent-General in London, or to one of his many agents in the provinces, and receives at once the minutest details of the land to which he thinks of emigrating. He finds out all about the new country and all about going there. He decides to go. He discovers that his beneficent Agent-General will advance him, under reasonable conditions of repayment, up to 80 per cent. of his passage money. His berth is booked for him, and he goes aboard a great modern steamer of 10,000 or 12,000 tons, where he probably lives better than he has been accustomed to live at his home on shore. He makes Australia in from six to eight weeks, according to route, after a voyage which to nine men and women out of ten is an unbroken enjoyment.

At Melbourne, or at the previous port of call, his steamer is boarded by a Government official who takes him, if he wishes it, to a state boarding-house, where he is lodged and fed for half-a-crown a day, and given advice about the judicious expenditure of his money. But his stay in the city is short. In a day or two he is off to see the irrigation farms which the Government has on offer. He travels on the state railways at reduced fares, and is met in the irrigation districts by special offers and driven over the land. He is introduced to experienced local farmers and given every opportunity and assistance to learn what are his prospects. Perhaps he decides to buy, and, if so, his way is easy. Say he takes a block of sixty acres at £12 an acre. From the outset this acre will yield him a net amount of £250 to £300, and in five years may be yielding anything up to £1,000.

He pays down 3 per cent. on his purchase, that is roughly £22, and continues to pay rent and capital off at the rate of 6 per cent. on his purchase for thirty-one years, after which the land becomes his own. The state assists him to build a house, giving him a choice of size and architecture, and also assists liberally

in the buying of his stock and implements and in the making of improvements, and he pays back in easy instalments. The irrigation makes him independent of the seasons; his income is as regular as though he had a salary in London, with the difference that he has his home each year becoming more valuable and comfortable and beautiful.

That is in the state of Victoria in Australia, and the emigrant to Greater Britain has a choice of such chances. Take as another example the state of Western Australia, a patch of one million square miles now held by a quarter of a million Bush people. There you may become the owner of 1,000 acres of wheat and sheep land for a matter of £26 a year for the first three years, and 5 per cent. on the purchase value (from 10s to 25s an acre) for the next seventeen years. And the Government actually advances you the full value of your working plant and improvements up to £400. Western Australia has in the past few years been disposing of between one million and two million acres of land a year on this basis; and recently Mr. James Mitchell, the Minister of Lands, declared to me that "eighty per cent. of the men who have taken up this land began with less than £50 apiece." Every acre of that country will be worth a few pounds an acre inside ten years. The Government pays you the cost of your clearing and fencing and all the rest, buys your horses and ploughs. Most men are able to begin cropping the year after entry.

And we want not only farmers and farm workers. If you take any Australian newspaper today you will see five or six columns of advertisements offering vacancies for everyone asking for work. "We could place 1,000 navvies tomorrow," said Mr. Frank Wilson, the premier of Western Australia, to me at Perth the other day.

So may the examples of what the dominions are doing be cited and multiplied. The one state of Western Australia will spend some £200,000 this year (nearly £1 a head of the population) on attracting British people, and that is but a commencement. We want people; British people first; if not British, then the next best we can get. But people we must have. We ask the people of the United Kingdom to give to the Empire's rich empty lands more of that interest which they expend on purely home politics. The one is equally important with the other. Send us your people. And not alone your unemployed and your failures. Send us your best; your sons for whom you want sure openings for brain and muscle and capital. Influence your friends to come out to us. This is an investment which will pay you dividends in something more than mere money and the consciousness that those who send are prosperous and happy. It will pay you back in an enduring and increasing strength and glory for the race. Be Empire-builders still!—Harry S. Gullett, in *United Empire.*

The Unknowing

I know not where I am:
  Beneath my feet a whirling sphere,
And overhead (and yet below)
  A crystal rampart cutting sheer—
The travelling sun its oriflam.
    What do I know?

I know not what I do:
  I wrought at that, I wrought at this,
The shuttle still perforce I throw;
  But if aright or if amiss
The web reveals not, held to view.
    What do I know?

I know not what I think:
  My thoughts?—As in a shaft of light
The dust-motes wander to and fro,
  And shimmer golden in their flight;
Then, either way, in darkness sink.
    What do I know?

—Edith M. Thomas, in "Harper's."

The Lonesome Factory on Hudson's Bay

By J. B. Tyrrell and James Grant

ALMOST any Hudson's Bay post is a poor place to find company—unless it be the company of your own thoughts. But the post at Fort Churchill is just a few degrees more unhappy in this regard than any other.

Scattered over thousands of miles of Canadian wilderness lie these grey, weather-beaten houses, some more pretentious than others, where a lone man, with a white wife, perhaps, or native wife, carries on trade with the Indians in the territory round about. Each of them is sufficiently removed from the outside world, although some have a rival of the Revillon Freres nearby for company; some have Indians close in around them; some are on the trails used by engineers, surveyors, or geologists inland bound; and some are even within a few days of the railways. But others have no mitigating circumstances, and of these is Fort Churchill.

It lies on the west coast of Hudson's Bay, as far north of the city of Toronto as Toronto is north of New Orleans. The settlement, as I knew it eighteen years ago and as it remains with only a few changes, consists of twenty-five half-breeds, the factor and his family, the missionary and his family, and the dogs. It lies on a little ledge of arid ground on the edge of the Churchill River, just near where the river having widened into a great lagoon, flows into Hudson's Bay. The lagoon and the bay lie in front of the post. Behind it is a ridge of rock, perhaps a hundred feet high, over which in winter the snow drifts until it buries the post above the eaves of its ugly buildings. It is not even in a wooded country, where the forest might lend a little interest to life by its presence there, or out of which might come animals or Indians that might create some diversion, that might even offer to destroy the post and so confer a little excitement. No such good fortune. For hundreds of miles around is a swampy country dotted at intervals with a few trees that maintain a difficult footing in the uncertain soil. The Indians that come to trade are from, perhaps, three hundred miles inland. They come but twice a year. The Esquimaux arrive from up the coast towards the northern lights. Once a year—in August it used to be, and it may be yet for all I know—the company's ship pays its visit, renews the stores, takes off the furs and carries back the report of the factor and perhaps a letter or two from the factor's wife and the missionary's wife, to the people "at home." Once or twice a year there is a coasting trip up the shore among the Esquimaux. On Sundays and holidays the missionary in the Anglican Church prays for the King and the Queen and such as are in peril on the sea, but the most sincere part of the prayer is the simple little line about daily bread. Because daily bread in Churchill is not always a certainty for the half-breed congregation, and it is just as well, when praying, to ask for it anyway.

It is eighteen years since first I was there. Mr. Hawes was the trader then and Bishop Lofthouse, who is now at Kenora, was the "Church Missionary Society" missionary in the place. Lofthouse was just a plain, ordinary variety of hero, by which I mean that he did nothing sensational, such as is nowadays called heroism, but he *lived* for about fifteen years in that forsaken country because he believed it was his duty—it must have required a large faith in his duty. With

him lived his wife, just as heroic, who helped him in everything, from the preaching to working in the garden to make the turnips grow, turnips being the only thing that they could raise in that soil.

But Mr. Hawes was a different man. He is dead now and it will make no difference if I speak of him. Not that he ever did anything that was discreditable nor that he ever said anything that he should not have said. But the Hudson's Bay Company does not like traders that talk too much—nor does any good employer for that matter, I suppose—and it might not have approved Hawes, were he alive, in saying what he said.

He was a quiet little man who could smoke for hours at a time without speaking. He had been a sea captain in the company's service and had learned the art of saying nothing in the course of sailing vessels in and out of the Hudson's Bay. But it was more than mere quietness that possessed Hawes. There was a tinge of melancholy in it.

I began to think that the half-breeds had something to do with it. I dropped a piece of bacon on the "street" one day, just outside the general trading store. It was just a little piece, but you would never have forgotten it had you been the one that dropped it. It was pounced upon before it touched the ground, not by dogs but by three half-breed boys who had been watching me with terrible patience.

That night I talked to Hawes. His young wife was putting the children to bed, and singing a hymn about "Shall we gather at the river—" Old Hawes was in one of his moods and I knew that the hymn was worrying him.

"It must be a big responsibility to see that not only the men you employ get food enough, but that their wives and children are fed, too," I said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Your people seem pretty hungry," I remarked, and told him about the bacon.

"Well!"

"Well—is food so scarce?"

"Where do you think food comes from in this country?" he returned. "Don't you know that pretty nearly every ounce of it has to be carried out here from England? When there were five half-breeds around the post that was not too bad. There was enough work for them to do to justify the company in feeding 'em. But when there's twenty-five and work for only six, the company can't afford to feed the whole crew—though, Lord knows, it does what it can."

"Can't the men hunt?"

"Hunt!" he grumbled. "There's nothing worth while hunting within a hundred miles of here, and besides—they have lost the knack. They couldn't hunt well enough to keep alive."

"So—"

"So they live around the post, doing chores; feeding the dogs, taking a boat up the coast to trade with the Esquimaux, taking a dog-team up the river in winter for firewood. I don't need so many. If I fed 'em all there'd be no sense in maintaining a post in this country at all. The company keeps me here to trade food for furs. If I feed all the food to the breeds, where am I going to get furs?"

"Yes, but what's to become of them?"

"God knows. They love children, and it's a good trait in 'em, I suppose. But this is no country for loving children. For if you do you can't feed 'em. More brats, less food. I've told 'em often enough to quit this business of havin' children. I've told the Bishop to tell 'em, and he promises he will, but never does. It would be inconsistent with his religion, I suppose. Well—it's little use training for the life hereafter if they can't get enough to *train* on. I've twenty-five. All I need is four. If they don't soon quit bringing more children into the light of this damn country, or unless there's a plague strikes us, or those people down in Canada build one of their high-falutin' railways into this country so as to give my breeds work, there's going to be another story like the story at ——— Factory."

And the next night, in little pieces, and very slowly, I heard the story of ——— Factory, a post on Hudson's Bay, which has since been dismantled. This is the story:

There was a Hudson's Bay post once that began with a poor devil of a white trader, who tried his best for eighteen months to be faithful to the memory of a dead wife, when all he had was a photograph and some hair and a letter she had written him once. But indigestion from his own cooking "got him," and to save

himself he married a motherly little native who was clean and almost Christian, except that she used to grunt as she grew old. He had a white helper, and he, after awhile, married another native.

And that was the beginning.

In a few years, when other factors were appointed to that post, there was quite a little colony of half-breeds, and it was a tradition that went with the factorship that the breeds were to be looked after. In time the feeding of the half-breeds became a problem. The company raised the food allowance for the post and sent a letter by the boat, intimating that it was time the unwarranted staff of half-breeds justified its existence by bringing in more furs from the surrounding country. Presently even the increased food allowance became inadequate. Factor wrote that they must send him more food. Company replied to cut down the staff. Factor knew that that meant the woods for the supernumeraries, and that the woods meant death from starvation. He tried to stretch the rations, but failed. He put off the evil time as long as possible, and then, of a certain day, he announced his ultimatum: all but four of the men must be turned off; they must shift for themselves.

It was not easy. The fifty were eloquent. The factor was not a woman, but he locked himself in his house and would not listen. He knew it was useless. A few prayed. The others straightened up and prepared to depart.

In two days the post was peculiarly quiet. The fifty had melted away. In time, the factor forgot about them until the trading season came on, the time when the hunters come in with their furs. All the usual Indian hunters, except one or two, who had died of starvation because some little thing had caused the deer to avoid their usual grounds, came in. But there was no sign of the half-breeds that had been turned adrift, until one night, near the end of the trading time, the factor, walking in the edge of the bush, came across three huskies sniffing. He caused the thing at which they were sniffing to be given a decent burial, then he locked himself up in his house again and sulked. Two days afterward, three out of the fifty half-breeds crawled into camp. They had been successful; they brought furs with them. They were healthy and had established their families well—but of the others—. They did not know and the factor did not press the question.

"Yes," said Hawes, slowly, without emotion, "that happened in ——'s Factory. I hope it don't happen here. The man over there," pointing vaguely, "took to rum and religion both at once. They killed him."

The Hudson's Bay Company may deny this, and Hawes is dead, and there are no documents except a letter from the Bishop which I received years after leaving the post, in which he made an urgent plea that something be done to remove the superfluous half-breed population. He mentioned that the only apparent alternative was starvation. He was quite casual about it, as anyone would be who had lived as long among the breeds, and had witnessed the problems of their existence. But you cannot say that the company is to blame. It has done what it could for the breeds. In other posts, except a few in sterile country, such as Churchill, they do very well. It cannot afford to support indefinite numbers of half-breeds forever, because, of course, it supports the usual number of widows and orphans, which justify the existence of all great companies.

But when all is said and done concerning the Hudson's Bay Railway Company, when everybody has pointed out the obvious advantages which that railway gives the country and the bread-eaters of London, and the company which is to operate it, it is the half-breed who shall be most vitally affected by it. It may give him work and food.

I said before that I thought it was the half-breed problem that caused Hawes his fits of melancholia. But I was mistaken. He was sorry for them, that was all. He gave them as much food as he could. But the thing that worried him was, I found, a shipwreck, one of those wrecks that never gets into print, unless by accident, but which is written gravely against the profit and loss account of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hawes had lost his ship in the bay. He had made some slight error in his calculations and the rocks and tides of the bay, resenting her intrusion into parts of the bay where she was not supposed to go,

wrecked the vessel. Hawes was saved. That was what worried him.

"You were lucky to escape," I said.

"Lucky!" he turned and studied my face intently for several moments. His pipe he held suspended near his lips. "Lucky!" he echoed, gruffly. "H'mph! Next time I'm aboard a ship and she gets hurt—I stay aboard. That's where a captain should stay. That's where I should have stayed."

He was quite calm about it. He had merely made up his mind that he should have gone down with the boat, instead of having been rescued and given this port by the company.

A few years ago I read in a Montreal paper that a passenger steamer was wrecked on Lake Winnipeg. All but two women and the captain were saved. They refused to leave the vessel. When I was in Winnipeg again I looked up the reports of the wreck there and found what I had suspected. The captain was Hawes. He had left the company's service and had satisfied his grudge against himself.

. . . . . .

This that I have written is a little of the story of Churchill. The Bishop, who is now at Kenora, could tell much more much better. But even he could not tell it all. Churchill has been a marked place on the map for almost three hundred years. In 1619 Jens Munck, a noble-hearted Dane, who wanted to find the road to China, wintered there. One of his vessels was lost. All of his men, save two, died of scurvy. He and the two returned to Denmark in the sloop which had accompanied the larger vessel.

A hundred years after Jens Munck the Hudson's Bay Company founded a trading station there, and a few years later, in carrying out a clause in its agreement with the British Government, it fortified the country by the construction of what is now the most remarkable military ruin on the continent of North America. Its walls were 40 feet thick, with ordnance to match. Nevertheless, when a few years later a gentleman-trader named Samuel Hearne was in charge of the factory and the fort, and when a dapper French admiral sailed up and demanded admittance, the courteous Hearne threw open his gates, handed over the keys, and surrendered with as much grace as though the French admiral had been offering to cheat himself in a bargain in furs. Hearne was made prisoner, returned to England at the conclusion of the war, and sent out by the company again to take charge of the post, without even a reprimand, so far as can be learned, which throws some light on the Hudson's Bay Company's ideals in those days.

Since then Churchill has been a mere trading station. The French destroyed portions of the great fort and left it as it now lies, crumbling. Today nobody pays any attention to it. The post exists to trade with the Indians and the Esquimaux, as said before. The Indians are paid one price for their furs and receive in return so much supplies. The Esquimaux are paid half the price for the same thing, and when they buy their supplies receive half as much as the Indian receives. That is the usage of that country. The company started it, and therefore it is law. The Esquimaux acknowledge it and the Indians approve.

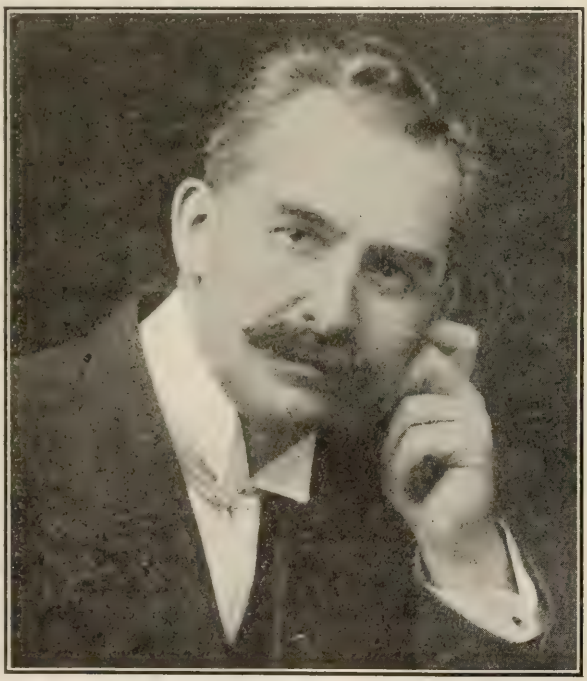
This is not to blame anybody. The company would not care, and, anyway, it is a matter for philanthropists and Governments—what becomes of the people in that country. But it is always interesting —no, it is terrible, to recall the story of Churchill. It is the lonesome post. Heaven, in the eyes of a Churchill half-breed, will be a hole scooped in the lee side of a loaf of bread—an inexhaustible loaf.

Churchill may become a great port if the Hudson's Bay railway should happen to go there, but it will be a bad place in summer on account of the flies and the mosquitoes, and there will always remain, carved in the rock which lies behind the post, the picture of the man who was hanged for stealing a salted goose from the company. That carving was probably made by one of the masons employed in the building of the great fort in 1742. In those days there was a little more food in Churchill than today, because all the wild geese had not been killed off by the "game hogs" of more southern latitudes. But even then, they hanged a man for stealing one, so precious was food; and when I was there they had given up the goose hunt. Because there were no more geese.

Colossal Harbor Scheme for Vancouver

By Alan Breck

IF we are to see the future of Vancouver with clear eyes we must follow the advice of the late Marquis of Salisbury and use large maps. It will not be long before four more transcontinental railways will push their noses over our horizon on their way to our city and port. The Panama Canal will soon break through the dam of the Panama Isthmus and loose a flood of new trade upon us. Plans for building a railway to tap the Peace River country are rapidly taking shape. Big things are about to happen, and we must take thought and see that we will be big enough to handle them when they arrive. We must not be taken by surprise.



MR. C. F. PRETTY, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE VANCOUVER HARBOR & DOCK EXTENSION CO., LTD.

We must arrange a meeting-place for new shipping and new railways, a place where many cargoes can be swiftly transferred to freight trains, and where long rows of railroad cars can dump their freight without delay into the deep, dark holds of ocean liners.

The question is whether we can afford to let our docks and harbors grow wharf by wharf, as barnacles accumulate on a ship's bottom, or whether it is not our duty to take time by the forelock so that the first train and the first ship arriving by new trade routes may find us ready with adequate and orderly conveniences for them and all that follows in their wake.

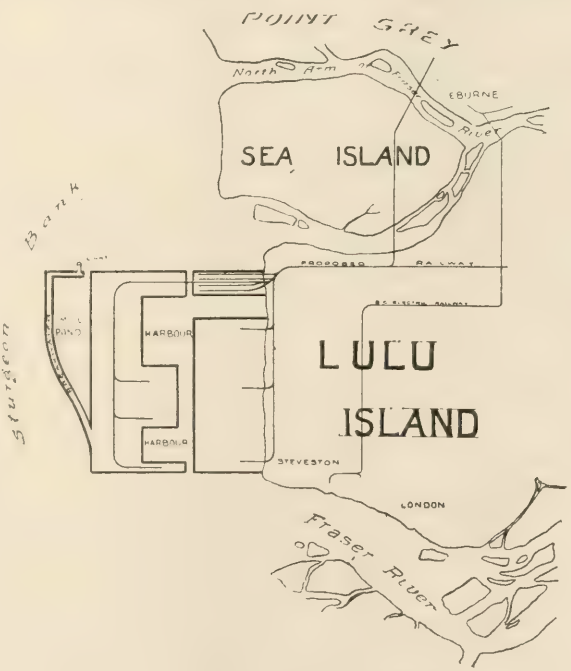
Nature has provided us with the finest harbor in the world, but there is much labor and money required to turn even the finest natural harbor into a port. Fortunately the subject of harbor development is occupying a large place in the public eye at the present time. Civic and municipal authorities, boards of trade throughout the province, and the provincial and federal governments are getting together to finish the work that Nature has begun.

In 1875 Benjamin Disraeli gave $20,000,000 for the control of the Suez Canal in the interests of Britain. This coup set the whole world by the ears, and the man-in-the-street suddenly realized that the ocean highways of the world were matters for the consideration of our statesmen. At the end of October a coup of no less magnitude was made public by a prominent Vancouver man, Mr. C. F. Pretty.

In September the broad, green fields of Lulu Island were apparently secure in the possession of the farmers. Its acres of rich

soil, brought down through untold ages by the rolling Fraser, seemed destined to form a garden and a granary at the very doors of Greater Vancouver. Suddenly the dream was changed. The biggest scheme of harbor and dock extension ever mooted on this continent is to be superimposed upon Lulu Island. Already in our imagination we hear the clank of dredges, and the thump! thump! of pile-drivers. We see the argosies of the world bearing down upon roomy harbors, and we hear the chanties of the stevedores where yesterday the snipe, the teal and the mallard kept chilly company on oozy tide flats.

All this because an old-timer in British Columbia, a one-time farmer of Harrison, B. C., a man who as prospector, hunter, lumberman and capitalist knows the rich Fraser Valley and Delta like the back of his hand, has dared to have a vision of the future of Vancouver. The dazzling and romantic scheme which Mr. Pretty has laid before us in such a matter-of-fact way will add twelve square miles of harbors, docks, railway terminals and industrial sites to the bursting boundaries of Vancouver. The streams of life and commerce which will pour into Vancouver along five transcontinental ribbons of steel and along the water highway of the Panama Canal will find an ample reservoir prepared to receive them by the Vancouver Harbor and Dock Extension Company.



PROJECTED HARBOR AND DOCK EXTENSION AT LULU ISLAND

Mr. Pretty's plans reduced to hard figures are as follows: Over 4,000 acres of Lulu Island have already been purchased outright. Additional land to the value of four million dollars is held under the company's option. Seven square miles of sandheads and tide-flats are to be reclaimed and added to the Lulu Island area. Twelve miles of waterfront and wharfage will be available when the work of development is completed. Fifty miles of trackage for freight terminals will be built. A tunnel nearly six miles long will be driven under Point Grey to emerge on False Creek and connect the heart of Vancouver with Lulu Island by a huge union passenger terminal. Four thousand acres of industrial sites will be reserved, a model industrial town will be planned and many industries will be established. Vancouver is to be placed in a position to compete with any port in the world for the commerce of an Empire.

Mr. Pretty, who is the president and general manager of the recently incorporated company, has associated with him several well-known local capitalists and prominent English financiers whose names are household words.

Although the mammoth scheme will call for the expenditure of twenty million dollars (a sum, by the way, equal to that spent on the Suez Canal by Disraeli), ample capital will be forthcoming. Already the matter has been laid before the Provincial and Dominion Governments by Mr. Pretty personally, with the object of obtaining a guarantee of two and a half per cent. from each of them on $20,000,000 worth of bonds. The proposal is receiving their consideration. Even failing this government support, to which the scheme by its importance and bearing on our national life is surely entitled, the company are ready to proceed at once.

That it is no mere real estate proposition is ensured by the guarantee given to the

government that not a foot of land will be sold until the industrial end is practically complete. J. G. White & Co. (Inc.), the eminent harbor engineers, of New York and London, are already on the ground preparing plans and estimates, and the work will be pursued without delay. The scheme is the outcome of years of study of all the available waterfront in the vicinity of Vancouver, including the Fraser River, Burrard Inlet, and the Straits of Georgia. It has been considered from every commercial point of view, such as handiness to deep water, room for railway terminals, and good sites for manufacturing.

Mr. Charles Fenn Pretty, who was born in Belleville, Ontario, in 1865, came to British Columbia in 1890. He represents other large interests besides the Vancouver Harbor & Dock Extension Company. Pretty's Timber Exchange has recently been incorporated with a capital of $5,000,000. He is a director of the Canadian Timber Investment Company, with a capital of $2,000,000, which was incorporated after a recent visit of Mr. Pretty to England, and of the Anglo-Canadian Timber Co., Limited. So many large projects have been brought to a successful issue by him that it is only a question of time before his latest and largest enterprise will be complete.

The scheme is vast and so far-reaching that we, citizens of British Columbia, must look beyond the mere dollars that are going to be spent. The life and business of every man in this community will be affected by the creation of this huge Vancouver port. The proposition is lifted by its very size above the level of mere business, and it becomes national in its character and its influence upon the province. It therefore becomes a positive duty on the part of every citizen to assist in the consummation of the project. Let us all use our voices and influence to secure for Vancouver her undoubted right to be the premier port on the Pacific Ocean.

I Want You, Little Woman

By FRANK BUTLER

I want you, little woman, when the blue is growing dark,
And the building shadows stretch themselves across the City Park,
When the sturdy Day is weary and goes away to rest
With his forehead on the bosom of the Evening in the West.

I want you, little woman, when I wander sadly down
To the sea-wall at the Battery—the Birthplace of the Town;
Where the white waves and the warships in a dreary monotone
Murmur: "Where is she, thy Lady, why walk you here alone?"

I want you, little woman, when the city lamps are lit
And I see a happy couple where we were wont to sit,
And I lock my love within me and I wander home to sleep
Where a man may play at childhood and the dear God lets him weep.

How We Get Our Capital

By Henry Schuster

NO one can accuse the citizens of British Columbia of not being alive to the possibilities of their province. We have unlimited resources of all kinds. No similar area anywhere in the world has such a wealth of minerals, agricultural and fruit lands, and fisheries.

We are told that Canada, and particularly British Columbia, holds a higher place in the money markets of the world than ever before. The foreign investor, to whom we must look for the capital with which to develop our unlimited natural resources, has confidence in us. This state of affairs has been brought about by years of hard work on the part of our prominent business men and financiers, and it is a condition which every Canadian must jealously guard. In financial affairs there is nothing so hard to win as the confidence of the investor, particularly of the investor who lives in some remote country, who has to depend upon the statement of some individual or company regarding the various propositions on the market. There is nothing so easy to lose as the confidence of the investor, and, once lost, it is practically a hopeless task to try to regain it. How, then, are we to ensure that the investors who provide money for developing our resources will get a square deal?

The obvious answer is that we bring the investor into touch with our propositions through the medium of financial houses of repute.

There are two tests by which the standard of a financial house may be judged. The first is the test of time, the record of long and successful relations with the public, and the other is the calibre and reputation of the men at the head of the concern.

The F. H. Lantz Company Limited, of Vancouver, one of the leading financial houses in Western Canada, complies with both these tests. Since it was established as F. H. Lantz & Company in 1890, it has built up a list of hundreds of satisfied clients. Among the many large operations of this company we may specify the successful promotion and financing of the Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company Limited; Island River Coal Company Limited; and Graham Island Development Co. Since its incorporation under the Companies Act of 1897, Mr. F. H. Lantz has been president of the company. The vice-president is Mr. J. A. Harvey, K.C., a director of the Bank of Vancouver and many other large financial institutions. His policy has been to associate with him men who have had wide experience in the various branches of the business which the company conducts.

Under the heading of real estate, mortgages and loans, general brokerage, insurance and mining the company deals with all kinds of financial propositions. Mr. Lantz recognizes that in order to secure and retain the confidence of his many clients at home and in Europe a policy which absolutely eliminates any suggestion of a "gamble" or a "wild cat" scheme must be followed. Mr. Lantz himself, or one of his associates, is in continual personal touch with the European money market, and this idea will soon be carried a step further by the establishment of a London office. The real estate department of the company is in charge of the most experienced and able management, and is patronized by conservative investors who appreciate the careful methods in land transactions. In this department it is a rigid rule to investigate every real estate proposition before it is offered to the public, and as a result its present clients and customers have every confidence in the ability and integrity of the managing staff.

The loan business done by the company is very extensive and is based on the careful and conservative policy that marks all its transactions. Being in touch with a great deal of capital this company is prepared to loan on first mortgage of any good

revenue-producing properties that will bear the inspection of expert valuators.

The company are able to guarantee from 6 to 8 per cent. per annum on this class of business, which may be regarded as a gilt-edged investment. In making loans the company always engage the service of expert valuators who make a specialty of the work and who do nothing else. The reports are fully and carefully considered, and the amount of the loan is fixed on a basis of not more than fifty per cent. of the actual values, which are calculated on the most conservative figures. The rate at which Vancouver is expanding is a good indication of the secure and profitable character of the loan business as conducted by this company. For instance, the total value of the building permits for the first seven months in 1911 exceeded ten million dollars. For the corresponding period in 1909 and 1910 the total values were $4,042,292 and $7,425,410 respectively.

A word about the insurance business of the F. H. Lantz Company is interesting. The company controls the agency of one of the largest insurance companies of America, a company which stood the great test of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906, and which, by promptly meeting all claims on this occasion, has become known as "conflagration proof."

Perhaps the most interesting branch of the company's business today is their mining department. Coal-mining properties are at present offering a most tempting field for investment. The consumption of coal is increasing every day as the extraordinary commercial activity of the province is developing.

The increase of population and business development in neighboring parts of the United States have also created a tremendous demand and consumption of coal.

Coal of very high quality exists in great quantities in the province, and the coal mines of British Columbia will have all they can do to cope with the demand. Of all the resources Nature has provided, coal is one of the most necessary. It is the basis and foundation of all commercial and individual wealth, and may be called the great moving power of the world. Ships, railroads, mills and factories are all dependent upon this great commodity. Without coal we should also be without iron, copper, lead, silver and other metals, because coke, obtained from coal, is the only fuel that will produce heat intense and strong enough to reduce rocks to a liquid state and enable us to extract the metals we need and must have. Another point about coal which should be of great interest to the investor is the fact that the world's supply of coal is limited. The consumption of coal is continually increasing and the supply is continually becoming less. Mr. F. H. Lantz, the president of the company, has been in British Columbia so long that he has had ample opportunities of personally inspecting a large number of mining propositions, and he exercises his experience and careful judgment regarding all such propositions before associating himself with them. As we have already pointed out, the only way in which the investor can be safeguarded is by doing business through the medium of a financial house of long standing and high reputation. This applies to mining and timber propositions more than to any other branch of financial activity.

The Nicola Valley Coal & Coke Company, which was promoted and financed by Mr. Lantz and his associates, is an instance of their sound methods. The company is anxious to provide facilities for investors everywhere, to get into touch with the many safe and profitable openings which the company have selected after careful and extensive investigation by their staff of experts.

We sometimes hear of investors who are dissatisfied with the results of their financial operations in Canada. If these cases are investigated it will be found that with hardly one exception the transactions have not been made through the medium of a reliable firm that knows the *pros* and *cons* of the local situation. We must, therefore, impress most strongly upon the public the wisdom of doing business only through a strong financial house of the type of F. H. Lantz & Company Limited.

The outlook in British Columbia is endorsed in the highest terms by every eminent man who has visited the coast. We take the opportunity here to quote the remarks of several distinguished men who have expressed their sentiments after investigation, not only of our wonderful West, but of most of the growing communities on this continent.

Following are some expressions of opinion

from prominent men about the noteworthy features of Vancouver and British Columbia:

"I never saw a city in which a great future was so plainly written in the present."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Vancouver is now the recognized gateway between the East and the West, the gateway through which the double stream of commerce between the Occident and the Orient and between Britain and the self-governing nations of New Zealand and Australia will flow in ever-increasing volume, until Vancouver shall become, perhaps, the first and most important port in all the world."—EARL GREY.

"Within the next five or six years in British Columbia we will have spent from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars of provincial funds in opening up the country. The province will probably add two hundred and fifty thousand to its population. We shall have on our coast the terminals of four transcontinental lines, three of which are of purely Canadian origin. We shall have added at least one thousand five hundred more miles to our railway mileage, involving an expenditure of at least $75,000,000. All this means that the province is on the verge of great possibilities and prosperity."—HON. W. J. BOWSER, Minister of Finance, in his Budget speech.

"Conditions were never better. From the steamer's deck, as one approaches Vancouver, the hundreds of new dwellings and huge business blocks that break the sky-line are most striking evidence of Vancouver's wonderful advancement, and there is such substantiality about the growth of our commercial metropolis as leaves no question whatever as to the future in store for that great city."—PREMIER MCBRIDE.

"Vancouver has the finest harbor I have ever seen. I do not remember having experienced a more delightful hour than the last one we spent on the deck of the steamer, with the broad outlines of your coast drawing ever nearer and your city coming gradually into view. The approach to your harbor is truly magnificent."—CHARLES E. HUGHES, Governor of New York.

At Seventy-five

It is sad that old Time is so swift to dismember
All our Castles in Spain—that they crumble so soon—
That the churl will not spare for the snows of December
One rose of the many he squanders on June!
But 'tis ordered by Nature, and idle to quarrel
With the sovereign mother who never deceives:
If we cannot have roses we sometimes have laurel,
And the laurel is sweet, tho' made only of leaves.

It is said that the fugitive Graces will leave us
When the wrinkles have come and the visage grows grim,
And the dear little Loves, tho' afflicted to grieve us,
Will fly from the eyes that are hollow and dim;
But 'tis very well known that the bloom on the flower
Is the fleetest of all those delectable things
That are meant to be tempting for only an hour,
And that Cupid—the sprite—is provided with wings.

When the sky's growing dark and the red sun is setting
We should stir up the embers, and call up the elves
Of Mirth and Content, and all troubles forgetting,
Make a gay world for others—and so for ourselves.
'Tis the beauty of Age to be tranquil and gentle,
Whatsoever it be, making best of its lot,
And, tho' grey locks and crows'-feet are not ornamental,
There's a grace that can hallow and make them forgot.

So, a welcome to all that my Fate may provide me,
Be it joy or sorrow, a cross or a crown!
Here's a grasp of the hand for the comrades beside me!
Here's a smiling Good-bye as the curtain comes down!
And when the play's over and everything ended
And you hear, in your musing, the sound of a knell,
Give me one loving thought for the good I intended
And a rose for my pall, as you bid me Farewell!

By William Winter—New York Times.

North Vancouver Real Estate

MR. R. THOMPSON TINN is the managing director of the Merchants' Trust & Trading Company, Limited—a company which has its capital almost entirely subscribed by English people. Mr. Tinn is one of the ablest of our young business men and has a well-earned reputation for being enterprising, yet careful and conservative in his business. He has bought and sold large blocks of property in both the city and municipality of North Vancouver and has thoroughly studied the realty values during the last five years. Mr. Tinn expresses himself as follows, in answer to our enquiry as to values in North Vancouver:

"There has been no boom, in the real sense of the word, in any part of North Vancouver city and municipality. The growth of values to their present basis has been governed almost entirely by actual and not projected developments. Its great attractions as a residential suburb lie in its southern slope, the altitude of its benches and the exceptional beauty of its scenery. Now that it is assured of railway communication, North Vancouver will have an independent growth, quite apart from that due to its proximity to Vancouver.

"The V. W. & Y. railway, the Second Narrows bridge and the Imperial Car Construction Company are all receiving subsidies and encouragement from the Provincial and Dominion Governments. These three enterprises will give an astonishing impetus to North Vancouver. Now that it is to have railway communication with Vancouver and the rest of Canada, North Vancouver's valuable waterfrontage on Burrard Inlet will be brought into use.

"As Canada and British Columbia continue to grow, North Vancouver as a seaport will grow. Few, if any, other cities in Canada or the United States have got so large and so rich a hinterland tributary to them as we have.

"Owing to the coast range, British Columbia can have very few ports. Prince Rupert, over 600 miles away, is the only one that gives any sign so far of ever becoming a rival to the cities on Burrard Inlet. So at present Burrard Inlet is the distributing base through which the imports and exports for almost the whole of British Columbia have to come and go. Prince Rupert has no railway communication yet.

"The climate of British Columbia is good, and capital is coming in fast to open up the country. So it is difficult to believe that a city like North Vancouver can do aught else but grow rapidly into a first-class port.

"British Columbia has plenty to offer the outside world, and from the outside world it wants labor and capital.

"The tide of emigration is to Canada, and with the opening of the Panama Canal emigrants can be brought from Europe direct to Burrard Inlet more cheaply than they can be brought overland. This means a more plentiful supply of labor. The proposal that the United States mercantile marine come through the canal free of dues, while ships of other nationalities pay, even if put into force—a thing unlikely—would not affect British Columbia.

"With Premier McBride at the head of our Provincial Government, it is certain that we would so retaliate that the mercantile marine of our Empire would carry our business on terms quite as advantageous as that of the United States.

"I have no doubt that property bought judiciously in North Vancouver will prove to be as profitable as property that was bought in Vancouver fifteen and twenty years ago. Those investors who can afford to hold lots and acreage in North Vancouver will find that present values are decidedly low and that purchases at present prices will be very profitable indeed."

North Vancouver

By James P. Fell

NORTH VANCOUVER is coming into her own. Long and impatiently has she waited. Twenty-five years ago the north shore of Vancouver harbor looked almost as good as the south to the speculative investor. High prices were paid for waterfront land by the old Moodyville Lands & Sawmill Co., which was formed over twenty years ago to take over the old Moodyville mill and practically all the waterfront land between the First and Second Narrows. In those days no one would have believed that it would be nearly twenty-five years before that waterfront was opened up to shipping and industrial undertakings by the advent of a steam railroad.

To develop a district, to build up a city, transportation of all kinds in every direction becomes more and more necessary as civilization advances. The lack of transportation facilities has been the one great obstacle in the path of progress which North Vancouver treads, and that obstacle is now being swept aside. Plans for a big three-track bridge across the Second Narrows, with wagon roads and sidewalks, are nearing completion. This bridge is to be built with the assistance of both the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and will be under the management and control of the municipalities of Vancouver and North Vancouver. Construction will commence early in 1912.

It is impossible to doubt that before that bridge is completed the first section of the railroad connecting Vancouver with the Grand Trunk Pacific, and giving access to the Peace River country north of Fort George, will be built along the waterfront of North Vancouver to Howe Sound. Then will commence North Vancouver's growing time. For, owing to her comparative inaccessibility, she has not kept pace with the other portions of Greater Vancouver. She has leeway to make up in the matter of population, trade, industry, commerce and real estate values. But give her a railroad, and all these things shall be added unto her, for North Vancouver has practically every other advantage: a southern aspect tempts the sun to shine even when he remains invisible to Vancouver; gentle sloping benches, with a highly productive gravel soil, making ideal residential districts; large areas of flat land adjoining tidewater, suitable for railway terminals, wharfage, industrial and business sections; a splendid supply of the purest water; an excellent sewerage system; public bodies composed of painstaking and efficient men, and eight thousand optimistic citizens behind them, with unlimited faith in the great future of their "ambitious city."

On the north shore between the First and the Second Narrows there is room for a city of half a million people. Westward again up the Capilano Valley and along the north shore of English Bay to Howe Sound is a great residential district, which cannot be equalled anywhere for beauty of situation. Within a few years this great western section of North Vancouver will be brought near to the centre of things by the construction of a tunnel under the First Narrows at the entrance of Vancouver harbor. The Burrard Inlet Tunnel and Bridge Company hold a charter for the construction of this tunnel, and will probably proceed with the work when the Second Narrows bridge is completed. Eastward again beyond the Seymour, reaching to the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, is another promising district, which is being rapidly opened up.

Thirty years ago Moodyville was the only inhabited portion of North Vancouver. In those days lumber-laden ships sailed to all parts of the world from Moodyville. The population was cosmopolitan and constantly changing—sailors

from every country on the globe, loggers and mill hands, kept things lively round the old Moodyville hotel. The Hastings mill, on the other side of the inlet, was practically the only other settlement on Burrard Inlet at that time. Now the old mill at Moodyville is silent and deserted, but all around, west, north and east, a great city is rapidly springing into life.

When the district of North Vancouver was first formed great difficulties had to be faced. For years the assessment showed no increase and money could not be borrowed for improvements. Then the tide turned. Roads were constructed, a ferry service started: the city of North Vancouver was formed out of the central part of the municipality. The B. C. Electric Railway was given a franchise and built several miles of street railway in what was then a very sparsely populated city. Those lines have since been extended into the Seymour and Capilano valleys.

The "single tax" system (so called) of Vancouver has come in for a good deal of notice lately. But it should not be forgotten that North Vancouver has never had any other system, and Vancouver merely had the good sense to imitate her more up-to-date neighbor to the north. It is, however, a very misleading term, as it has nothing in common with the "single tax" system advocated by Henry George. In Vancouver it is used to denote the fact that the land, and not the improvements, is assessed for municipal taxation. It is a good enough system, and has the merit of simplicity, but cannot possibly work the wonders that are claimed for it in some quarters. The chief advantage seems to be that in cities in Australia and elsewhere, where it has been in force for some time, it tends to increase the number of cheap buildings, and these are crowded together, three and four on a lot. This system is not necessarily good for any one city all the time, nor for all other cities any of the time.

Much has been heard of late of the great harbor improvements going on up and down the Pacific coast, in anticipation of the opening of the Panama Canal, and Vancouver has been urged not to be left behind in the race. But it should not be forgotten that not a single port north of Panama, not even San Francisco, has the natural advantages of Vancouver, and no port can so quickly prepare for any increase in the shipping business. The first necessity is to begin the widening of the First Narrows; then by bridging the Second Narrows and building a railroad along the north shore of the harbor the amount of waterfront available for industrial and shipping purposes is at once doubled, and at the same time Vancouver gets a direct railroad towards the Peace River country. Building additional wharves, and where necessary deepening the fairway up to them, is a very different matter from building enormous breakwaters, as is the case in Los Angeles where there is no natural harbor, or dredging out great waterways as in the case of Seattle and Tacoma.

However, in anticipation of the Second Narrows bridge and a railway along the harbor front on the north shore, extensive plans have already been made for the improvement of the waterfront of District Lots 265, 266 and 264, lying between the First Narrows and the Indian Mission, which is situated on the waterfront in the centre of the city of North Vancouver. The owners have let contracts covering the whole front of District Lot 265, and work is to begin in February, 1912. When all this work is completed, at a cost of several million dollars, miles of wharfage will be provided, sufficient to handle all the shipping coming to Vancouver harbor for years to come, and providing ideal sites for dry docks, shipyards, mills, elevators and every kind of industrial undertaking.

It is to be hoped that the civic authorities of North Vancouver will lose no time in buying the Indian Mission, which is situated in the centre of the city. When railroad communication is opened up, and the city is thereby enabled to emerge from its present chrysalis state of a somewhat inaccessible suburb of Vancouver into the full throbbing life of a great industrial city, the Mission Reserve is bound to become the hub, geographically and actually, of the city. The forty-odd acres composing it will give ample room for all the municipal and other public buildings necessary, and the waterfront will provide frontage for municipal wharves.

The Ferry at Dunvegan

A QUAINT POST OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ON THE PEACE RIVER

By Austin A. Briggs

LOVERS of Scotch scenery will ofttimes tell you about the Isle of Skye and Dunvegan Castle. Lovers of Northland scenery will ofttimes tell you about Dunvegan. They omit all reference to the castle, because mention of it would be an indulgence in castles in the air.

Dunvegan is an old Hudson's Bay Company post. That fact is sufficient to give the place prominence in any chronicle of the North country. Dunvegan is situated on the Peace River, approximately two hundred miles north and west of Edmonton, and in such a haven of landscape grandeur that no artist looking for the real goods in natural effects would think of passing it up. These are the sum total of Dunvegan's present claims to greatness. The rest of the claims smack of history or things that will be history when the chronicler's task is finished.

When one approaches the settlement proper he begins a descent from plateaus extending fully three miles beyond the river. It would seem as if the winding roadway of spruce, aspen and poplar could have no ending. Then at last the valley is in sight and the visitor is beside the banks of the Peace at one of its prettiest angles.

Dunvegan has no visible means of communicating with the outside world other than by an irregular mail delivery. It has no communication with the other side of the river either, except by a pay-as-you-enter ferry. This contrivance represents a trifling expenditure of Government money and a big expenditure of Northland energy through the medium of the ferryman.

A PRIEST FOR FERRYMAN

This ferryman is no common university graduate or anything like it. He performs the rare feat of looking after the spiritual needs of the people in addition to looking after the physical needs of the country. Suppose one is travelling in the North and wishes to proceed from Spirit River to the Crossing. It is necessary that passage be booked on the Dunvegan ferry.

When the traveller arrives at the riverbank after a circuitous descent of some eight hundred feet, the ferry, in all probability, will be on the town side. Same with the ferryman. There is no telephone, no electric button to press, no apparent way of informing him to get a move on and run his passenger across. The old-fashioned catcall is the vogue. Rather, we should say, catcalls, for no man living has ever been able to rouse the ferryman on the first try. The river here is about a quarter of a mile wide. The ferryman's residence is the Catholic mission situated some little distance from the shore. This accounts for the difficulty of hailing him.

A PERILOUS TRIP

Finally, however, intuition brings the ferryman to the doorway, then he sizes up the situation and makes for the river. After using up considerable muscle he pushes the ferry out with a huge pole. While the rapids attempt to wiggle the contrivance anywhere and nowhere—and the cable keeps it from going to either of those places—the boss rests one hand on an imaginary brake or throttle. Fifteen yards out the rapids-runner beckons the prospective passenger to bend a certain twig that he, the boss, may sort of lasso it and thus make anchor. It may be a wet day, and, therefore, moccasins do not conduce to safe footing. The traveller is very obliging. Not so with the slimy stones. He goes forward. They go backward.

The rest can only be described in private. After half an hour of snailing, the shore is reached—then for the mission house!

No one should fancy that piety takes travellers to the precincts of Dunvegan's solitary place of worship. It is the desire to have the only available roof in the settlement over their heads. The Hudson's Bay Company has one roof. No ordinary man could hope to dwell under that unless equipped with letters of introduction. It would never do for any and everybody to have pleasant dreams, not only about Prince Rupert and Radisson, but about the more homely things of How much do Indians get for their furs? and How much lower could grocery prices possibly be and still net the seller one thousand per cent. profit?

The only other roof in the place is over such distinguished Dunveganers as two baby moose. Moose on the run are plentiful. Moose in your own back yard are scarce. Man, in the Northland, has ever slept in the open. Therefore, why proffer a stable to a party of travellers and interfere with the education of the baby moose? Thus reasons the Hudson's Bay Company. So the travellers stay in the mission-house, old and bleak as it is. They eat there, sleep there, make plans there, tramp in mud there—in fact, do all and sundry. And not a word of protest from the missionary ferryman. Possibly the realism of Northland life makes him see very little of what goes on in the rough. But this same individual could just about equal the niftiest housewife you could trump out when it comes to cooking and keeping everything on the jump.

THE LAST OF THE WILD HORSES

While proud of his garden and the ferry, it was learned that the missionary ferryman was, with other Dunveganers, also proud of Dunvegan history. One of the chapters of that history is slated to make mention of the wild horses of the North, for these, it seems, got their inspiration at Dunvegan. Some years ago, when the Hudson's Bay factor was upcountry, ten cayuses broke loose from the corral and were never sighted again. Since that time many a freighter and fur trader has brought in news of roving bands of horses which scamper off at the first approach of man. Attempts to capture the beasts have in every case proven futile.

It must have been by a streak of luck that a recent party of Northland visitors got a glimpse of these famous horses. It was early in the morning. The trail was on a winding brow of the plains. A clear sky brought the horizon in miniature relief. Far over the stretch of country some moving objects could be detected by the naked eye. Under the glass they took the shape of horses. Then the driver, an old Dunvegan man, opened up on horse history.

He had not seen the wild animals for two years. But this view showed they were by no means on the verge of passing away and thus closing up a chapter of the great chronicle. It was nearly twenty years since the biggest attempt to round up the horses took place. One of the attacking division, having apparently headed off an escape from his section, rode at the animals at right-angles, hoping to stampede the leaders and throw the remainder into a circle.

He was some rider, too; but the unexpected happened. While the rider's lasso was in process of the first twist, one of the big brutes, goaded to frenzy by the butting of the back division, galloped out straight at him. He veered, but it was unavailing. Into the flank of the other cayuse the maddened animal plunged, knocking horse and rider to the ground with terrific force. In a moment the whole band were following the leader to freedom and the rest of the attacking division were making for the fallen rider. The cayuse had to be shot. The man escaped with a dislocated hip and bruises. He is an old man now, but he carries the limp that calls up the story wherever he goes.

DUNVEGAN AND THE MACKENZIES

Dunvegan once claimed Sir Alexander Mackenzie as a temporary resident. More than a century ago he stopped over at the Post on the memorable trip which resulted in the discovery of the river now bearing his name. Curiously enough, not far from the spot where the famous explorer built a log cabin on the Dunvegan trail, there was born seventy-two years ago another Alexander Mackenzie.

Dunvegan likes to claim the last as well

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as the first-named on account of both of them having dwelt in their midst, and possibly, also, because both gentlemen could boast Scotch blood. While a breed, as the term goes, Mackenzie, the living, is probably one of the best educated men in the Northland. His father hailed from Auld Scotia and the lad was sent to the land of heather for his education. He followed in his sire's steps, joined the ranks of the great company, rose to be a superintending factor, and now draws a pension.

Alexander Mackenzie enjoys the unique distinction of having personally, in his latter years, carried on correspondence with Lord Strathcona. It is claimed that the latter's speech, at one of the recent meetings of the company, contained a paragraph or two built on an opinion furnished by his old pensioner.

Aside from having made political orations, Mackenzie has devoted the most of the last two years to writing a history of the Peace River country. When it is considered that this sturdy son of the North has spent sixty active years beyond the pale of civilization, is one of the few living men who have memories of the herds of roaming buffalo, and possesses the only Northland attempt so far to create a library, it is easy to see that he has much to say about the Great Lone Land which those with longing eyes cast toward that wonderful country will eagerly await.—*Exchange.*

$1,000 Potatoes

TRAVELLERS on the transcontinental trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are now being served in the dining-cars of the company with British Columbia championship baked potatoes. As an aftermath to the recent big land show at New York, where the Province of British Columbia won first prize in the competition for the best potatoes grown in America, the Canadian Pacific sent agents to the districts where the prize potatoes were grown and bought up all of the championship variety of "murphies" they could secure.

The C. P. R. now intends to make a specialty of this potato on its dining-cars. Other railways are able to serve big potatoes, but they cannot secure British Columbia potatoes, for the C. P. R. has a monopoly in this line. Already inserts for the regular menu cards have been printed in which the championship baked potato occupies the place of honor on the "ready to serve" list.

Northern Farm Lands

MR. R. TRENDOR, assistant provincial timber inspector, who recently returned from a trip through the Cariboo, Fort Fraser and Hazelton districts, making in all a journey of nearly 2,000 miles, has prepared a report of his trip for the Provincial Government, in which he gives interesting information regarding those sections of the country through which he passed. The trip made by Mr. Trendor was the first official tour of inspection of the provincial timber areas in the north. The territory visited has only recently been added to that portion of the province which comes under his supervision.

Practically every mode of transportation was used by Mr. Trendor in making the trip. Leaving Ashcroft he motored to Quesnel, going from there to Barkerville and back by stage. At Quesnel he took steamboat for Fort George, continuing on the boat as far west as Stony Creek, 70 miles below Fort Fraser on the Nechaco River. From there westward he had to pack his way, in all a distance of over 200 miles. The 70-mile journey up the Nechaco River took ten days for its accomplishment. Arriving at Hazelton Mr. Trendor took steamer down the Skeena River for Prince Rupert, a distance of 190 miles, and from there came south by boat.

Mr. Trendor's report of the conditions of the country through which he passed is of a very glowing character. Settlers are pouring into that portion of the province through which the main line of the G.T.P. is laid, says Mr. Trendor, and in his opinion another year will see that section of British Columbia well settled.

"The cost of transportation and supplies is very high," Mr. Trendor states. "Oats cost $160 a ton and hay $80 a ton. Other supplies are correspondingly high. Next season will see a big drop in prices, however, for the new settlers are making preparations for raising large quantities of all the supplies needed by the construction camps in the north."

A Christmas Morning

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The report describes the land in each section of the province through which the writer passed, and states that some of the richest land in the province is to be found in the north. Mr. Trendor states that on the average it is well watered and is a very rich loam.

Canadian Peat Bogs

THE known peat bogs of Canada are estimated to cover an area of approximately 36,000 square miles, from which about 28,000,000,000 tons of air-dried peat could be produced. This is said to be equal in fuel value to some 14,000,000,000 tons of coal. To encourage the utilization of these resources, a peat bog of 300 acres, with an average depth of 8 feet, has been acquired by the Canadian Government at Alfred, near Caledonia Springs, Prescott County, Ontario. About five miles of ditches have been dug, and a storage shed to hold 300 tons of air-dried peat, a blacksmith's shop, and an office have been built. It is estimated that the erection of a peat plant capable of producing 30 tons of air-dried peat daily should not cost very much, and since workable peat bogs are scattered throughout the farming regions of Ontario and Quebec, the most economical plan for utilizing this fuel would be the erection of a number of plants at convenient points, to be operated in the interests of the neighboring communities.

British Columbia Timber

STATISTICS collected by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior state that one billion six hundred and twenty million feet of lumber, worth nearly $25,000,000, was cut in British Columbia in 1910. As a result of greatly increased cutting in the fir and cedar forests, the total amount cut was more than doubled in one year. In 1909 the British Columbia cut constituted one-fifth of the total; in 1910 the proportion formed by the western province was one-third, and it lacked only forty-five million feet of surpassing the cut in Ontario. Seven important soft woods make up over 99 per cent. of the cut in British Columbia—Douglas fir, cedar, western yellow pine, tamarack, spruce, hemlock and jack pine. Nearly 45 per cent. of the total was made up by Douglas fir. This species was cut in 1910 to the extent of nearly seven hundred and twenty million feet, and had the largest actual increase shown by any species—an increase of nearly two hundred and fifty million feet. Cedar composed one-fifth of the total, and was the second wood in magnitude of cut. The three hundred and fifteen million feet of this species cut was an increase of two hundred and seventeen million feet over the 1909 production. The cut of yellow pine, amounting to one hundred and eighty-three million feet, was nearly six times as much as the amount cut in 1909, and was sufficient to raise it from fourteenth to sixth place in importance among the lumber-producing trees in Canada.

British Columbia contains about 182,000,000 acres of forest and woodland. The output from these forests already amounts to about $25,000,000 annually. Investment interest has of late been largely directed to timber propositions, and there is no doubt that well-selected limits so situated as to be easily logged off will prove satisfactory investments. But there is no doubt, too, that some equally good limits situated less advantageously for logging operations are going to prove disappointing as an investment.

European Capital in British Columbia

EUROPEAN interest—French, German and Belgian—in British Columbia investment opportunities is growing apace, as it is, indeed, throughout the Canadian west generally.

The recent visit of M. Andre Lazard to British Columbia was to invest $3,000,000 in Vancouver Island coal properties, according to news recently made public. M. Lazard is managing partner of the great French financial institution known as Lazard Freres, of Paris.

Lazard Freres are already interested in the Canadian Collieries, Ltd., holdings. Mr. R. M. Kindersley, the representative of Lazard Freres, who accompanied M. Lazard on his visit to the coal mines at Extension and other Vancouver Island fields, stated that $3,000,000 had been appropriated for the purpose of further opening up the coal properties of Vancouver Island.

A month or so ago M. Georges Barbey, also representing a prominent group of

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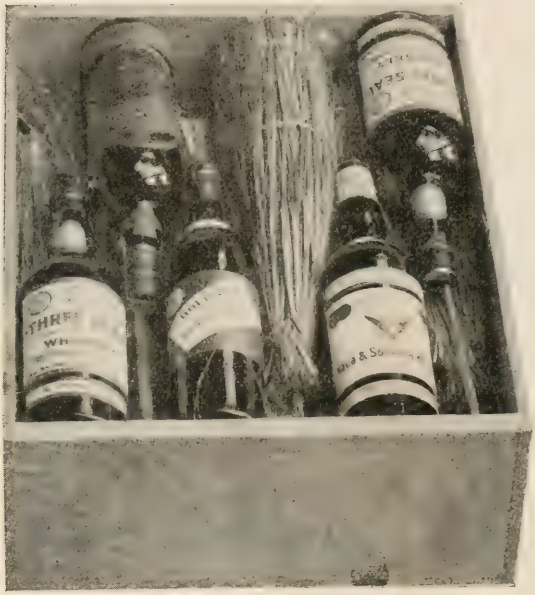

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French capitalists, is credited with having spent not only two months, but money running into the millions in British Columbia, chiefly in Vancouver and Victoria real estate. On his trip Eastward he invested largely also in the Middle West.

To a press representative while in Vancouver, M. Barbey said enthusiastically, "I am very, very well satisfied with my business ventures in this province. I had money invested in this province before I came here, and I have more than doubled my holdings during the past two months. I am coming back again before another year is over, and I hope to be able to invest in some more good British Columbia propositions. The province is a splendid field for investors, and I am glad that I came here."

A recent Vancouver visitor to Europe, Mr. John Langan, stated on his return that the resident commissioner in Paris assured him that he had many inquiries for business opportunities on the part of French capitalists. Mr. Langan predicts that during the next twelve months to come British Columbia will see a greater influx of European capital than during any period of her history.

This outlook is encouraging; also, it calls for carefulness and discretion. The keeping of investment channels clean is essential to the stability of growing European interest in Canadian opportunities.

A Solitary Whiskey Jack

THE quiet confidence of stragglers and wanderers from the remote north shows their innocence regarding the ways of civilization. They look with mild curiosity on the strange bipeds that inhabit the restricted areas of smoke and discordant noises. The grosbeaks come south with sufficient frequency to become familiar with the ways and customs of artificial life. They have grown wary, and no longer stare at their assassins from low boughs until despatched with canes or umbrellas. As they learn of man in his crowded haunts their confidence in him gives place to suspicion, and while they have no fear of the city, they keep carefully away from its inhabitants. The whiskey jack, known away

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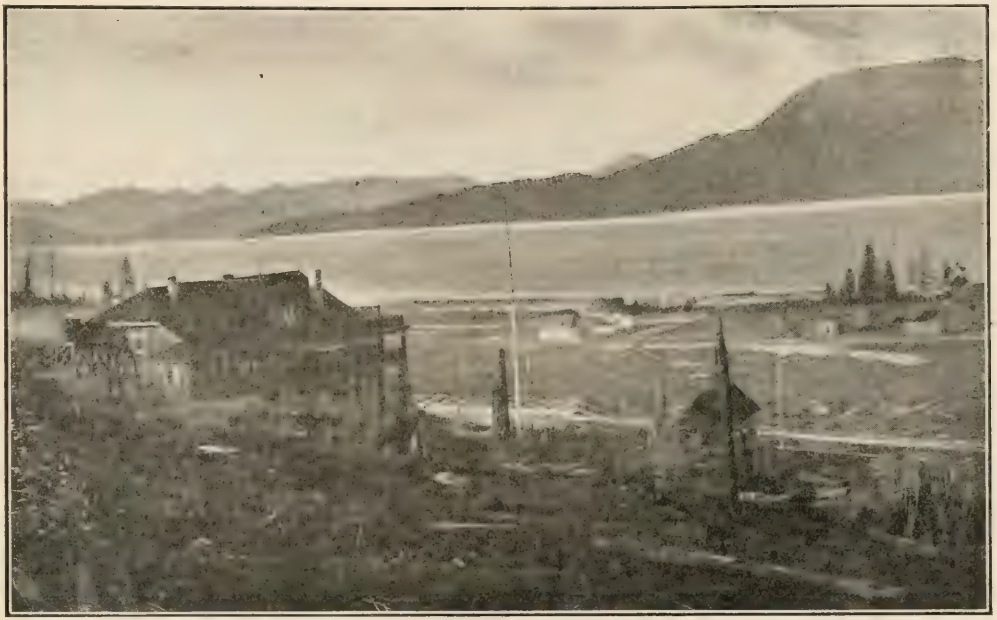

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There are no added profits to pay because of speculative "turnovers."

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from home as the Canada jay, visits the lake country only at rare intervals, and never seems to lose his misplaced confidence in humanity. Among the willows at Fisherman's Island he approaches the destroyer of Nature's handiwork as confidingly as if he were breaking the loneliness of a prospector's meal in the northern woods. There he is a most companionable bird, coming silently over the trees with easy strokes and with long tail expanded, displaying his conspicuous markings of black, white and grey. He lights on a convenient limb and looks quietly and complacently for a moment at his stranger friend, then glides to the mossy rocks, walking with undulating stride to pick up his share of meat, fish or pancake. His voice is even harsher than that of the jay, whom he resembles in form and size, though not in color, and he is good-naturedly active rather than mischievous. When he comes to cheer the dinner of a camper or prospector he generally flies away to eat his first helping of fish in some secluded place, but with subsequent helpings he is sociable to the borders of familiarity.

It brought back the deep, tortuous, rock-bound rivers, the clinging jack pine among the cushions of moss, and the broken fringes of black spruce along the varied sky line to meet a friendly and companionable whiskey jack at Fisherman's Island recently. It is passing strange that one of so companionable a nature should venture alone so far from home. It seems also strange that he should find his way to the city's southern extension, but that willow-shaded irregularity of sand and structures has a marked attraction for feathered wanderers. Whiskey jack was making friends with everyone on the island, and his ready confidence was never abused. His freedom and familiarity could not be attributed to loneliness, for he is quite as friendly and trusting at home. He flew leisurely among the willows and peered into each passing face along the cinder path. When he dropped to the shore with peculiar aerial glide and searched among the refuse from the bay the fare seemed unsatisfactory. In the north, where he is the privileged pet of the lumbering, mining and holiday-making camps, he always fares well. Though not predatory, he sometimes partakes of the prey that has been impaled on a thorn by a shrike. But when he leaves the comforts and advantages of his home he accepts the city's privations philosophically, greeting each new friend with his usual indolent persistence. It is a time of danger on and about the island. Guns are more in evidence than game. The spirit of destruction is in the air. If whiskey jack knew the ruling passion of his new-found friends he would spread those strong wings for a long, swift flight to his northern home.—*Toronto Globe.*

The Dutch Grill

NO story of Vancouver's development is complete without some mention of its leading cafe. Vancouver's leading cafe is undoubtedly the Dutch Grill. Situated in the heart of the business section on Granville street, just south of the Vancouver Hotel and the Opera House, its location is suitable alike for business luncheons or theatre parties. Mr. Jay H. Weaver, the proprietor, has spared no expense to guarantee the comfort and appreciation of his guests.

The decorations of the Dutch Grill are most elaborate and its orchestra is one of the best. There is no cafe on the Pacific coast that conveys such a feeling of homelike comfort as the Dutch Grill. Famous for its good service, its elaborate cuisine and its moderate prices, its name is synonymous in Vancouver with all that is excellent in restaurants.

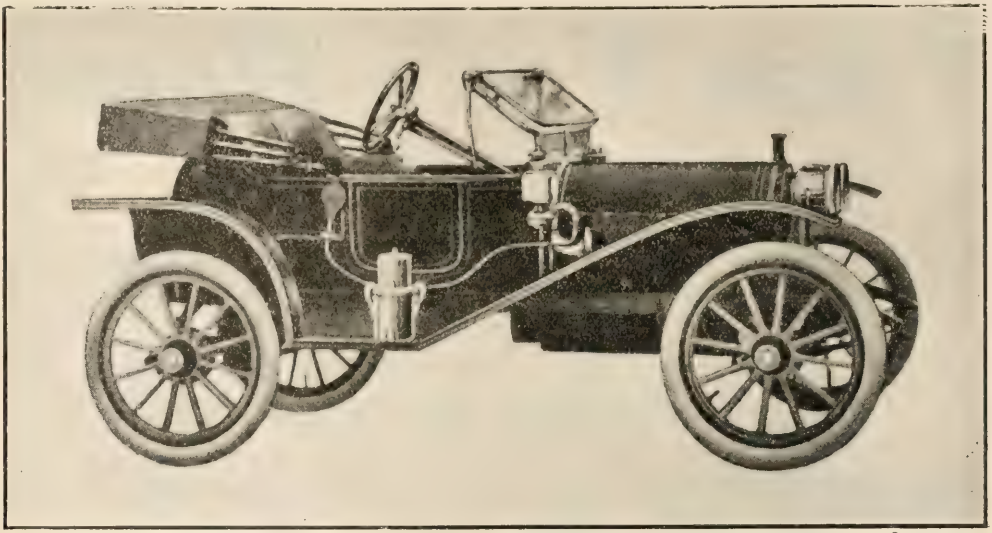
The Grill has become so popular that it is always well to make reservations in advance, either by 'phoning Seymour 5330 or by mail. Special attention is paid to parties, and the very fact that the Vancouver Ad. Club picked it as its headquarters is a sufficient testimony to the high esteem in which it is held by the business men of Vancouver.

Notable Addition to Dominion Engraving Co. Plant

REPRODUCTIONS by the direct three-color process are now possible in British Columbia, the Dominion Engraving Co., of Vancouver, having added this process to their plant, which thereby becomes one of the most up-to-date and best equipped on the Pacific Coast. The introduction of this process marks a new epoch in the reproduction of color work in this province, as heretofore it has been possible to have that class of work done only by sending outside of the province.

It is noteworthy also that the first test of this process was made by the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE, the plates for the cover page of this month's issue having been reproduced by the Dominion Engraving Co. by this process.

Those who have occasion to use color work will no doubt be the first to appreciate the value of having a plant right on the spot capable of reproducing this special line of plates.



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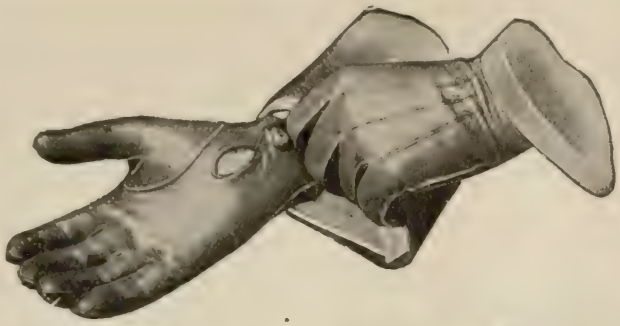

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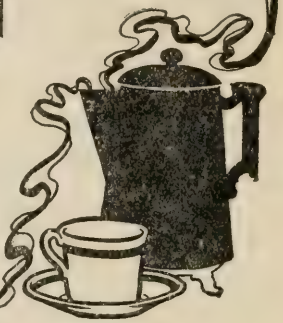

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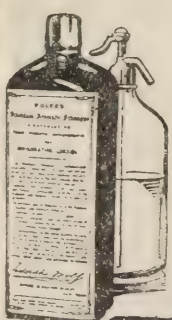

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MERCHANTS BANK BUILDING, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

Napoleon, the greatest warrior the world has ever known, achieved this distinction because of his generalship; because of his genius and strategy; because of the points of advantage which he gained in the location of his army. Today strategy, which is called the genius of war, is likewise the genius of business. Strategy was employed in the location of the new Townsite of

FORT FRASER

(The Hub of B.C. on the G.T.P.)

at the junction of Lake, Rail, River and Trail—the choicest spot on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific for a distance of over five hundred miles. A location selected nearly two years ago; a natural trade centre and distributing point, without an equal in Central British Columbia—one surrounded by ten million acres of the richest agricultural and mineral land in Western Canada.

Fortunes are being made by shrewd investors in real estate all over the great Canadian West. A. G. Ferguson, Esq., bought lots on Hastings street, Vancouver, twenty years ago at $700. These lots in ten years were worth $20,000, and today cannot be bought for less than $155,000. Robert Ross bought on May 29, 1909, Lots 15 and 16, Block 9, Section 1, Prince Rupert, for $600, and sold them October 17, 1911, for $6,000. Similar instances may be cited in Winnipeg, Calgary, Lethbridge, Edmonton, Regina and Moose Jaw.

The Townsite of Fort Fraser is all paid for, and we hold an indefeasible title; the property has been surveyed and the plans duly registered. It is not one of the hundreds of ordinary townsites dominated by the Railway Company and advertised for sale as an "official townsite," which means little or nothing unless the location be favorable.

The price paid for a Fort Fraser lot is not paid for land alone—it is paid for opportunity. Opportunity attracts population, and population makes land values.

Be alert—investigate now while prices are $100 per lot and up, and terms 10 per cent. cash and balance 5 per cent. per month without interest or taxes. Attractive and instructive literature, facts and figures will be supplied on request.

Dominion Stock and Bond Corporation Limited

Capital---$2,000,000

Reference---Imperial Bank of Canada, Vancouver, B.C.

WINCH BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B.C.

VANCOUVER ISLAND FORTY ACRE FARMS

Castell Hopkins,
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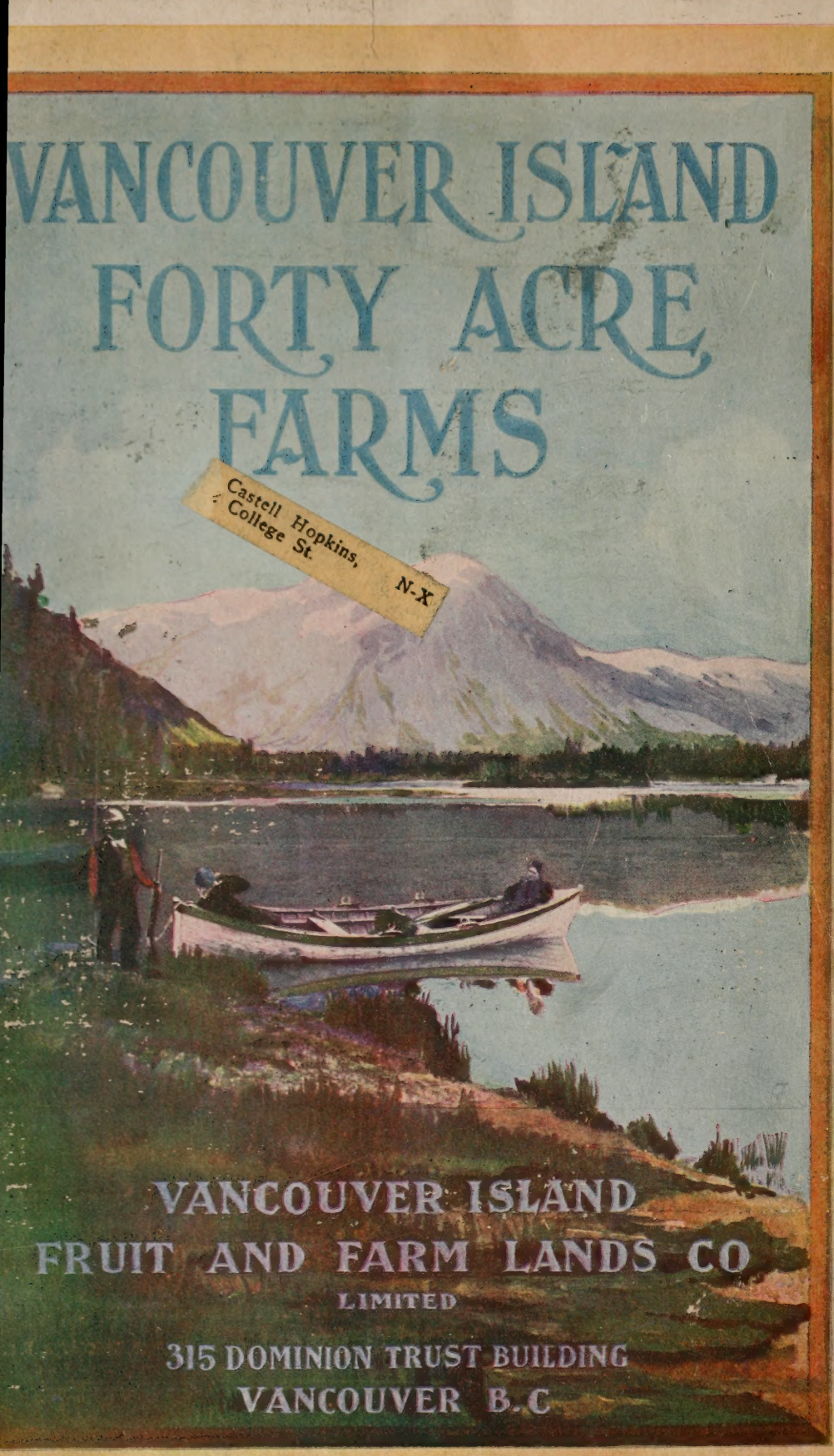

VANCOUVER ISLAND FRUIT AND FARM LANDS CO LIMITED

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